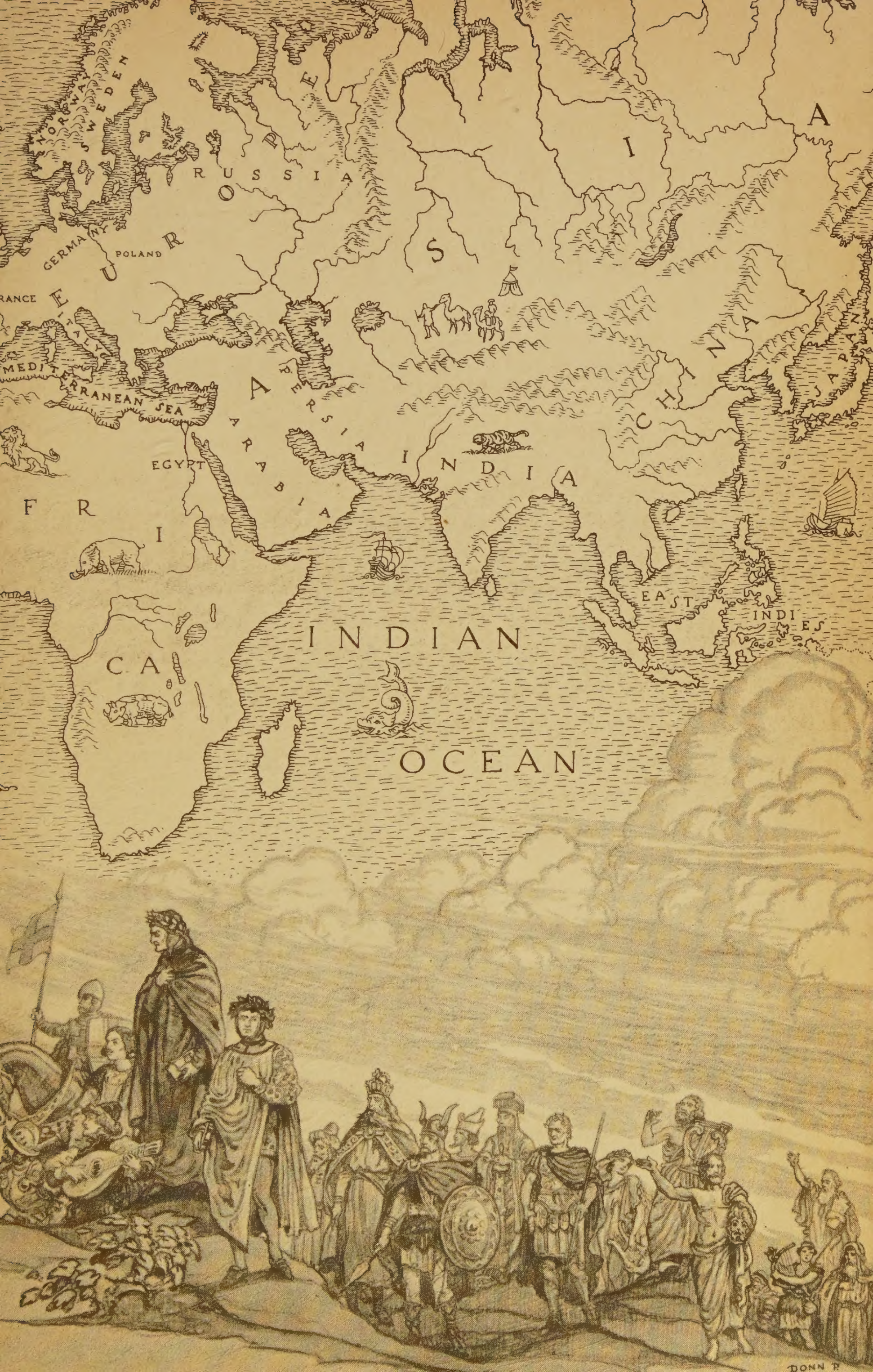
Ε Σ Δ

The WRITINGS of MANKIND

SYLVESTER


NORWAY
SWEDEN
EUROPE
RUSSIA
GERMANY
POLAND
RANCE
ITALY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ASIA
PERSIA
ARABIA
EGYPT
INDIA
CHINA
JAPAN
FRICA
INDIAN
OCEAN
EAST INDIES
DONN P

THE
WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_Y0-BAN-448

From Painting by P. Guérin, Louvre, Paris

AENEAS RELATING TO DIDO THE MISFORTUNES OF TROY

THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive
Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the
Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philosophies and Religions, of Those Nations
That Have Contributed Most
to Civilization

BY

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES
Illustrated

This Material Especially Selected
for the Exclusive Use of

Epsilon Sigma Alpha Sorority

◆

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Copyright, 1924,
by
BELLOWS-REEVE COMPANY

MADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CONTENTS

LATIN LITERATURE

LATIN LITERATURE, Chapters I to V will be found in Volume V

CHAPTER VI THE PRE-CLASSICAL PERIOD (Continued)

240 B.C.–84 B.C.

COMEDY; PLAUTUS

PAGE

I. The Roman Theater.................... 2599

II. The Roman Comedy.................... 2601

III. Plautus.......................... 2605

IV. Nature of His Comedies............... 2606

V. The Plays.......................... 2609

VI. Extract from "Miles Gloriosus"......... 2611

VII. Extract from "Rudens"................ 2614

VIII. Extract from "Persa"................. 2615

IX. Extract from the "Captivi"............ 2619

X. A Scene from the "Menaechmi"........ 2622

CHAPTER VII THE PRE-CLASSICAL PERIOD (Continued)

240 B.C.–84 B.C.

COMEDY; TERENCE

I. Caecilius.......................... 2629

II. Terence........................... 2630

III. The Style of Terence................ 2631

IV. Character of the Plays............... 2632

V. The Six Plays...................... 2633

CHAPTER VIII THE PRE-CLASSICAL PERIOD (Concluded)

240 B.C.–84 B.C.

EARLY PROSE

I. Beginnings......................... 2693

II. Marcus Porcius Cato................. 2695

III. The Annalists...................... 2701

PAGE
IV. The Jurists 2702
V. Oratory Before Cicero 2705
VI. Satire 2717
VII. Lucilius 2718
VIII. Other Forms of Prose 2720

Chapter IX Ciceronian Era of the Classical Period

84 B.C.–43 B.C.

Cicero

I. The Golden Age 2726
II. The Greatest Writers 2727
III. The Ciceronian Era 2727
IV. Hortensius 2727
V. Cicero's Life 2730
VI. Cicero's Works 2737
VII. Chronology of His Literary Works 2738
VIII. The Orations 2741
IX. "For Sextus Roscius of Ameria" 2754
X. "In Defense of L. Murena" 2762
XI. "In Defense of Aulus Cluentius Habitus" 2773
XII. "In Support of the Proposed Manilian Law" 2787
XIII. "Against Lucius Calpurnius Piso" 2797

Chapter X Ciceronian Era of the Classical Period (Continued)

84 B.C.–43 B.C.

Cicero (Concluded)

I. "For Marcus Claudius Marcellus" 2804
II. "For Aulus Licinius Archias" 2808
III. The Orations Against Cataline 2819
IV. Cicero's Rhetorical Works 2847
V. Cicero as a Philosopher 2853
VI. Cicero's Letters 2866
VII. Cicero's Son 2871

CHAPTER XI CICERONIAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD (Continued)

84 B.C.–43 B.C

CAESAR

PAGE
I. Introduction.......... 2877
II. Biography of Caesar.......... 2879
III. Caesar's Writings.......... 2885
IV. "Commentaries on the Gallic War"..... 2885
V. "Commentaries on the Civil War"...... 2888
VI. Extracts from the "Gallic War"........ 2889
VII. Extracts from the "Civil War"........ 2905
VIII. A Roman Friendship.......... 2915

CHAPTER XII CICERONIAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD (Continued)

84 B.C.–43 B.C.

PROSE WRITERS OTHER THAN CICERO AND CAESAR

I. Sallust's Life.......... 2922
II. Sallust's Works.......... 2923
III. Extract from "The Conspiracy of Cataline".......... 2926
IV. Extract from "The Jugurthine War".... 2927
V. Nepos.......... 2937
VI. Extracts from Nepos.......... 2939
VII. Varro.......... 2947
VIII. Minor Prose Writers.......... 2953

CHAPTER XIII CICERONIAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD (Concluded)

84 B.C.–43 B.C.

POETRY

I. Introductory.......... 2955
II. Lucretius.......... 2957
III. "On the Nature of Things".......... 2960
IV. Extracts from "On the Nature of Things" 2965
V. Catullus.......... 2977
VI. The Longer Poems of Catullus.......... 2980

PAGE
VII. The Lyrics of Catullus 2984
VIII. Some of the Lyrics 2985

CHAPTER XIV THE AUGUSTAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD

43 B.C.–A.D. 14

VERGIL

I. Augustus 2998
II. Other Patrons of Literature 3000
III. Characteristics of the Augustan Era 3001
IV. The Life of Vergil 3004
V. Vergil's Works 3006
VI. The "Eclogues" 3007
VII. The "Fourth Eclogue" 3009
VIII. The "Fifth Eclogue" 3012
IX. The "Georgics" 3015
X. Extracts from the "Georgics" 3016
XI. The "Aeneid" 3028
XII. The Story of the "Aeneid" 3032
XIII. Extracts from the "Aeneid" 3038
XIV. Vergil in the Middle Ages 3064

CHAPTER XV THE AUGUSTAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD (Continued)

43 B.C.–A.D. 14

HORACE

I. Biographical Sketch 3066
II. Horace and His Father 3068
III. The Friends of Horace 3070
IV. The Sabine Farm 3074
V. The Character of Horace 3076
VI. The Character and Genius of Horace 3078
VII. The Works of Horace 3081
VIII. The "Satires" 3082
IX. The "Epodes" 3092

PAGE
X. The "Ars Poetica" and "Carmen Saeculare" 3096
XI. The "Epistles" 3098
XII. The "Odes" 3100

LATIN LITERATURE, Chapters XVI to XXVIII
will be found in Volume VII

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

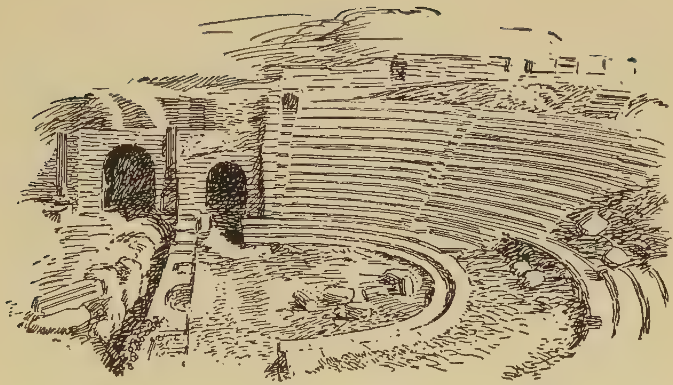
FULL-PAGE PLATES

Aeneas Relating to Dido the Misfortunes of Troy:
From Painting by P. Guérin ....Colored Frontispiece

PAGE

A Street Scene in Ancient Rome: *From Painting by G. Boulanger*.............................. 2654
Cicero.. 2730
Vestal Virgin: *From Painting by N. Sichel*....... 2836
Julius Caesar.................................. 2880
Death of Caesar: *From Painting by Gérôme*...... 2914
Ancient Rome................................. 2956
Laocoön; *Marble Group, Vatican, Rome*......... 3040
Tomb of Vergil, Naples........................ 3064

In addition to the full-page illustrations, but not listed here, there are numerous etchings, at the beginnings and ends of chapters, which will be helpful and add interest to the reading of the text



CHAPTER VI

THE PRE-CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONTINUED) FROM 240 B. C. TO 84 B. C.

COMEDY; PLAUTUS

THE ROMAN THEATER. In early days Roman theatrical performances were open-air affairs on a temporary stage around which no building was constructed, and even till the latter days of the Republic only temporary buildings of wood were erected. Although they must have known of the elaborate stone theaters of the Greeks, no such edifice was built until 154 B. C., and it was torn down by decree of the Senate; the first permanent building of this description was erected under the auspices of Pompey in 55 B. C., an enormous structure capable of seating forty thousand people. Performances which were given upon the stages of the old wooden buildings were elaborate in the extreme, and it would be remarkable that such buildings were erected only to be torn down, if the occasion for them was not usually to be found in the desire of some wealthy individual to please the people and to arouse an interest in his candidacy for office.

As we have said, the Roman amphitheater was oval in form, but the theater was semicircular. The stage occupied the center of the diameter and was usually about five feet higher than the orchestra circle, which was a level tract and, in the Roman theater, occupied by officials and dignitaries, who thus displaced the chorus of the Greeks. Behind the semi-circle of the orchestra rose the seats in tiers, one above another, so arranged that spectators should have no difficulty in seeing over the heads of those in front. In the early days no actual seats were provided, and a hillside was utilized or an embankment of earth was thrown up, on which the spectators stood. Scenes were represented by painted curtains in the background and by structures representing buildings of various kinds; sometimes variations were made by changing part of the decorations, but usually the same scene was continued throughout the play. The standard background for a tragedy was a huge palace, in front of which the incidents occurred, and, as kings and conquerors often paraded with great retinues of servants or throngs of slaves, the stage was large and heavy. In comedies it represented the side of a street or of two or more streets meeting at angles, and the background consisted of the houses in which the principal characters lived. Little attempt was made to show interiors, and the actors, of whom only three or four were before the public at one time, came forth from the houses or entered the street from the forum or the seashore and carried on their conversations in front of their houses, relating anything that might have transpired within.

The players, who were usually slaves and did not occupy a high position in society, wore decorated masks, carved skillfully to represent the type of character assumed by the one who wore them, for the purpose of strengthening their voices and concealing their features. The coverings for the feet of the players were like those of the Greeks, high-heeled boots for the tragedians and low-heeled shoes for the comedians. The costuming was appropriate, and toward the close of the Republic, magnificent indeed. In order to retain a measure of popularity the plays became more and more spectacular, but even then they were unable to complete with the gladiatorial fights and the marvelous shows of the amphitheaters, for the Romans were so realistic as to prefer actual fighting to the mimic tragedies of the stage and were not light-minded enough to laugh at a simple comedy when they could be entertained by a great concourse of real fighters or athletes engaged in the sports of the arena.

II. The Roman Comedy. As we have said, the tragedy had but a brief term of existence among the Romans, and while comedy was more popular, lasted longer and had a greater number of successful authors, yet that too died out even before the days of the Empire or lost itself in the coarse *Atellanae* or the obscene mimes, unconventional farces of everyday life, in which the actors wore no masks and dressed in the costumes of their daily life. Yet, there was a time when comedy, in particular, was extremely influential in Rome and when performances were on a large scale, and magnificent indeed. Then the audiences were attentive, if the play met with their approval, and showed an appreciation of the sentiments uttered by the actors. For this reason many of the old playwrights took occasion to make their characters speak in such a way that their words could be directly applicable to prominent citizens, in which case they were applauded or hissed as popular sentiment demanded. In fact, in order to appreciate Roman comedy at its best, one must think of the audience as swayed by its emotions and not hesitating to give vent to them without restraint.

The actors were skillful and quick to catch the note of popular approval. Not infrequently they improvised lines to suit the occasion, and every play abounded in local hits and timely phrases that have lost their interest to us or cannot be translated. At its best the theater may be said to have occupied in Roman politics much the position that the press occupies in the world of to-day. Political candidates could tempt the people with processions, oratory, public meetings and other means which are in the hands of modern agitators, but they lacked newspapers. As the comedies were generally produced at the instance of ambitious gentlemen, no better opportunity could be found of teaching the people or of advocating a cause than in the lines of the actors, and it may be assumed that none of the leaders were blind to these opportunities.

The height of comedy in Rome, too, came at a time when its citizens were most venal, when the population had increased at a tremendous rate by the incoming of bankrupt farmers, free-laborers and lazy good-for-nothings who hoped to live at the expense of the state and who had no liking for the humdrum existence of the country. All these men had the right of suffrage, and their votes were easily purchased for moderate sums; in fact, they were organized into bands by political henchmen, who voted them in masses. With the audiences at the comedy largely composed of such men, who were often hired to applaud the utterances of favorite actors, the influence of a shrewd play was extremely powerful.

As comedy was so much more lifelike and allied itself so closely to the ordinary existence of the people, it is not surprising to find it longer lived than tragedy, and perhaps for the same reason more plays have been preserved. Knowledge of the tragedies is confined to comments and criticisms made by literary men, while of the comedies many are practically entire, at least those from the two greatest writers of the age, Plautus and Terence. While comedy was influential in the ways we have mentioned, yet it was always under the strictest censorship, and its writers were allowed little of that freedom of speech which characterized the old Grecian comedy as exploited by Aristophanes. In fact, outspoken attacks upon public men or government were practically unknown in the Roman theater, and when they appeared they were punished so severely that the writer rarely repeated the offense. Whatever they accomplished must be done by means of innuendo, veiled allusion, or by depicting on the stage events precisely parallel to those which were occurring in the Capitol, but laying the scene in a different place and at a different time. Roman audiences were usually keen enough to detect the meaning, and they responded heartily. The effect of these conditions was to compel the Roman comic writers to base their work on the models furnished by the new Greek comedy of Philemon and Menander, rather than upon that of Aristophanes.

What the Roman writer of that day had to do in order to please the public and secure a reasonable amount of protection was to adapt, without offending those in power, the refined and imaginative Athenian comedy to the coarse requirements of Roman taste and to the feeling for national supremacy.

It was the remarkable success of Plautus in fulfilling these conditions that made him the first comic poet of Rome and enabled him to secure the admiration and approval of some of Rome's greatest men. His plays are drawn from private life, and abound in petty intrigues, interesting situations and unexpected complications, which often take the place of a real plot. At Rome these plays, which imitated the Greek so closely and in which the players wore Greek costumes, were known as *fabulae palliatae,* from the Greek *pallium,* or cloak. When Roman characters wearing Roman costumes, and Roman scenes were represented in similar plays, though the plots may have been drawn from Greek originals, the comedies were called *fabulae togatae,* from the Roman *toga.* Such plays were apparently less popular, for we have only fragments of them remaining. We have already spoken of the tragic *fabula praetexta.*

III. PLAUTUS. T. Maccius Plautus, or, as his name was written in earlier times, M. Accius Plautus, was born of poor but free parents in Umbria, in 254 B. C. (about). At what time he came to Rome is not known, but it is related that he made a small fortune by working around the theaters, decorating stages and performing other duties. His money, however, was lost in some venture outside of Rome, and he was compelled to return to the city, where he worked as a baker or turned the wheel in a corn mill. It was while engaged in this occupation that he wrote and produced three plays; the first appeared about 224 B. C., or when Plautus was about thirty. He must have had a good education, for from the beginning his writings show not only a mastery of the Latin tongue but a very comprehensive and exact knowledge of the Greek classics. His death occurred in 184 B. C., and, when that is said, all known facts have been enumerated; any further knowledge must be derived from his works. Plautus, therefore, lived in the age of Livius Andronicus, Naevius, Ennius and Pacuvius, being younger than the first two mentioned and older than the last two.

IV. NATURE OF HIS COMEDIES. He was a prolific writer, if we may believe some of the Roman authorities, who attributed to him no fewer than one hundred thirty plays. Other critics contended that most of these are spurious, that they were written by followers of Plautus and upon his models and so were called Plautine plays, or that some of them were the work of younger contemporaries, to whose assistance Plautus lent his name. Varro finally decided that only twenty-one of the plays were genuine, about the same number were uncertain, the remainder wholly spurious. It is a curious fact that the twenty existing plays are all genuine, according to Varro's list, only one, the *Vidularia,* having been lost in the Middle Ages. Nineteen are strikingly similar in plot and character, the *Amphitruo, or Jupiter in Disguise,* alone being a burlesque rather than a comedy, and founded on the well-known legend of Jupiter and Alcmene.

The remainder of the comedies are realistic to a degree, and portray the life of the Greeks as Menander showed it, at a time when such habits, manners and customs were just coming into vogue in Rome. To many of the Roman audiences these new ideas must have been shocking, to say the least, for among other things they showed none of that respect and consideration for old age which seemed so large a part of Roman character. A common plot shows a half-stupid or licentious old man, whose son, by the aid of a keen and conscienceless slave, indulges his vices by outwitting his father and making him pay the bills. The love affairs are between young men of good family and girls of low position and usually doubtful character. The girl's mother, or mistress, if she be a slave, usually assists the lovers, but not until she has been won over by the payment of money, which the young men must obtain from their fathers. In some plays there are two irate fathers, two gay sons and two cunning slaves. Procurers, parasites, courtesans, a wandering captain whose chief delight seems to be to purchase and carry away the heroine, and a riff-raff of servants and public characters fill the pages. In the end the lovers are usually united, and not infrequently the girl proves to be the long-lost daughter of one of the prominent characters, but in any case a wedding seems to salve all consciences and be a sufficient justification for all crimes from theft to rape. Plautus does not pretend to picture the life of the aristocracy, but rather the people with whom he had been associated, and if his pictures are correct the people were growing highly licentious. In few of the plays are the plots free from indecency and criminal incidents, and allusions to even more hideously vicious conditions are frequent. In the treatment of his plots the language of Plautus is often as brazen as the incidents; one can scarcely conceive of an audience listening to the production of some of the plays, and whatever may be said to the contrary, the influence of such dramas must have been highly deleterious to public morals.

Nevertheless, the works of Plautus have many fine characteristics, and have been much admired by writers of later ages. Shakespeare, Dryden, Moliere, are all indebted to Plautus, and other writers of less renown have not hesitated to make use of his plots and methods.

Most of the former were taken directly from the Greek; twelve of the scenes are laid in Athens, and the remainder in Greek colonies. The characters are Greeks, but they speak and act like Romans, and the language of the play is a perfect colloquial Latin in which Plautus is always able to express himself without obscurity. He writes in a full, flowing style, with a remarkably extensive vocabulary, and invents new words with a freedom not excelled by any other Latin author, although this last quality may be owing to the fact that later writers curbed their desires to make new words, as it was thought that the vocabulary was then sufficient.

The popularity of Plautus depended upon his sharp wit and rollicking humor no less than upon the incidents in the plot, which follow rapidly one upon another, so that there is no flagging of interest from the beginning of the first act to the end of the fifth. Some of the situations are ludicrous enough, the dialogues which accompany them are sparkling, and many of the characters are portrayed in an exceedingly clever way, so we may attribute the regretful indecency of much of his work to the influence of the degenerate Greeks and assent to give to him the rank which he holds in literature, namely, that of the greatest of Roman comic poets.

V. The Plays. We have already spoken of the *Amphitruo*. In the *Asinaria* (*Ass Dealer*), the *Casina* (*Stratagem Defeated*), and the *Mercator* (*The Merchant*), father and son are rivals for the affection of the same girl. Although these three comedies are full of animal spirits, clever dialogues, puns and quips, yet the plots of two of them lack interest, and the third is highly indecent. The *Aurularia* (*Concealed Treasure*) has a weak plot, but the character of the old miser Euclio is brilliant and lifelike. The *Captivi* (*The Captives*) is unique in several respects. There are no female characters, the subject is the friendship between master and slave, and the play is clean and wholesome. The plot of the *Trinummus* (*Three Pieces of Money*) has friendship for its basis, and is a pleasing picture of the old times when friends were true and men were virtuous. The *Curculio* (*Forgery*), the *Epidicus* (*Fortunate Discovery*) and the *Mostellaria* (*Haunted House*) are type plays which are interesting chiefly because of the cleverness of the slaves and the tricks and rascalities of the parasites. In the *Miles Gloriosus* (*Braggart Captain*) the plot is ordinary, but the burlesque portrait of the bragging captain is very clever. In the *Pseudolus* (*The Cheat*) the perjured go-between, Ballio, is the one important figure; in the *Bacchides* (*The Twin Sisters*) the plot is interesting and intricate, but its immorality spoils it; in the *Stichus* (*Parasite Rebuffed*) there is little plot, but several of the scenes are very attractive; in the *Poenulus* (*The Young Carthaginian*) are some passages in the Carthaginian tongue which have long been of interest to students; in the *Truculentus* (*The Churl*) an amusing rustic comes to the city and polishes his boorish manners, but the plot is weak; in the *Rudens, or Fisherman's Rope,* there is shown a love of nature and the open air that make it one of the most attractive plays. The *Menaechmi* (*Twin Brothers*) is perhaps one of the most famous. The brothers come to Epidamnum, and their resemblance one to the other is so strong that they cause most laughable confusion among the people they meet. Although the plot is not a strong one, the idea was so clever and attractive that many modern writers have used it as a basis for their plots. The most notable instance is to be found in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*.

VI. EXTRACT FROM "MILES GLORIOSUS." The first scene of this play introduces the captain, Pyrgopolinices, whose fanciful name means the "conqueror of many cities," if it means anything, and Artotrogus, whose name means "the bread-eater," appropriately enough for a parasite whose main object in life is to get a good dinner without paying for it. The braggart captain and the flattering knave are humorously portrayed. We quote at considerable length from the translation of H. T. Riley:

SCENE I

ENTER PYRGOPOLINICES, ARTOTROGUS, AND SOLDIERS

Pyrg. See that the splendor of my shield outshines
The sun's bright radiance, when the heav'ns are fair:
That when we join in battle, it may dazzle
The enemies' eyes throughout their thickest ranks.
Fain would I comfort this good sword of mine,
Lest he despond in spirit, or lament,
Because I wear him unemploy'd, who longs
To make a carbonado of the foes.
But where is Artotrogus?
Art. He is here,
Close by a hero brave and fortunate,
And of a princely form,—a warrior! such
As Mars himself would not have dar'd to bring
His prowess in compare with yours.
Pyrg. Who was it
In the Gurgustidonian plains I spar'd?

. . . .

Art. Oh, I remember—doubtless it is he
You mean to speak of, with the golden armor;—
Whole legions with your breath you puff'd away
Like the light leaves, or chaff before the wind.
Pyrg. Oh! that indeed? that on my faith was nothing.
Art. Nothing, 'tis true, compar'd with other feats,
That I could mention, (*aside*) which you ne'er perform'd—
Show me, whoever can, a greater liar,
One fuller of vain boasting than this fellow,
And he shall have me, I'll resign me up
To be his slave, though, when I'm mad with hunger,
He should allow me nothing else to eat
But whey and buttermilk.
Pyrg. Where art thou?
Art. Here.—
How, in the name of wonder, was't you broke
In India with your fist an elephant's tusk?
Pyrg. How! Tusk?
Art. His thigh, I meant.
Pyrg. I was but playing.
Art. Had you put forth your strength you would have driv'n
Your arm quite through his hide, bones, flesh, and all.
Pyrg. I would not talk of these things now.
Art. Indeed
You would but spend your breath in vain to tell
Your valorous feats to me, who know your prowess.
(*Aside*) My appetite creates me all this plague;
My ears must hear him, for my teeth want work;
And I must swear to every lie he utters.
Pyrg. Hold.—What was I about to say?
Art. I know
What you design'd to say—a gallant action!—
I well remember—
Pyrg. What?
Art. Whate'er it be.
Pyrg. Hast thou got tablets?

Art. Yes, I have—d'ye want them?
A pencil too.
Pyrg. How rarely thou dost suit
Thy mind to mine!
Art. 'Tis fit that I should study
Your inclinations, and my care should be
Ev'n to forerun your wishes.
Pyrg. What remember'st?
Art. I do remember—let me see—a hundred
Sycolatronidans—and thirty Sardians—
And threescore Macedonians,—that's the number
Of persons, whom you slaughter'd in one day.
Pyrg. What's the sum-total of these men?
Art. Seven thousand.
Pyrg. So much it should be—thou'rt a right accountant.
Art. I have it not in writing, but remember.
Pyrg. Thou hast an admirable memory.
Art. 'Tis sharpened by my stomach.
Pyrg. Bear thyself
As thou hast hitherto, and thou shalt eat
Eternally,—forever shalt thou be
Partaker of my table.
Art. Then again
What feats you did perform in Cappadocia!
Where at one single stroke you had cut off
Five hundred men together, if your sword
Had not been blunt, and these but the remains
Of th' infantry, which you before had routed,—
(*Aside*) If ever there were any such in being.
Why should I tell thee, what all mortals know?
That Pyrgopolinices stands alone,
The only one on earth fam'd above men
For beauty, valor, and renown'd exploits.
The ladies are enamor'd of you all,
Nor without reason,—since you are so handsome:
Witness the gay young damsels yesterday,
That plucked me by the cloak.—
Pyrg. (*smiling*). What said they to you?
Art. They question'd me about you.—Is not that,

Says one of them, Achilles?—No, said I,
It is his brother.—Why indeed, forsooth,
He's wondrous handsome, quoth another: how
His hair becomes him!—O what happiness
Those ladies do enjoy, who share his favors!
Pyrg. Did she indeed say so?
Art. Two in particular
Begged of me I would bring you by their way,
That they might see you march.
Pyrg. What plague it is
To be too handsome!
Art. They are so importunate,
They're ever begging for a sight of you?
They send for me so often to come to them,
I scarce have leisure to attend your business.
Pyrg. 'Tis time, methinks, to go unto the Forum,
And pay those soldiers I enlisted yesterday:
For King Seleucus pray'd me with much suit
To raise him some recruits.—I have resolv'd
To dedicate this day unto his service.
Art. Come, let's be going, then.
Pyrg. Guards, follow me.

VII. EXTRACT FROM "RUDENS." The following lively passage is from a scene between Daemones, an aged Athenian who has lost his property and is living by the sea, and his servant, Sceparnio. They are standing on shore in the morning after a night of storm and shipwreck, and the servant is describing what is invisible to the audience.

Scep. But, O Palaemon, holy companion of Neptune, who are said to be a sharer in the labors of Hercules, what shocking thing do I see?

Daem. What do you see?

Scep. I see two women folk sitting all alone in a boat. How the poor things are tossed about! Ah! ha!

Bully for that! The current has turned the boat from the rock to the shore. No pilot could have done it better. I think I never saw bigger waves. They are safe, if they have escaped those billows. Now, now's the danger! Oh! It has thrown one of them out. But she's in shallow water; she'll swim out easily. Whew! Do you see how the water threw that other one out? She has fallen into the waves upon her knees. She has got up again; if she takes this direction, she's safe; (*a pause*) but she has taken to the right, to utter destruction. Ah, she will be wandering all the day——

Daem. What signifies that to you?

Scep. If she should fall down from that rock towards which she is wending her way, she'll be putting a period to her wandering.

Daem. If you are about to dine this evening at their expense, I think you may be concerned for them, Sceparnio; if you are going to eat at my house, I wish your services to be devoted to myself.

Scep. You ask what's good and proper.

Daem. Then follow me this way.

Scep. I follow.

VIII. EXTRACT FROM "PERSA." The following is an example of gay and amusing dialogue. It is between Paegnium, a boy, and Sophoclidisca, maid to Lemniselene, the courtesan heroine of the play:

Soph. Paegnium, darling boy, good day. How do you do? How's your health?

Paeg. Sophoclidisca, the gods bless me!

Soph. How about me?

Paeg. That's as the gods choose; but if they do as you deserve, they'll hate you and hurt you.

Soph. Stop your bad talk.

Paeg. When I talk as you deserve, my talk is good, not bad.

Soph. What are you doing?

Paeg. I'm standing opposite and looking at a bad woman.

Soph. Surely I never knew a worse boy than you.

Paeg. What do I do that's bad, or to whom do I say anything bad?

Soph. To whomsoever you get a chance.

Paeg. No man ever thought so.

Soph. But many know that it is so.

Paeg. Ah!

Soph. Bah!

Paeg. You judge other people's characters by your own nature.

Soph. I confess I am as a courtesan's maid should be.

Paeg. I've had enough of your chattering.

Soph. What about you? Do you confess you're as I say?

Paeg. I'd confess if I were so.

Soph. Go off now. You're too much for me.

Paeg. Then you go off now.

Soph. Tell me this: where are you going?

Paeg. Where are you going?

Soph. You tell; I asked first.

Paeg. But you'll find out last.

Soph. I'm not going far from here.

Paeg. And I'm not going far, either.

Soph. Where are you going, then, scamp?

Paeg. Unless I hear first from you, you'll never know what you ask.

Soph. I declare you'll never find out to-day, unless I hear first from you.

Paeg. Is that so?

Soph. Yes, it is.

Paeg. You're bad.

Soph. You're a scamp.

Paeg. I've a right to be.

Soph. And I've just as good a right.

Paeg. What's that you say? Have you made up your mind not to tell where you're going, you wretch?

Soph. How about you? Have you determined to conceal where you're bound for, you scoundrel?

Paeg. Hang it, you answer like with like. Go away now, since it's settled so. I don't care to know. Good-bye.

Soph. Stop!

Paeg. But I'm in a hurry.

Soph. And I as well.

Paeg. Have you got anything? (*Pointing to her hand.*)

Soph. Have you anything? (*Pointing likewise.*)

Paeg. Really nothing whatever.

Soph. Show me your hand then.

Paeg. (*showing his right hand*). Is this the hand?

Soph. Where is that other, the pilfering left hand?

Paeg. (*hiding his left hand*). Why, it is at home, d'ye see; I've not brought it hither.

Soph. (*trying to seize his hand*). You've got something, what it is I know not.

Paeg. (*pushing her away*). Don't be mauling me about, you she-groper.

Soph. But suppose I'm in love with you.

Paeg. You employ your pains to no purpose.

Soph. Why so?

Paeg. Why, because you are in love with nothing at all, when you are in love with one who doesn't return it.

Soph. It befits a youth like you to be on the watch for pleasure in good time; so that, when your hair turns gray, you may not be always in a groveling servitude. Why, really, as yet you are not eighty pounds in weight.

Paeg. Still, the warfare of love is waged much more successfully by spirit than by weight. But I'm losing my pains.

Soph. Why so?

Paeg. Because I'm teaching one who knows it all. But I'm loitering here. (*Moves.*)

Soph. (*taking hold of him*). Do stop.

Paeg. You are annoying to me.

Soph. And so I shall be then, if I don't find out whither you are betaking yourself.

Paeg. To your house.

Soph. And I to your house, by the lord.

Paeg. Why thither?

Soph. What's that to you?

Paeg. (*standing before her*). Why, you shan't go now, until I know.

Soph. You are teasing.

Paeg. I choose to.

Soph. Never, upon my faith, shall you wring this out of me, and prove more artful than I am.

Paeg. It's misery to contend with you in artfulness.

Soph. You are a mischievous baggage.

Paeg. What is there for you to fear?

Soph. The very same that there is for you.

Paeg. Say then, what is it?

Soph. But I'm forbidden to tell any person, and told that all the dumb people are to speak of it before myself.

Paeg. And most especially was I cautioned not to trust this to any person, and that all the dumb people should mention this before myself.

Soph. Still, please do so; let's pledge our words, and trust each other.

Paeg. I know this—all courtesans are light of faith, and the weight of a water-gnat is not lighter than is the word of a procurer.

Soph. Tell me, there's a dear.

Paeg. Tell me, there's a dear.

Soph. I don't want to be your dear.

Paeg. You'll easily satisfy me in that.

Soph. Keep it yourself.

Paeg. And you be mum about this. (*Showing her a letter.*)

Soph. It shall be kept a secret.

Paeg. It shall not be known. (*She shows him a letter.*)

Soph. I'm carrying this letter to Toxilus, your master.

Paeg. Be off; he's there at home. And I am carrying this tablet sealed, to Lemniselene, your mistress.

Soph. What's written there?

Paeg. If you don't know, pretty much like yourself, I don't know; except soft words, perhaps.

Soph. I'm off.

Paeg. And I'll be off.

Soph. Move on them. (*They go into the respective houses.*)

IX. EXTRACT FROM THE "CAPTIVI." The plot of the *Captivi* is this: Hegio, a wealthy Aetolian, had two sons, one of whom was stolen at four years of age by a slave, who carried him to Elis and sold him there. For many years the father could not learn what had become of his child; then war broke out between the Eleans and Aetolians, and the second son of Hegio was taken prisoner by the Eleans. Thereupon Hegio begins to buy slaves from among the captive Eleans, hoping to get some one of rank whom he can exchange for his son, and among those he buys are Philocrates and his servant Tyndarus. Hegio determines to send the servant to Elea to seek an exchange of prisoners, but the two captives change clothes and names, and Tyndarus, the servant, remains in place of his master. When Philocrates has gone, Hegio discovers the deceit that has been practiced upon him, loses hope of regaining his son, and sends the servant Tyndarus to the stone quarries. Unexpectedly, Philocrates proves faithful to his trust, and returns with the son of Hegio and the runaway slave, Stalagmus, who had stolen the child. Through this slave Hegio learns that Tyndarus, at work in the quarries, is really the long-lost son. There is a joyful reunion, and Stalagmus is sent in chains to the quarries.

Each of the plays is preceded by an explanatory Prologue, usually spoken by one of the players. It is a familiar talk intended to put the spectators in good humor and to relate what is necessary to an understanding of the play. In the present instance, the play begins with the exchange of characters between Philocrates and Tyndarus, and ends with the reunion. An almost literal translation of the prologue is the following:

These two captives (*pointing to* PHILOCRATES *and* TYNDARUS), whom you see standing here, are standing here because—they are both standing, and are not sitting. That I am saying this truly, you are my witnesses. The old man, who lives here (*pointing to* HEGIO's *house*), is Hegio—his father (*pointing to* TYNDARUS). But under what circumstances he is the slave of his own father, that I will here explain to you, if you give attention. This old man had two sons; a slave stole one child when four years old, and flying hence, he sold him in Elis, to the father of this captive (*pointing to* PHILOCRATES). Now, do you understand this? Very good. I' faith, that man at a distance there (*pointing*) says, no. Come nearer then. If there isn't room for you to sit down, there is for you to walk away; otherwise you'd be compelling an actor to bawl like a beggar. I'm not going to burst myself for your sake, so don't you be mistaken. You who are enabled by your means to pay your taxes, listen to the rest; I care not to be in debt to another. This runaway slave, as I said before, sold his young master, whom, when he fled, he had carried off, to this one's father. He, after he bought him, gave him as his own private slave to this son of his, because they were of about the same age. He is now the slave at home of his own father, nor does his father know it. Verily, the gods do treat us men just like footballs. You hear the manner in which he lost one son. Afterwards, the Aetolians wage war with the people of Elis, and, as happens in warfare, the other son is taken prisoner. The physician Menarchus buys him there in Elis. Then Hegio begins to traffic in Elean captives, so that he may be able to find one to change for that captive son of his. He knows not that this one who is in his house is his own son. And as he heard yesterday that an Elean knight of very high rank and very high family was taken prisoner, he has spared no expense to rescue his son. In order that he may more easily bring him back home, he buys both of these of the quaestors out of the spoil.

Now the captives between themselves, have contrived this plan, that, by means of it, the servant may send away hence his master home. And therefore among themselves they change their garments and their names. He, there (*pointing*), is called Philocrates; this one (*pointing*), Tyndarus; he this day assumes the character of this one, this one of him. And this one to-day will cleverly carry out this plot, and cause his master to gain his liberty; and by the same means he will save his own brother, and without knowing it, will cause him to return back a free man to his own country to his father; just as often now, on many occasions, a person does more good unknowingly than knowingly. But unconsciously, by their devices, they have so planned and devised their plot, and have so contrived it by their design, that this one is living in servitude with his own father. And thus now, in ignorance, he is the slave of his own father. What poor creatures are men, when I reflect upon it! This plot will be performed by us—a play for your entertainment. But there is, besides, a thing which, in a few words, I would wish to inform you of. Really, it will be worth your while to give your attention to this play. 'Tis not composed in the hackneyed style, nor yet like other plays, nor are there in it any ribald lines unfit for utterance:

here is neither the perjured procurer, nor the artful courtesan, nor yet the braggart captain. Don't you be afraid because I've said that there's war between the Aetolians and the Eleans. There (*pointing*), at a distance, beyond the scenes, the battles will be fought. For it is almost impossible for a Comic establishment, at a moment to attempt to act Tragedy. If, therefore, any one is looking for a battle, let him commence the quarrel; if he shall find an adversary more powerful, I'll cause him to be the spectator of a battle that isn't pleasant to him, so that hereafter he shall hate to be a spectator of them all. I retire. Fare ye well, at home, most upright judges, and in warfare most valiant combatants.

Every play closes with at least a simple request for applause. Plautus evidently felt a little hesitation over the reception this play would be accorded, and wrote the following brief epilogue to be spoken by the company of players coming forward down the stage:

Spectators, this play is founded on chaste manners. No wenching is there in this, and no intriguing, no exposure of a child, no cheating out of money; and no young man in love here makes his mistress free without his father's knowledge. The poets find but few comedies of this kind, by the hearing of which good men might become better. Now, if it pleases you, and if we have pleased you, and have not been tedious, do you give this sign: you who wish that chaste manners should have their reward, give us your applause.

X. A SCENE FROM THE "MENAECHMI." The plot of the *Menaechmi* may be summarized as follows: Moschus, a merchant of Syracuse, had twin sons who resembled each other exactly. One of them in childhood, when on a visit with his father at Tarentum, was stolen, carried to Epidamnus, where he grew up as Menaechmus, and in time married a wealthy wife. The match was not a happy one, and he formed an attachment for a courtesan, whom he supplied with clothes and jewels which he stole from his wife. The other twin was named Sosicles, but when his mate was stolen, the name Menaechmus was given him. When he grew to manhood, he started out to find his lost brother, and after six years of wanderings arrived at Epidamnus, attended by his shrewd servant, Messenio.

It is at this point that the play opens, and the scene is laid in a street of Epidamnus, with the house of the married Menaechmus on one side and that of the courtesan, Erotium, on the other. So strong is the resemblance between the two men that laughable mistakes and curiously confusing incidents follow one another in great rapidity. Wife, father-in-law, mistress, cook, messenger, parasites and even Messenio himself are deceived, and serious consequences threaten on all sides, when the brothers are brought together for the first time and their identity established in the last scene of the fifth act. It is accomplished in the following manner. Menaechmus of Epidamnus is speaking:

Men. Very wonderful things have really happened this day to me in wonderful ways. Some deny that I am he who I am, and shut me out of doors; others say that I am he who I am not, and will have it that they are my servants. He for instance, who said that he was going for the money, to whom I gave his freedom just now.

Since he says that he will bring me a purse with money, if he does bring it, I'll say that he may go free from me where he pleases, lest at a time when he shall have come to his senses he should ask the money of me. My father-in-law and the Doctor were saying that I am mad. Whatever it is, it is a wonderful affair. These things appear to me like dreams.

(*Exit Menaechmus. Enter Menaechmus Sosicles and Messenio*)

Men. Sos. Do you dare affirm, audacious fellow, that I have ever met you this day since I ordered you to come here to meet me?

Mess. Why, I just now rescued you before this house, when four men were carrying you off upon their shoulders. You invoked the aid of all gods and men, when I ran up and delivered you by main force, fighting, and in spite of them. For this reason, because I rescued you, you set me at liberty. When I said that I was going for the money and the luggage, you ran before to meet me as quickly as you could, in order that you might deny what you did.

Men. Sos. I, bade you go away a free man?

Mess. Certainly.

Men. Sos. Why, on the contrary, 'tis most certain that I myself would rather become a slave than ever give you your freedom. (*Enter Menaechmus of Epidamnus*)

Men. (*at the door, to Erotium within*). If you are ready to swear by your eyes, by my troth, not a bit the more for that reason, most vile woman, will you make it that I took away the mantle and the bracelet to-day.

Mess. Immortal gods, what do I see?

Men. Sos. What do you see?

Mess. Your resemblance in a mirror.

Men. Sos. What's the matter?

Mess. 'Tis your image; 'tis as like as possible.

Men. Sos. (*catching sight of the other*). Troth, it really is not unlike, if I know my own form.

Men. (*to Messenio*). O young man, save you, you who preserved me, whoever you are.

Mess. By my troth, young man, prithee, tell me your name, unless it's disagreeable.

Men. I' faith, you've not so deserved of me, that it should be disagreeable for me to tell what you wish. My name is Menaechmus.

Men. Sos. Why, by my troth, so is mine.

Men. I am a Sicilian, of Syracuse.

Men. Sos. Troth, the same is my native country.

Men. What is it I hear?

Men. Sos. That which is the fact.

Mess. (*to Menaechmus Sosicles, by mistake*). I know this person myself (*pointing to the other Menaechmus*); he is my master, I really am his servant; but I did think I belonged to this other. (*To Menaechmus of Epidamnus, by mistake*). I took him to be you; to him, too, did I give some trouble. (*To his master.*) Pray, pardon me if I have said aught foolishly or unadvisedly to you.

Men. Sos. You seem to me to be mad. Don't you remember that together with me you disembarked from board ship to-day?

Mess. Why, really, you say what's right—you are my master; (*to Menaechmus of Epidamnus*) do you look out for a servant. (*To his master.*) To you my greetings (*to Menaechmus of Epidamnus*) to you, farewell. This, I say, is Menaechmus.

Men. But I say I am.

Men. Sos. What story's this? Are you Menaechmus?

Men. I say that I'm the son of Moschus, my father.

Men. Sos. Are you the son of my father?

Men. Aye, I really am, young man, the son of my own father. I don't want to claim your father, nor to take possession of him from you.

Mess. Immortal gods, what unhoped-for hope do you give me, as I suspect. For unless my mind misleads me, these are the twin-brothers. I'll call my master aside—Menaechmus.

Both of the Menaechmi. What do you want?

Mess. I don't want you both. But which of you was brought here in the ship with me?

Men. Not I.

Men. Sos. But 'twas I.

Mess. You, then, I want. Step this way. (*They go aside.*)

Men. Sos. I've stepped aside. What's the matter?

Mess. This man is either an impostor, or he is your twin-brother. But I never beheld one person more like another person. Neither water, believe me, is ever more like to water nor milk to milk, than he is to you, and you likewise to him; besides, he speaks of the same native country and father. 'Tis better for us to accost him and make further enquiries of him.

Men. Sos. I' faith, but you've given me good advice, and I return you thanks. Troth, now, continue to lend me your assistance. If you discover that this is my brother, be you a free man.

Mess. I hope I shall.

Men. Sos. I too hope that it will be so.

Mess. (*to Menaechmus of Epidamnus*). How say you? I think you said that you are called Menaechmus?

Men. I did so indeed.

Mess. (*pointing to his master*). His name, too, is Menaechmus. You said that you were born at Syracuse, in Sicily; he was born there. You said that Moschus was your father; he was his as well. Now both of you can give help to me and to yourselves at the same time.

Men. You deserve to obtain what you wish. Free as I am, I'll serve you as though you had bought me for money.

Mess. I have a hope that I shall find that you two are twin-born brothers, born of one mother and of one father on the same day.

Men. You mention wondrous things. I wish that you could effect what you've promised.

Mess. I can. But attend now, both of you, and tell me that which I shall ask.

Men. Ask as you please, I'll answer you. I'll not conceal anything that I know.

Mess. Isn't your name Menaechmus?

Men. I own it.

Mess. Isn't it yours as well?

Men. Sos. It is.

Mess. Do you say that Moschus was your father?

Men. Truly, I do say so.

Men. Sos. And mine as well.

Mess. Are you of Syracuse?

Men. Certainly.

Mess. And you?

Men. Sos. Why not?

Mess. Hitherto the marks agree perfectly well. Still lend me your attention. (*To Menaechmus.*) Tell me, what do you remember at the greatest distance of time in your native country?

Men. When I went with my father to Tarentum to traffic; and afterwards how I strayed away from my father among the people, and was carried away thence.

Men. Sos. Supreme Jupiter, preserve me!

Mess. (*to Menaechmus Sosicles*). Why do you exclaim? Why don't you hold your peace? (*To Menaechmus.*) How many years old were you when your father took you from your native country?

Men. Seven years old; for just then my teeth were changing for the first time. And never since then have I seen my father.

Mess. Well, how many sons of you had your father then?

Men. As far as I now remember, two.

Mess. Which of the two was the older?

Men. Both were just alike in age.

Mess. How can that be?

Men. We two were twins.

Men. Sos. The gods wish to bless me.

Mess. (*to Menaechmus Sosicles*). If you interrupt, I shall hold my tongue.

Men. Sos. Rather than that, I'll hold my tongue.

Mess. Tell me, were you both of the same name?

Men. By no means; for my name was what it is now, Menaechmus; the other they then used to call Sosicles.

Men. Sos. (*embracing his brother*). I recognize the proofs, I cannot refrain from embracing him. My own twin-brother, blessings on you; I am Sosicles.

Men. How then was the name of Menaechmus afterwards given to you?

Men. Sos. After word was brought to us that you had been stolen, and that my father was dead, my grandfather changed it; the name that was yours he gave to me.

Men. I believe that it did so happen as you say. But answer me this.

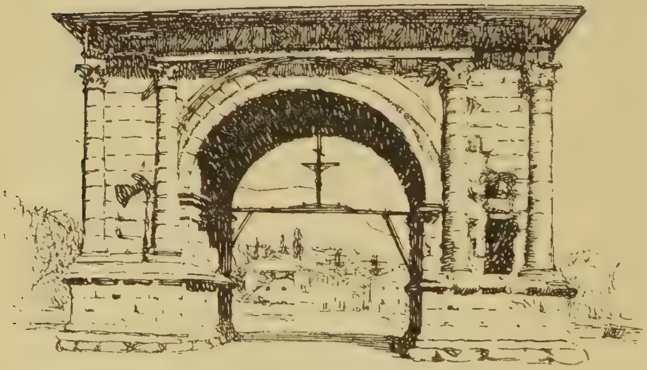
Men. Sos. Ask it.

Men. What was the name of our mother?

Men. Sos. Teuximarcha.

Men. That agrees. (*He again embraces him.*) O welcome, unhoped-for brother, whom after many years I now behold.

Men. Sos. And you, whom with many and anxious labors I have ever been seeking up to this time, and whom I rejoice at having found.



ARCH OF AUGUSTUS, AT AOSTA, WITH PRESENT-DAY CRUCIFIX

CHAPTER VII

THE PRE-CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONTINUED)
FROM 240 B. C. TO 84 B. C.

COMEDY; TERENCE

CAECILIUS. After Plautus appeared Statius Caecilius, an Insubrian, who was brought to Rome as a captive, but who was afterwards given his freedom. He began writing about 200 B. C., when Plautus was at the height of his fame, and undoubtedly the new comic poet was influenced by the master; but as time went on the younger man formed a style of his own which more nearly resembled that of his successor, Terence. At one time Caecilius enjoyed a great reputation, and appears to have been almost an absolute dictator for the stage. Suetonius, in his life of Terence, tells us that when the latter had completed his *Andria* he called one night upon

Caecilius and asked for his criticism. As the caller was poorly dressed and unknown, he was told to sit outside on a bench until his play had been read; but Caecilius had conned only a few lines when he hastily sent for the young author and brought him in to the table, where he was given an opportunity to read his own play. The older man so admired the new work that a place was made for it on the stage at once. When Caecilius died is not known exactly, but it was probably about 165 B. C., as he certainly did not reach a very great age. We have the titles of some forty of his plays, but the fragments remaining are so short that they give little notion as to the character or style.

At the same time there were a number of other comic writers who were inferior in their work and one, Terence, of great importance, after whom, however, were very few whose work received more than a passing notice. Most of these were imitators of either Terence or Plautus, and took their plots from well-known sources.

II. TERENCE. Publius Terentius Afer was a Carthaginian by birth and was brought early to Rome, probably as a slave, not as a slave by capture, but purchase, as he came between the Second and Third Punic Wars. He was owned by Terentius Lucanus, who educated him carefully and set him free. It is from his servitude in this Roman family that he took the name Terentius, and his surname Afer was given him because of his African origin. Born probably about the year 190 B. C., he wrote six comedies, went to Greece in 160 B. C. to study, and the next year, while in Greece or on his way home, he died.

The best-known fact about Terence is that of his intimate friendship with Scipio Africanus Minor, with Laelius and others, some of whom are even credited with having written at least parts of the plays that he is said to have produced. It is probable, however, that the friends of Terence did no more than assist him with hints and occasional expressions, while it is quite likely that he was encouraged by Scipio and his friends to write and to assist in bringing about that reform in morals and Roman life which the great family so ardently sought. Evidently Terence met with bitter opposition on the part of many writers, for in none of the prologues does he fail to mention undeserved condemnation and dislike which his high conception of his art had produced. It is pleasing to know that later years justified his contentions, and that the most prominent of Roman leaders and scholars gave him high praise. Cicero, Horace and Caesar all speak of his skill and cultivated taste, though they may not consider his genius of the creative type.

III. THE STYLE OF TERENCE. The language of Terence is far more advanced, more refined and more artistic than that of Plautus, though it has a corresponding lack of originality, wit and vigor. Plautus wrote at a time when Greek culture was less popularly known, and to the common people from a mind that was trained among them. Terence, on the other hand, spoke to an audience which had already imbibed culture and from aristocratic surroundings, for whatever his birth may have been, his life was passed among the cultured and wealthy. The idea of the Scipionic Circle was to introduce the highest type of Greek culture to the Romans, to make the Roman language as nearly like the finest Greek as possible; and consequently, the chief aim was to secure grace and purity in language. Terence was an apt pupil, for few of his plays contain any indication that they were written for a Roman audience except that they are written in the Latin language. They are thoroughly Greek in their ideals, gentle in humor and polished to a degree. The meter is not as varied as that of the plays of Plautus; in fact, there is less variety of every kind. We may remember that Terence was one of the first to acquire a finished Greek style in Latin and one of those who practiced it most successfully.

IV. CHARACTER OF THE PLAYS. Each of the six plays of Terence was written with a purpose, such, for instance, as to show that conduct should be based upon reason rather than tradition; that paternal authority should be obtained through kindness rather than through fear; that it is vain to attempt to force youth to live in the rectitude of old age; that it is best to grapple with each difficulty when it arises, and so make life a constant endeavor; that to live in comfort by means of mutual good will and not to trouble ourselves unnecessarily is the part of wisdom. The characters are not varied, and so frequently in different plays they carry the same name that it is confusing, and the association of an individual with a name is lost. The plots are never original and are not taken from a single Greek play, but usually are patched up from two or more plays by the same author—in one instance only, from two authors. Sometimes this putting together is skillfully accomplished, and in other instances it is quite noticeable.

While there is in the work of Terence the same characteristic indecency of plot, the situations are handled with much more skill and the language itself is never offensive. There is, too, a general tone of disapproval of vice in all its forms, although the plot of almost every play turns upon some one of its manifestations, and the reader feels that Terence deals with the same types of humanity that stalk through the pages of Plautus, but they are a little more refined in their tastes and have acquired some gracious arts of concealment, to say the least.

V. THE SIX PLAYS. As there are but six of the plays, it is possible to give a brief outline of the plot of each.

1. *The "Andria" (The Fair Andrian)*. The title of each play gives some facts concerning its production, as, for instance, in this case:

> Performed at the Megalensian Games; M. Fulvius and M. Glabrio being Curule Aediles. Ambivius Turpio and

Lucius Atilius Praenestinus performed it. Flaccus, the freedman of Claudius, composed the music, to a pair of treble flutes and bass flutes alternately. And it is entirely Grecian. Published—M. Marcellus and Cneius Sulpicius being Consuls.

A few words of explanation are necessary. The Megalensian Games were instituted in Rome in honor of the goddess Cybele when her statue was brought thither from Asia Minor. The Aediles, among other duties, presided at public games and made contracts with poets and actors to secure performances at the theater. Turpio and Praenestinus were the heads of the company and the actors who put the play on the stage. The former seems to have been the great favorite and to have acted for years. The scene of the play is in Greece, and it was therefore one of the *fabulae palliatae*. In the prologue Terence states that he borrowed it from the Greek of Menander. The two mentioned consuls held office in the year 167 B. C.

It may be interesting to give the prologue, which is much like the others, in order to show how different in purpose it is from the prologues of Plautus. We quote from the translation of H. T. Riley:

> The Poet, when first he applied his mind to writing, thought that the only duty which devolved on him was, that the Plays he should compose might please the public. But he perceives that it has fallen out entirely otherwise; for he is wasting his labor in writing Prologues, not for the purpose of relating the plot, but to answer the slanders of a malevolent old Poet. Now I beseech you, give your attention to the thing which they impute as a fault.

Menander composed the Andrian and the Perinthian. He who knows either of them well will recognize them both in this; they are in plot not very different, and yet they have been composed in different language and style. What suited, he confesses he has transferred into the Andrian from the Perinthian, and has employed them as his own. These parties censure this proceeding, and on this point they differ from him, that Plays ought not to be mixed up together. By being thus knowing, do they not show that they know nothing at all? For while they are censuring him, they are censuring Naevius, Plautus, and Ennius, whom our Poet has for his precedents; whose carelessness he prefers to emulate, rather than mystifying carefulness. Therefore, I advise them to be quiet in future, and to cease to slander; that they may not be made acquainted with their own misdeeds.

Be well disposed, then; attend with unbiased mind, and consider the matter, that you may determine what hope is left; whether the Plays which he shall in future compose anew, are to be witnessed, or are rather to be driven off the stage.

In explanation of the allusions in the prologue it may be said that the malevolent old poet alluded to was Luscus Lavinius, who was considerably the senior of Terence and who seems to have made it his business to attack all the plays written by the latter, for in every prologue but one he is alluded to. The *Andria* play takes its name from the island of Andros in the Aegean Sea, where Glycerium, the heroine, is supposed to have been born.

The plot may be summarized as follows: A young man, Pamphilus, is in love with Glycerium, but his father Simo has arranged a marriage for him with the daughter of a neighbor, Chremes. Davus, the wise servant of the young man, succeeds in breaking off the match, and Glycerium is found to be a long-lost daughter of Chremes. This enables Pamphilus to marry her without a stain on his dignity and a second young man is found at the proper moment to wed the other daughter.

2. "*Hecyra*" (*The Mother-in-Law*). It may have been the intention of Terence to draw the character of a good mother-in-law, and in this play he has succeeded in doing so, but in action the play is weak, and the comedy as uninteresting as any now extant. It was adapted from the Greek of Apollodorus and was first produced in 165 B. C. In the prologue Terence complains that the first representation was not a success, but had met with an unusual disaster and calamity, for the audience, carried away by admiration for some rope-dancers, had deserted the comedy. Pamphilus, a young man married to Philumena, is suddenly called away on a long journey to attend to some property. His wife, who was left with his mother, seems dissatisfied with conditions there and goes to her own home, where she lives in privacy until the return of Pamphilus. At the time of the young man's return his wife gives birth to a son, and this seems liable to cause permanent estrangement until the father becomes satisfied of his paternity. Then all difficulties are removed, and it is probable that they lived happily ever after.

3. "*Heautontimorumenos*" (*The Self-Tormentor*). This play, based upon one of Me-

nander's by the same name, was produced two years after the *Hecyra*. The plot is rather tame and the action weak, but two characters are very well drawn, namely, Syrus, the slave, who is always able to get money for his masters when it is needed, and Chremes, one of the fathers. Menedemus, the self-tormentor, bewails his harshness in having driven his son Clinias, who is in love with Antiphila, to take service in a foreign army. His confidant is his friend Chremes, who likewise has a son Clitipho, who is in love with Bacchis, though the father is in ignorance of the fact. When Clinias comes home from the wars, he and Clitipho persuade Chremes to receive Antiphila and Bacchis in his house on the ground that Clinias is in love with Bacchis and that Antiphila is her servant. After enough of confusion has been allowed to develop in both households and the situation has become trying, Antiphila is fortunately discovered to be the daughter of Chremes, and is betrothed to Clinias with the hearty approval of both fathers. Clitipho abandons his spendthrift mistress Bacchis. Each father finds that he has been mistaken in the treatment he has given his son, and both are supposed to learn some convincing lesson on the subject of bringing up children.

4. *The "Eunuchus."* The *Eunuchus,* which was produced in 161 B. C., was adapted from Menander's play of the same name, but contained also additions from *The Flatterer* by Menander. This is considered the best of the

plays of Terence, as the plot is clever, the action amusing and interesting, not to say exciting, and a number of the characters exceedingly well drawn. Chaerea, who may be called the hero of the play, is the best-drawn character, although Pythias, a lively little servant girl, is the most entertaining. The plot, which is quite complicated, involves a highly-improper love affair between Thais and Phaedria, who has a soldier as a rival, and a second love affair, equally improper, between Pamphila, who has been brought up as a foster sister to Thais, and Phaedria's brother Chaerea. The latter it is who disguises himself as a eunuch in order to meet Pamphila, and from this incident the play takes its name. In the end it is discovered that Pamphila is really of free birth, and her marriage to Chaerea rectifies everything in the customary Roman manner.

5. *The "Adelphi"* (*The Brothers*). This play is the only one in which Terence has drawn from two Greek authors in the same play. It was first performed in 160 B. C., and is clever and entertaining. Demea had two sons, Aeschinus and Ctesipho, the former of whom he gave to his brother Micio. Micio, who is a bachelor, brings up Aeschinus with the greatest indulgence, whereas Demea is exceedingly strict towards Ctesipho, but the result in both cases is about the same. Ctesipho falls in love with a harpist whom Aeschinus, to please his brother, steals and carries off from her master. At the same time Aeschinus himself

is engaged in a love affair with the daughter of a poor widow, who, however, is of such good parentage that Aeschinus has promised to marry her. Through the aid of his wise and tricky slave, the marriage takes place, Ctesipho gets the harpist for his wife, and Micio, the bachelor, is persuaded in due time to marry the widow.

The play contains some excellent lines, such, for instance, as: "Never was there a person of such well-trained habits of life but that experience, age and custom are always bringing him something new or suggesting something; so that what you believe you know, you don't know, and what you once fancied of first importance to you, you reject when you have tried it."

A somewhat longer passage from the first scene is worth quoting. Micio, the bachelor, is speaking:

> Aeschinus has not returned from the entertainment last night, nor any of the servants who went to fetch him. (*To himself.*) Really, they say it with reason, if you are absent anywhere, or if you stay abroad any time, 'twere better for that to happen which your wife says against you, and which in her passion she imagines in her mind, than the things which fond parents fancy. A wife, if you stay long abroad, either imagines that you are in love or are beloved, or that you are drinking and indulging your inclination, and that you only are taking your pleasure, while she herself is miserable. As for myself, in consequence of my son not having returned home, what do I imagine? In what ways am I not disturbed? For fear lest he may either have taken cold, or have fallen down somewhere, or have broken a limb.

Oh dear! that any man find what is dearer to him than he is to himself! And yet he is not my son, but my brother's. He is quite different in disposition. I, from my very youth upwards, have lived a comfortable town life, and taken my ease; and, what they esteem a piece of luck, I have never had a wife. He, on the contrary, has spent his life in the country, and has always lived laboriously and penuriously. He married a wife, and has two sons. This one, the elder of them, I have adopted. I have brought him up from an infant, and considered and loved him as my own. In him I center my delight; he alone is dear to me. On the other hand, I take all due care that he may hold me equally dear. I give—I overlook; I do not judge it necessary to exert my authority in everything; in fine, the things that youth prompts to, and that others do unknown to their fathers, I have taught my son not to conceal from me. For he who will dare to tell a lie to or to deceive his father, will still more dare to do so to others. I think it better to restrain children through a sense of shame and liberal treatment, than through fear.

On these points my brother does not agree with me, nor do they please him. He often comes to me exclaiming, "What are you about, Micio? Why do you ruin this youth? Why does he intrigue? Why does he drink? Why do you supply him with the means for these goings on? You indulge him with too much dress; you are very inconsiderate."

He himself is too strict, beyond what is just and reasonable; and he is very much mistaken, in my opinion, who thinks that an authority is more firm or more lasting which is established by force, than that which is founded on affection. Such is my mode of reasoning; and thus do I persuade myself. He, who, compelled by harsh treatment, does his duty, so long as he thinks it will be known, is on his guard: if he hopes that it will be concealed, he again returns to his natural bent. He whom you have secured by kindness, acts from inclination; he is anxious to return like for like; present and absent, he will be the same. This is the duty of a parent, to accustom a son to do what is right rather of his own choice, than through fear of another. In this the father differs from the master: he who cannot do this, let him confess that he does not know how to govern children.

6. *The "Phormio"* (*The Scheming Parasite*). This play, which was first performed in 161 B. C., is adapted from the Greek of Apollodorus. As it is the cleanest of the plays, and next to the *Eunuchus* the most interesting, we will give it practically complete and in a nearly literal translation:

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Demipho, }
Chremes, } aged Athenians, brothers.
Antipho, son of Demipho.
Phaedria, son of Chremes.
Phormio, a Parasite.
Geta, servant of Demipho.
Davus, a servant.
Hegio, }
Cratinus, } Advocates.
Crito, }
Dorio, a Procurer.
Nausistrata, the wife of Chremes.
Phanium, an orphan.
Sophrona, the nurse of Phanium.

Scene.—A street in Athens; before the houses of Demipho, Chremes and Dorio.

ACT THE FIRST

Scene I

Enter Davus, *with a bag of money in his hand*

Dav. Geta, my very good friend and fellow-townsman, came to me yesterday. There had been for some time a trifling balance of money of his in my hands upon a small account; he asked me to make it up. I have done so, and am carrying it to him. But I hear that his master's son has taken a wife; this, I suppose, is scraped together as a present for her. How unfair a custom!—that those who have the least should always be giving something to the more wealthy! That which the poor wretch has with difficulty spared, ounce by ounce, out of his allowance, defrauding himself of every indulgence, the whole of it will she carry off, without thinking with how much labor it has been acquired. And then besides, Geta will be struck for another present when his mistress is brought to bed; and then again for another present when the child's birthday comes; when they initiate him; too: all this the mother will carry off; the child will only be the pretext for the present. But don't I see Geta there?

Scene II

ENTER GETA, FROM THE HOUSE OF DEMIPHO

Geta. (*at the door, to those within.*) If any red-haired man should inquire for me———

Dav. (*stepping forward.*) Here he is, say no more.

Geta. (*starting.*) Oh! Why I was trying to come and meet you, Davus.

Dav. (*giving the money to* GETA.) Here, take it; it's ready counted out; just the sum I owed you.

Geta. I am obliged to you; and I return you thanks for not having forgotten me.

Dav. Especially as people's ways are now-a-days; things are come to such a pass, if a person repays you anything, you must be greatly obliged to him. But why are you out of spirits?

Geta. What, I? You little know what terror and peril I am in.

Dav. What's the matter?

Geta. You shall know, if you can only keep it secret.

Dav. Out upon you, simpleton; the man, whose trustworthiness you have experienced as to money, are you afraid to entrust with words? In what way have I any interest in deceiving you?

Geta. Well then, listen.

Dav. I give you my best attention.

Geta. Davus, do you know Chremes, the elder brother of our old gentleman?

Dav. Why should I not?

Geta. Well, and his son Phaedria?

Dav. As well as your own self.

Geta. It so happened that both the old gentlemen, just at the same period, had to take a journey, Chremes to Lemnos, and our Demipho to Cilicia, to see an old acquaintance who tempted over the old man by letters, promising all but mountains of gold.

Dav. To one who had more property than he could use?

Geta. Do have done; that is his way.

Dav. Oh, I ought to have been a man of fortune.

Geta. When departing hence, both the old gentlemen left me as a sort of tutor to their sons.

Dav. Ah, Geta, you undertook a hard task.

Geta. I came to experience it, I know that. I'm quite sure that I was forsaken by my good Genius, who must have been angry with me. I began to oppose them at first; but what need of talking? As long as I was trusty to the old men, I was paid for it in my shoulder-blades. Then it occurred to my mind that it is folly to kick against the spur. I began to do everything for them that they wished.

Dav. You knew how to make your market.

Geta. Our young fellow did no mischief whatever at first; but Phaedria at once picked up a certain damsel, a Music-girl, and fell in love with her to distraction. She belonged to a most abominable Procurer; and their fathers had taken good care that the young men should have nothing to give him. There remained nothing for Phaedria then but to feed his eyes, to follow her about, to escort her to the school, and to escort her back again. Antipho and I, having nothing to do, lent our aid to

Phaedria. Near the school at which she was taught, right opposite the place, there was a certain barber's shop; here we were generally in the habit of waiting for her, until she came home. One day, while we were sitting there, in came a young man in tears. We were surprised at this. We inquired what was the matter. "Never," said he, "has poverty appeared to me a burden so grievous and so insupportable as just now. I have just seen a certain poor young woman in this neighborhood lamenting her dead mother who was laid out before her, and not a single friend, acquaintance, or relation was there with her, except one poor old woman, to assist her in the funeral: I pitied her. The girl herself was of surpassing beauty." What need of a long story? He moved us all. At once Antipho exclaimed, "Would you like us to go and visit her?" The other said, "I think we ought—let us go—show us the way, please." We went; we saw her; the girl was beautiful, and you might say so the more, for there was no heightening to her beauty; her hair disheveled, her feet bare, herself neglected, and in tears; her dress mean, so that, had there not been an excess of beauty in her, these circumstances must have extinguished charms. Phaedria, who had lately fallen in love with the Music-girl, said: "She is well enough;" but Antipho———

Dav. I know it already—fell in love with her.

Geta. Can you imagine to what an extent? Observe the consequence. The day after, he goes straight to the old woman; entreats her to let him have her: she refuses him, and says that he is not acting properly; that the girl is a citizen of Athens, virtuous, and born of honest parents: that if he wishes to make her his wife, he is at liberty to do so according to law; but if otherwise, she gives him a refusal. Our youth was at a loss what to do. He was both eager to marry her, and he dreaded his absent father.

Dav. Would not his father have given him leave?

Geta. He let him marry a girl with no fortune, and of obscure birth! Never.

Dav. What came of it at last?

Geta. What came of it? There is one Phormio here, a Parasite, a fellow of great assurance; may all the gods confound him!

Dav. What has he done?

Geta. He has given this advice: "There is a law that orphan girls and their next-of-kin are commanded to marry. I'll say you are the next-of-kin, and take out a summons against you; I'll pretend that I am a friend of the girl's father; we will come before the judges: who her father was, who her mother, how she is related to you—all this I'll trump up, just as will be advantageous and suited to my purpose; on your disproving none of these things, I shall prevail of course. Your father will return; a quarrel with be the consequence; what care I? She will still be ours."

Dav. An amusing piece of assurance!

Geta. He was persuaded to this. It was carried out; they came into court: we were beaten. He has married her.

Dav. What do you tell me?

Geta. Just what you have heard.

Dav. O Geta, what will become of you?

Geta. Upon my faith, I don't know; this one thing I do know, whatever fortune may bring, I'll bear it with firmness.

Dav. You please me; well, that is the duty of a man.

Geta. All my hope is in myself.

Dav. I commend you.

Geta. Suppose I have recourse to some one to intercede for me, who will plead for me in these terms: "Pray, so forgive him this time; but if after this he does anything, I make no entreaty:" if only he doesn't add, "When I've gone, e'en kill him for me."

Dav. What of the one who was usher to the Music-girl?

Geta. (*shrugging his shoulders.*) So so, but poorly.

Dav. Perhaps he hasn't much to give.

Geta. Why, really, nothing at all, except mere hopes.

Dav. Is his father come back or not?

Geta. Not yet.

Dav. Well, when do you expect your old man?

Geta. I don't know for certain; but I just now heard that a letter has been brought from him, and has been left with the officers of the customs: I'm going to fetch it.

Dav. Is there anything else that you want with me, Geta?

Geta. I wish you well. (*Exit* DAVUS.) Hark you, boy (*calling at the door*). Is nobody coming out here? (*A* LAD *comes out*) Take this, and give it to Dorcium. (*He gives the purse to the* LAD, *who carries it into* DEMIPHO'S *house, and exit* GETA.)

SCENE III

Enter ANTIPHO *and* PHAEDRIA

Ant. That things should have come to such a pass, Phaedria, that I should be in utter dread of my father, who wishes me so well, whenever his return comes into my thoughts! Had I not been inconsiderate, I might have waited for him, as I ought to have done.

Phaed. What's the matter?

Ant. Do you ask the question? You, who have been my confederate in so bold an adventure? How I do wish it had never entered the mind of Phormio to persuade me to this, or to urge me in the heat of my passion to this marriage, which is the source of my misfortunes. Then, I should not have obtained her; in that case I might have been uneasy for some days; but still, this perpetual anxiety would not have been tormenting my mind (*touching* PHAEDRIA).

Phaed. I hear you.

Ant. While I am every moment expecting the return of him who is to sever from me this connection.

Phaed. Other men feel uneasiness because they cannot gain what they love; you complain because you have too much. You are surfeited with love, Antipho. Why, really, this situation of yours is surely one to be coveted and desired. So may the gods kindly bless me, could I be so long in possession of the object of my love, I could contentedly die. Do you, then, form a judgment as to the rest, what I am now suffering from this privation, and what pleasure you enjoy from the possession of your desires; not to mention how, without any expense, you have obtained a well-born and genteel woman, and have got a wife of unblemished reputation you would be happy if you had a mind capable of bearing all this with moderation. If you had to deal with that Procurer with whom I have to deal, then you would be sensible of it. Mostly all of us are inclined by nature to be dissatisfied with our lot.

Ant. Still, on the other hand, Phaedria, you seem to me the fortunate man, who still have the liberty, of resolving on what pleases you best: whether to keep, to love on, or to give her up. I, unfortunately, have got myself into that position, that I have neither right to give her up, nor liberty to retain her. But how's this? Is it our Geta I see running this way? 'Tis he himself. Alas! I'm dreadfully afraid of the news it is he's now bringing me.

Scene IV

Enter Geta, *running, at the other side of the stage*

Geta. (*to himself.*) Geta, you are undone, unless you instantly devise some expedient; for this daring step of ours cannot any longer be kept a secret. If such a result is not adroitly guarded against, it will cause the ruin of myself, or of my master.

Ant. (*to* Phaedria.) Why, I wonder, is he coming in such a fright?

Geta. (*to himself.*) Besides, I've but a moment left —my master's close at hand.

Ant. (*to* Phaedria.) What mischief is this?

Geta. (*to himself.*) When he comes to hear of it, what remedy shall I discover for his anger? Am I to speak? I shall irritate him: be silent? I shall provoke him: excuse myself? I should be washing a brickbat. Alas! unfortunate me! While I am trembling for myself, Antipho distracts my mind. I am concerned for him; I'm in dread for him: 'tis he that now keeps me here; for had it not been for him, I should have made due provision for my safety, and have taken vengeance on the old man for his crabbedness; I should have scraped up something, and straightway taken to my heels.

Ant. (*to* PHAEDRIA.) I wonder what running away or theft it is that he's planning.

Geta. (*to himself.*) But where shall I find Antipho, or which way go look for him?

Phaed. (*to* ANTIPHO.) He's mentioning your name.

Ant. (*to* PHAEDRIA.) I know not what great misfortune I expect to hear from this messenger.

Phaed. (*to* ANTIPHO.) Why, are you in your senses?

Geta. (*to himself.*) I'll make my way homewards; he's generally there.

Phaed. (*to* ANTIPHO.) Let's call the fellow back.

Ant. (*calling out.*) Stop, this instant.

Geta. (*turning round.*) Heyday—you speak with authority enough, whoever you are.

Ant. Geta!

Geta. The very person I wanted to find.

Ant. Pray, tell me what news you bring, and say it in one word, if you can.

Geta. I'll do so.

Ant. Out with it.

Geta. Just now, at the harbor—.

Ant. What, my father——?

Geta. You've hit it.

Ant. Ruined outright!

Phaed. Pshaw!

Ant. What am I to do?

Phaed. (*to* GETA.) What is it you say?

Geta. That I have seen his father, your uncle.

Ant. How am I, wretch that I am, now to find a remedy for this sudden misfortune? But if it should be my fate Phanium, to be torn away from you, life would cease to be desirable.

Geta. Therefore, Antipho, since matters are thus, the more need have you to be on your guard; fortune favors the brave.

Ant. I am not myself.

Geta. But just now it is especially necessary you should be so, Antipho; for if your father perceives that you are alarmed, he will think that you have been guilty of some fault.

Phaed. That's true.

Ant. I cannot change.

Geta. What would you do, if something else still more difficult had to be done by you?

Ant. As I am not equal to this, I should be still less so to the other.

Geta. This is doing nothing at all, Phaedria, let's be gone; why do we waste our time here to no purpose. I shall be off.

Phaed. And I too. (*They move as if going.*)

Ant. Pray, now, if I assume an air; will that do? (*He endeavors to assume another air.*)

Geta. You are trifling.

Ant. Look at my countenance—there's for you. (*Assuming a different air.*) Will that do?

Geta. No.

Ant. Well, will this? (*Assuming another air.*)

Geta. Pretty well.

Ant. Well then, this? (*Assuming a still bolder air.*)

Geta. That's just the thing. There now, keep to that, and answer him word for word, like for like; don't let him, in his anger, disconcert you with his blustering words.

Ant. I understand.

Geta. Say that you were forced against your will by law, by sentence of the court; do you take me? (*Looking earnestly in one direction.*) But who is the old man that I see at the end of the street?

Ant. 'Tis he himself. I cannot stand it. (*Going.*)

Geta. Oh! What are you about? Whither are you going, Antipho? Stop, I tell you.

Ant. I know my own self and my offense; to your management I trust Phanium and my own existence. (*Exit hastily.*)

SCENE V

PHAEDRIA *and* GETA

Phaed. Geta, what's to be done now?

Geta. You will just hear some harsh language: I shall be trussed up and trounced, if I am not somewhat mistaken. But what we were advising Antipho to do, the same we must do ourselves, Phaedria.

Phaed. Away with your "musts;" rather do you command me what I am to do.

Geta. Do you remember your words formerly upon this project,—that their cause was just, clear, unanswerable, and most righteous?

Phaed. I remember it.

Geta. Well then, now there's need of that plea, or of one still better and more plausible, if such there can be.

Phaed. I'll use my best endeavors.

Geta. Do you then accost him first; I'll be here in reserve, by way of reinforcement, if you give ground at all.

Phaed. Very well. (*They retire to a distance.*)

SCENE VI

Enter DEMIPHO, *at the other side of the stage*

Dem. (*to himself.*) And is it possible that Antipho has taken a wife without my consent? and that no authority of mine—but let alone "authority"—no displeasure of mine, has he been in dread of? To have no sense of shame! O audacious conduct! O Geta, rare adviser!

Geta. (*apart to* PHAEDRIA.) Just mentioned at last.

Dem. What will they say to me, or what excuse will they find? I wonder much.

Geta. (*apart.*) Why, I've found that out already; do think of something else.

Dem. Will he be saying this to me: "I did it against my will; the law compelled me?" I hear you, and admit it.

Geta. (*apart.*) Well said!

Dem. But knowingly, in silence, to give up the cause to his adversaries—did the law oblige him to do that as well?

Geta. (*apart.*) That is a hard blow.

Phaed. I'll clear that up; let me alone for that.

Dem. It is a matter of doubt what I am to do; for beyond expectation, and quite past all belief, has this befallen me. So enraged am I, that I cannot compose my mind to think. Wherefore it is the duty of all persons, when affairs are the most prosperous, then in especial to reflect in what way they are to endure adversity. Returning from abroad, let him always picture to himself dangers and losses, either offenses committed by a son, or the death of his wife, or the sickness of a daughter, —that these things are the common lot, so that no one of them may ever come as a surprise upon his feelings. Whatever falls out beyond his hopes, all that he must look upon as so much gain.

Geta. (*apart.*) O Phaedria, it is incredible how much I surpass my master in wisdom. All my misfortunes have been calculated upon by me, upon my master coming home. I must grind at the mill, be beaten, wear fetters, be set to work in the fields; not one individual thing of these will happen unexpected by me. Whatever falls out beyond my expectations, all that I shall look upon as so much gain. But why do you hesitate to accost him, and soften him at the outset with fair words? (PHAEDRIA *goes forward.*)

Dem. (*to himself.*) I see Phaedria, my brother's son, coming towards me.

Phaed. My uncle, welcome!

Dem. Greetings to you; but where is Antipho?

Phaed. That you have arrived in safety——

Dem. I believe it; answer my question.

Phaed. He is well; he's close at hand; but is everything quite to your wishes?

Dem. I wish it was so, indeed.

Phaed. What's the matter?

Dem. Do you ask me, Phaedria? You people have cooked up a fine marriage in my absence.

Phaed. What now, are you angry with him for that?

Geta. (*apart.*) What a clever contriver!

Dem. Have I not reason to be angry with him? I long for him to come into my sight, that he may know that through his faultiness, from being a mild father, I am become a most severe one.

Phaed. But he has done nothing, uncle, for which you should blame him.

Dem. Now, do look at that; all alike; all hanging together; when you know one, you know all.

Phaed. That is not the case.

Dem. When the one is in fault, the other is at hand to defend him; when it is the other, then he is ready; they help one another by turns.

Geta. (*apart.*) The old man, without knowing it, has exactly described their proceedings.

Dem. For if it had not been so, you would not, Phaedria, have stood up for him.

Phaed. If, uncle, it is the fact, that Antipho has been guilty of any fault, and has been too regardless of his interest or his reputation, I would not allege any reason why he should not suffer what he deserves. But if some one by chance, relying upon his own artfulness, has laid a snare for our youthful age, and has succeeded, is it our fault or that of the judges, who often, through envy, take away from the rich, or through compassion, award to the poor?

Geta. (*apart.*) Unless I knew the case, I could fancy he was speaking the truth.

Dem. Is there any judge who can possibly know your rights, when you don't answer a word—as he has done?

Phaed. He acted the part of an ingenuous young man; after they had come before the judges, he was not able to say what he had intended, so much did his modesty confuse him there through his bashfulness.

Geta. (*apart.*) I commend him: but why do I hesitate at once to accost the old man? (*Going forward to* DEMIPHO.) Master, welcome to you! I'm glad to see you safe returned.

Dem. (*ironically.*) Ah, excellent guardian! save you, stay of my family, no doubt, to whom, at my departure, I entrusted my son.

Geta. For some minutes past I've heard you accusing all of us undeservedly; and me the most undeservedly of them all; for what would you have had me do for you in this affair? The laws do not allow a person who is a slave to plead; nor can he give evidence.

Dem. I grant all that: I admit this too—the young man, unused to courts, was bashful; I allow it: you, too, are a slave: still, if she was ever so near a relative, it was not necessary to marry her, but as the law enjoins, you might have given her a portion; she could have looked out for another husband. Why, then, in preference, did he bring a pauper home?

Geta. No particular reason; but he hadn't the money.

Dem. He might have borrowed it from some person or other.

Geta. From some person or other? Nothing more easily said.

Dem. After all, if on no other terms, on interest.

Geta. Aye, aye, fine talking; as if any one would have trusted him, while you were living.

Dem. No, it shall not be so; it must not be. Ought I to allow her to remain with him as his wife a single day? She merits no indulgence. I should like this fellow to be pointed out to me, or to be shown where he lives.

Geta. Phormio, do you mean?

Dem. That fellow, the woman's next friend?

Geta. I'll have him here immediately.

Dem. Where is Antipho at present?

Geta. Away from home.

Dem. Go, Phaedria, look for him, and bring him here.

Phaed. I'll go straightway.

Geta. (*aside.*) To Pamphila, you mean.

SCENE VII

DEMIPHO, *alone*

Dem. (*to himself.*) I'll just step home to salute the household gods. From there, I'll go to the Forum, and summon some of my friends to give me their assistance in this affair; so that I may not be unprepared when Phormio comes. (*Goes into his house.*)

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

Enter PHORMIO *and* GETA

Phor. And so you say that dreading his father's presence, he has taken himself off?

Geta. Exactly so.

Phor. That Phanium is left alone?

Geta. Just so.

Phor. And that the old man is in a rage?

Geta. Extremely so.

Phor. The whole business, Phormio, rests on yourself alone; you yourself have hashed it up; it must all be swallowed by yourself, so set about it.

Geta. I entreat you——

Phor. (*to himself.*) If he enquires.

Geta. In you is our hope.

Phor. (*to himself.*) Look at this, now:—What if he sends her back?

Geta. It was you that urged us.

Phor. (*to himself.*) I think that will do.

Geta. Do help us.

Phor. (*with alacrity.*) Let the old gentleman come; all my plans are now ready.

Geta. What will you do?

Phor. What would you have me? But that Phanium may continue with him, and that I may clear Antipho from this charge, and turn upon myself all the wrath of the old gentleman?

From a Modern Painting by G. Boulanger

A STREET SCENE IN ANCIENT ROME

Geta. O brave and kind man! But, Phormio, I often dread lest this courage may end in the stocks at last.

Phor. Oh, by no means; I've made trial, and have already pondered on the paths for my feet. How many men before to-day do you suppose I have beaten, even to death, strangers as well as citizens: the better I understand it, the oftener I try it. Just tell me, look you, did you ever hear of an action of damages being brought against me?

Geta. How is that?

Phor. Because the net is never spread for the hawk or the kite that do us the mischief; it is spread for those that do us none: because in the last there is profit, while with the others it is labor lost. For persons, out of whom anything can be got, there's risk, people know that I've got nothing.

Geta. It's impossible that sufficient thanks can be returned you by him for your kindness.

Phor. Why no; no person can return thanks sufficient to his patron for his kindness. For you to take your place at table at free cost, anointed and just washed at the bath, with your mind at ease, whereas he is devoured with the care and expense: while everything is being done to give you delight, he is being vexed at heart; you are laughing away, first to drink, take the higher place; a banquet full of doubts is placed before you——

Geta. What is the meaning of that expression?

Phor. When you are in doubt which is best to partake of. When you think how delicious these things are, and how costly they are, must you not account the person who provides them a very god—neither more nor less?

Geta. The old man is coming; take care what you are about; the first onset is the fiercest; if you stand that, then, afterwards, you may play just as you please. (*They retire to a distance.*)

Scene II

Enter, at a distance, Demipho, Hegio, Cratinus *and* Crito, *following him*

Dem. Well now—did you ever hear of an injury being done to any person in a more affronting manner? Assist me, I beg of you.

Geta. (*apart.*) He's in a passion.

Phor. (*apart.*) Do you mind your cue; I'll rouse him just now. (*Stepping forward and crying aloud.*) Oh immortal gods! does Demipho deny that Phanium here is related to him?

Geta. He does deny it.

Dem. (*to his friends.*) I believe it is the very man I was speaking about. Follow me. (*They all come forward.*)

Phor. (*to* Geta.) And that he knows who her father was?

Geta. He does deny it.

Phor. And that he knows who Stilpho was?

Geta. He does deny it.

Phor. Because the poor thing was left destitute, her father is disowned; she herself is slighted: see what avarice does.

Geta. (*in a loud voice.*) If you are going to accuse my master of avarice, you shall hear what you won't like.

Dem. Oh, the impudence! Does he come on purpose to accuse me?

Phor. For really, I have no reason why I should be offended at the young man, if he did not know Stilpho; since he, when growing aged and poor, and supporting himself by his labor, generally confined himself to the country; there he had a piece of land from my father to cultivate; full oft, in the meantime, did the old man tell me that this kinsman of his neglected him: but what a man? The very best I ever saw in all my life.

Geta. (*in a loud voice.*) Look to yourself as well as to him, how you speak.

Phor. (*with affected indignation.*) Away, to utter perdition! For if I had not formed such an opinion of him, I should never have incurred such enmity with your family on her account, whom he now slights in such an ungenerous manner.

Geta. (*aloud.*) What, do you persist in speaking abusively of my master in his absence, you most abominable fellow?

Phor. Why, it's just what he deserves.

Geta. (*aloud.*) Say you so, you gaol-bird?

Dem. (*calling aloud.*) Geta!

Geta. (*aloud.*) A plunderer of people's property—a perverter of the laws!

Dem. (*calling aloud.*) Geta!

Phor. (*apart, in a low voice.*) Answer him.

Geta. Who is it! (*Looking round.*) Oh!——

Dem. Hold your peace.

Geta. He has never left off uttering abuse against you behind your back.

Dem. Well now, have done. (*Addressing* PHORMIO.) Young man, with your good leave, I ask you this, if you may possibly be pleased to give me an answer: explain to me who this friend of yours was, that you speak of, and how he said that he was related to me.

Phor. (*sneeringly.*) You are fishing it out, just as if you didn't know.

Dem. I, know?

Phor. Yes.

Dem. I say I do not; you, who affirm it, recall it to my recollection.

Phor. Come now, didn't you know your own cousin-german?

Dem. You torture me to death; tell me his name.

Phor. His name?

Dem. Of course. (PHORMIO *hesitates.*) Why are you silent now?

Phor. (*aside.*) Heavens, I'm undone; I've forgot the name.

Dem. Well, what do you say.

Phor. (*aside, to* GETA.) Geta, if you recollect the name I told you a short time since, prompt me. (*Aloud,* *to* Demipho.) Well then, I shan't tell you; as if you didn't know, you come to pump me.

Dem. I, come to pump you, indeed?

Geta. (*whispering to* Phormio.) Stilpho.

Phor. But, after all, what matters that to me? It is Stilpho.

Dem. Whom did you say?

Phor. Stilpho, I tell you; you knew him.

Dem. I neither know him, nor had I ever any relation of that name.

Phor. Say you so? Are you not ashamed of this? But if he had left you ten talents——

Dem. May the gods confound you!

Phor. You'd have been the first, from memory, to trace your line of kindred, even as far back as from grandfather and great-grandfather.

Dem. Very likely. In that case, when I had undertaken it, I should have shown how she was related to me; do you do the same: tell me, how is she related to me?

Geta. Well done, my master, that's right! (*Threateningly to* Phormio.) Hark you, take you care.

Phor. I've already made the matter quite plain where I ought, before the judges; besides, if it was untrue, why didn't your son disprove it?

Dem. Do you talk about my son to me? Of whose folly there is no speaking in the language it deserves.

Phor. Then do you, who are so wise, go to the magistrates, that for you they may give a second decision in the same cause, since you reign alone here, and are the only man allowed to get a second trial in the same cause.

Dem. Although wrong has been done me, still, however, rather than engage in litigation, or listen to you, just as though she had been my relation, and because the law orders one to find her a portion, rid me of her, and take five minae.

Phor. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! a pleasant individual!

Dem. Well! am I asking anything unfair? Or am I not to obtain even this, my right at common law?

Phor. Pray, really is it so, that when you have abused her like a courtesan, the law orders you to pay her hire and pack her off? Or is it the fact, that in order that she, a citizen may bring no disgrace upon herself through poverty, she has been given to her nearest relative, to pass her life with him alone? A thing which you mean to prevent.

Dem. Yes, to her nearest relative, indeed; but why to us, or on what ground?

Phor. Well, well, a thing tried, they say, you can't try over again.

Dem. Not try it? On the contrary, I shall not desist until I have gone through with it.

Phor. You are trifling.

Dem. Let me alone for that.

Phor. In short, Demipho, I have nothing to do with you; your son has been cast, and not you; your time of life for marrying has gone by.

Dem. Consider that he says to you all I say, or else assuredly, together with this wife of his, I'll be forbidding him the house.

Geta. (*aside.*) He's in a passion.

Phor. You'll be acting more considerately.

Dem. Are you so resolved, you unlucky fellow, to do me all the mischief you can?

Phor. (*aside, to* Geta.) He's afraid of us, although he's so careful to conceal it.

Geta. (*aside, to* Phormio.) Your beginning has turned out well.

Phor. But if, on the contrary, you endure what must be endured, you'll be doing what's worthy of you, so that we may be on friendly terms.

Dem. (*indignantly.*) What, I seek your friendship, or have any wish to see or hear you?

Phor. If you can agree with her, you will have some one to cheer up your old age; consider your time of life.

Dem. Let her cheer up yourself; keep her to yourself.

Phor. Really, do moderate your passion.

Dem. Mark what I say. There have been words enough already; if you don't make haste to fetch away the woman, I shall turn her out: I have said it, Phormio.

Phor. If you use her in any other manner than is befitting a free-born woman, I shall be bringing a swingeing action against you: I have said it, Demipho. (*To* GETA.) Hark you, if there should be any occasion for me, I shall be at home.

Geta. (*apart.*) I understand you.

(*Exit* PHORMIO.)

SCENE III

DEMIPHO, HEGIO, CRATINUS, CRITO *and* GETA

Dem. What care and anxiety my son brings upon me, by entangling himself and me in this marriage! And he doesn't so much as come into my sight, that at least I might know what he says about this matter, or what his sentiments are. (*To* GETA.) Be off, go see whether he has returned home.

Geta. I will. (*Goes into the house.*)

Dem. (*to the* ASSISTANTS.) You see how the case stands. What am I to do? Tell me, Hegio.

Heg. What, I? I think Cratinus ought, if it seems good to you.

Dem. Tell me, Cratinus.

Crat. What, do you wish me to speak? I should like you to do what is most for your advantage; it is my opinion, that what this son of yours has done in your absence, in law and justice ought to be annulled; and that you'll obtain redress. That's my opinion.

Dem. Say now, Hegio.

Heg. I believe that he has spoken with due deliberation; but it is the fact, "as many men, so many minds;" every one his own way. It doesn't appear to me that what has been done by law can be revoked; and it is wrong to attempt it.

Dem. Speak, Crito.

Crit. I am of opinion, that we must deliberate further; it is a matter of importance.

Heg. Do you want anything further with us?

Dem. You have done very well. (*Exeunt* ASSISTANTS.) I am much more at loss than before.

Re-enter GETA, *from the house*

Geta. They say he has not come back.

Dem. I must wait for my brother. The advice that he gives me about this matter, I shall follow. I'll go enquire at the harbor, when he is to come back. (*Exit.*)

Geta. And I'll go look for Antipho, that he may learn what has passed here. But look, I see him coming this way just in the very nick of time.

SCENE IV

Enter ANTIPHO, *at a distance*

Ant. (*to himself.*) Indeed, Antipho, in many ways you are to be blamed for these feelings; to have thus run away, and entrusted your existence to the protection of other people. Did you suppose that others would give more attention to your interests than your own self? For, however other matters stood, certainly you should have thought of her whom you have now at home, that she might not suffer any harm in consequence of her confiding in you, whose hopes and resources, poor thing, are all now centred in yourself alone.

Geta. (*coming forward.*) Why really, master, we have for some time been censuring you here in your absence, for having thus gone away.

Ant. You are the very person I was looking for.

Geta. But still, we were not a bit the more remiss on that account.

Ant. Tell me, I beg of you, in what posture are my interests and fortunes. Has my father any suspicion?

Geta. Not any at present.

Ant. Is there any hope?

Geta. I don't know.

Ant. Alas!

Geta. But Phaedria has not neglected to use his endeavors in your behalf.

Ant. He did nothing new.

Geta. Then Phormio, too, in this matter, just as in everything else, showed himself a man of energy.

Ant. What did he do?

Geta. With his words he silenced the old man, who was very angry.

Ant. Well done, Phormio!

Geta. I, too, did all I could.

Ant. My dear Geta, I love you all.

Geta. Matters, at present, are going on smoothly, and your father intends to wait for your uncle.

Ant. Why him?

Geta. He said he was wishful to act by his advice, in all that relates to this business.

Ant. How greatly now, Geta, I do dread my uncle's arrival! For, according to his single sentence, from what I hear, I am to live or die.

Geta. Here comes Phaedria.

Ant. Where is he, pray?

Geta. See, he's coming from his place of exercise.

SCENE V

Enter from DORIO'S *house,* DORIO, *followed by* PHAEDRIA

Phaed. Prithee, hear me, Dorio.

Dor. I'll not hear you.

Phaed. Only a moment.

Dor. Let me alone.

Phaed. Do hear what I have to say.

Dor. Why, really I am tired of hearing the same thing a thousand times over.

Phaed. But now, I have something to tell you that you'll hear with pleasure.

Dor. Speak then; I'm listening.

Phaed. Can I not prevail on you to wait for only three days? Whither are you going now?

Dor. I was wondering if you had anything new to offer.

Ant. (*apart, to* GETA.) I'm afraid for this Procurer, lest——

Geta. (*apart, to* ANTIPHO.) Something may befall his own safety.

Phaed. You don't believe me?

Dor. You guess right.

Phaed. But if I pledge my word.

Dor. Nonsense!

Phaed. You will have reason to say that this kindness was well laid out by you on interest.

Dor. Stuff!

Phaed. Believe me, you will be glad you did so; upon my faith, it is the truth.

Dor. Dreams!

Phaed. Do but try; the time is not long.

Dor. The same story over again.

Phaed. You will be my kinsman, my father, my friend; you——

Dor. Now, do prate on.

Phaed. For you to be of a disposition so harsh and inexorable, that neither by pity nor by entreaties can you be softened!

Dor. For you to be of a disposition so unreasonable and so unconscionable, Phaedria, that you can be talking me over with fine words, and be for amusing yourself with my property for nothing!

Ant. (*apart, to Geta.*) I am sorry for him.

Phaed. (*aside.*) Alas! I feel it to be too true.

Geta. (*apart, to* ANTIPHO.) How well each keeps up to his character!

Phaed. (*to himself.*) And would that this misfortune had not befallen me at a time when Antipho was occupied with other cares as well.

Ant. (*coming forward.*) Phaedria, what is the matter?

Phaed. O most fortunate Antipho!

Ant. What, I?

Phaed. To have in your possession the object of your love, without such trouble as I have.

Ant. What I, in my possession? Why yes, as the saying is, I've got a wolf by the ears, for I neither know how to get rid of her, nor yet how to keep her.

Dor. That's just my case with regard to him (*pointing to Phaedria*).

Ant. (*to* DORIO.) Aye, aye, don't you show too little of of the Procurer. (*To* PHAEDRIA.) What has he been doing?

Phaed. What, he? Acting the part of a most inhuman fellow; been and sold my Pamphila.

Geta. What! Sold her?

Ant. Sold her, say you?

Phaed. Sold her.

Dor. (*ironically.*) What a shocking crime—a wench bought with one's own money!

Phaed. I cannot prevail upon him to wait for me the next three days, and so far break off the bargain with the person, while I get the money from my friends, which has been promised me; if I don't give it him then, let him not wait a single hour longer.

Dor. Very good.

Ant. It's not a long time that he asks, Dorio; do let him prevail upon you; he'll pay you twofold for having acted to him thus obligingly.

Dor. Words!

Ant. Will you allow Pamphila to be carried away from this place? Can you possibly allow their love to be severed?

Dor. Neither I nor you cause that.

Geta. May all the gods grant you what you deserve!

Dor. I have borne with you for several months quite against my inclination; promising and whimpering, and yet bringing nothing; now, on the other hand, I have found one to pay, and not be snivelling; give place to your betters.

Ant. I'faith, there surely was a day named, if I remember right, for you to pay him.

Phaed. It is the fact.

Dor. Do I deny it?

Ant. Is that day past, then?

Dor. No; but this one has come before it.

Ant. Are you not ashamed of your perfidy?

Dor. Not at all, so long as it is for my interest.

Geta. Dunghill!

Phaed. Dorio, is it right, pray, for you to act thus?

Dor. It is my way; if I suit you, make use of me.

Ant. Do you try to trifle with him (*pointing to Phaedria*) in this matter?

Dor. Why really, on the contrary, Antipho, it's he trifling with me, for he knew me to be a person of this sort; I supposed him to be quite a different man; he has deceived me; I'm not a bit different from what I was. But however that may be, I'll yet do this; the captain has said, that to-morrow morning he will pay me the money; if you bring it me before that, Phaedria, I'll follow my rule, that he is the first served who is the first to pay. Farewell! (*Goes into his house.*)

SCENE VI

PHAEDRIA, ANTIPHO *and* GETA

Phaed. What am I to do? Wretch that I am! where am I now in this emergency to raise the money for him, I, who am worse than nothing? If it had been possible for these three days to be obtained of him, it was promised me by then.

Ant. Geta, shall we suffer him to continue thus wretched, when he so lately assisted me in the kind way you were mentioning? On the contrary, why not, as there's need of it, try to do him a kindness in return?

Geta. For my part, I'm sure it is but fair.

Ant. Come then, you are the only man able to serve him.

Geta. What can I do?

Ant. Procure the money.

Geta. I wish I could; but where it is to come from—tell me that.

Ant. My father has come home.

Geta. I know; but what of that?

Ant. Oh, a word to the wise is quiet enough.

Geta. Is that it, then?

Ant. Just so.

Geta. Upon my faith, you really do give me fine advice; out upon you! Ought I not to be heartily glad, if I meet with no mishap through your marriage, but what, in addition to that, you must now bid me, for his sake, to be seeking risk upon risk?

Ant. 'Tis true what he says.

Phaed. What! am I a stranger to you, Geta?

Geta. I don't consider you so. But is it so trifling a matter that the old gentleman is now vexed with us all, that we must provoke him still more, and leave no room for entreaty?

Phaed. Is another man to take her away from before my eyes? Alas! speak to me then, Antipho, and look upon me while you have the opportunity, and while I'm present.

Ant. Why so, or what are you going to do? Pray, tell me.

Phaed. To whatever part of the world she is borne away, I'm determined to follow her or to perish.

Geta. May the gods prosper your design! Cautiously's the word, however.

Ant. (*to* GETA.) Do see if you can give him any assistance at all.

Geta. Any at all—how?

Ant. Pray, do try; that he mayn't do something that we may be more or less sorry for, Geta.

Geta. I'm considering. (*He pauses.*) He's all safe, so far as I can guess: but still, I'm afraid of mischief.

Ant. Don't be afraid: together with you, we'll share good and bad.

Geta. (*to* PHAEDRIA.) How much money do you want? Tell me.

Phaed. Only thirty minae.

Geta. Thirty? Heyday! she's monstrous dear, Phaedria.

Phaed. Indeed, she's very cheap.

Geta. Well, well, I'll get them for you.

Phaed. Oh the dear man! (*They both fall to hugging Geta.*)

Geta. Take yourselves off. (*Shakes them off.*)

Phaed. There's need for them directly.

Geta. You shall have them directly; but I must have Phormio for my assistant in this business.

Ant. He's quite ready; right boldly lay on him any load you like, he'll bear it: he, in especial, is a friend to his friend.

Geta. Let's go to him at once then.

Ant. Will you have any occasion for my assistance?

Geta. None; but be off home, and comfort that poor thing, who I am sure is now in-doors almost dead with fear. Do you linger?

Ant. There's nothing I could do with so much pleasure. (*Goes into the house of* DEMIPHO.)

Phaed. What way will you manage this?

Geta. I'll tell you on the road. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES

Dem. Well, have you brought your daughter with you, Chremes, for whom you went to Lemnos?

Chrem. No.

Dem. Why not?

Chrem. When her mother found that I stayed here longer than usual, she, with all her family, set out in search of me.

Dem. Pray, then, why did you stay there so long, when you had heard of this?

Chrem. Why, faith, a malady detained me.

Dem. From what cause? Or what was it?

Chrem. Do you ask me? Old age itself is a malady. However, I heard that they had arrived safe, from the captain who brought them.

Dem. Have you heard, Chremes, what has happened to my son, in my absence?

Chrem. 'Tis that, in fact, that has embarrassed me in my plans. For if I offer my daughter in marriage to any person that's a stranger, it must all be told how and by whom I had her. You I knew to be fully as faithful to me as I am to myself; if a stranger shall think fit to be connected with me by marriage, he will hold his tongue, just as long as good terms exist between us: but if he takes a dislike to me, he'll be knowing more than it's proper he should know. I am afraid, too, lest my wife should, by some means, come to know of it; if that is the case, it only remains for me to shake myself and leave the house; for I'm the only one I can rely on at home.

Dem. I know it is so, and that circumstance is a cause of anxiety to me; and I shall never cease trying, until I've made good what I promised you.

SCENE II

Enter Geta, on the other side of the stage, not seeing DEMIPHO *or* CHREMES

Geta (*to himself.*) I never saw a more cunning fellow than this Phormio. I came to the fellow to tell him that money was needed, and by what means it might be procured. Hardly had I said one half, when he understood me; he was quite delighted; complimented me; asked where the old man was; gave thanks to the gods that an opportunity was afforded him for showing himself no less a friend to Phaedria than to Antipho: I bade the fellow wait for me at the Forum; whither I would bring the old gentleman. But see, here's the very man (*catching sight of the Old Man*). Who is the further one? Heyday, Phaedria's father has got back! still, brute beast that I am, what was I afraid of? Is it because two are presented instead of one for me to dupe? I deem it preferable to enjoy a twofold hope. I'll try for it from him from whom I first intended: if he gives it me, well and good; if I can make nothing of him, then I'll attack this newcomer.

SCENE III

Enter ANTIPHO *from the house, behind at a distance*

Ant. (*to himself.*) I'm expecting every moment that Geta will be here. But I see my uncle standing close by, with my father. Ah me! how much I fear what influence his return may have upon my father!

Geta (*to himself.*) I'll accost them. (*Goes up to them.*) O welcome to you, our neighbor Chremes.

Chrem. Save you, Geta.

Geta. I'm delighted to see you safe returned.

Chrem. I believe you.

Geta. How go matters?

Chrem. Many changes here upon my arrival, as usually the case.

Geta. True; have you heard what has happened to Antipho?

Chrem. All.

Geta. (*to* DEMIPHO.) What, have you told him? Disgraceful conduct, Chremes, thus to be imposed on.

Dem. It was about that I was talking to him just now.

Geta. But really, on carefully reflecting, I think I have found a remedy.

Dem. What is the remedy?

Geta. When I left you, by accident Phormio met me.

Chrem. Who is Phormio?

Geta. He who patronized her.

Chrem. I understand.

Geta. It seemed to me that I might first sound him; I took the fellow aside: "Phormio," said I, "why don't we try to settle these matters between us rather with a good grace than with a bad one? My master's a generous man, and one who hates litigation; but really, upon my faith, all his friends were just now advising him with one voice to turn her instantly out of doors."

Ant. (*apart.*) What is he about? Or where is this to end?

Geta. (*continuing the supposed conversation.*) "He'll have to give satisfaction at law, you say, if he turns her out? That has been already enquired into: aye, aye, you'll have enough to do, if you engage with him; he is so eloquent. But suppose he's beaten; still, however, it's not his life, but his money that's at stake." After I found that the fellow was influenced by these words, I said: "We are now by ourselves here; come now, what should you like to be given you, money down, to drop this suit with my master, so that she may betake herself off, and you annoy us no more?"

Ant. (*apart.*) Are the gods quite on good terms with him?

Geta. (*continuing the conversation.*) "For I'm quite sure, if you were to mention anything that's fair and reasonable, as he is a reasonable man, you'll not have to bandy three words with him."

Dem. Who ordered you to say so?

Chrem. Nay, he could not have contrived more happily to bring about what we want.

Ant. (*apart.*) Undone!

Chrem. Go on with your story.

Geta. At first the fellow raved.

Dem. Say, what did he ask?

Geta. What? A great deal too much.

Chrem. How much? Tell me.

Geta. Suppose he were to give a great talent.

Dem. Aye, faith, perdition to him rather; has he no shame?

Geta. Just what I said to him: "Pray, suppose he was portioning an only daughter of his own. It has been of little benefit that he hasn't one of his own, since another has been found to be demanding a fortune." To be brief, and to pass over his impertinences, this at last, was his final answer: "I," said he, "from the very first, have been desirous to marry the daughter of my friend, as was fit I should; for I was aware of the ill results of this, a poor wife being married into a rich family, and becoming a slave. But, as I am now conversing with you unreservedly, I was in want of a wife to bring me a little money with which to pay off my debts; and even yet, if Demipho is willing to give as much as I am to receive with her to whom I am engaged, there is no one whom I should better like for a wife."

Ant. (*apart.*) Whether to say he's doing this through folly or mischief, through stupidity or design, I'm in doubt.

Dem. What if he's in debt to the amount of his life?

Geta. His land is mortgaged,—for ten minae he said.

Dem. Well, well, let him take her then; I'll give it.

Geta. He has a house besides, mortgaged for another ten.

Dem. Huy, huy! that's too much.

Chrem. Don't be crying out; you may have those ten of me.

Geta. A lady's maid must be brought for his wife; and then too, a little more is wanted for some furniture, and some is wanted for the wedding expenses. "Well then," said he, "for these items, put down ten more."

Dem. Then let him at once bring six hundred actions against me; I shall give nothing at all; is this dirty fellow to be laughing at me as well?

Chrem. Pray do be quiet; I'll give it; do you only bring your son to marry the woman we want him to have.

Ant. (*apart.*) Ah me! Geta, you have ruined me by your treachery.

Chrem. 'Tis on my account she's turned off; it's right that I should bear the loss.

Geta. "Take care and let me know," said he, "as soon as possible, if they are going to let me have her, that I may get rid of the other; for the others have agreed to pay me down the portion directly."

Chrem. Let him have her at once; let him give notice to them that he breaks off the match with the other, and let him marry this woman.

Dem. Yes, and little joy to him of the bargain!

Chrem. Luckily, too, I've brought home some money with me, the rents which my wife's farms at Lemnos produce. I'll take it out of that, and tell my wife that you had occasion for it. (*They go into the house of Chremes.*)

SCENE IV

ANTIPHO *and* GETA

Ant. (*coming forward.*) Geta.

Geta. Well.

Ant. What have you been doing?

Geta. Diddling the old fellows out of their money.

Ant. Is that quite the thing?

Geta. I' faith, I don't know: it's just what I was told to do.

Ant. How now, whip-scoundrel, do you give me an answer to what I don't ask you? (*Kicks him.*)

Geta. What was it you asked?

Ant. What was it I asked? Through your agency, matters have most undoubtedly come to such a pass that I may go hang myself. May then all the gods, goddesses, deities above and below, with every evil confound you! Look now, if you wish anything to succeed, entrust it to him who may bring you from smooth water on to a rock. What was there less advantageous than to touch upon this sore, or to name my wife? Hopes have been excited in my father that she may possibly be got rid of. Pray now, tell me, suppose Phormio receives the portion, she must be taken home by him as his wife: what's to become of me?

Geta. But he's not going to marry her.

Ant. I know that. But (*ironically*) when they demand the money back, of course, for our sake, he'll prefer going to prison.

Geta. There is nothing, Antipho, but what it may be made worse by being badly told: you leave out what is good, and you mention the bad. Now then, hear the other side: if he receives the money, she must be taken as his wife, you say; I grant you; still, some time at least will be allowed for preparing for the nuptials, for inviting, and for sacrificing. In the meantime, Phaedria's friends will advance what they have promised; out of that he will repay it.

Ant. On what grounds? Or what will he say?

Geta. Do you ask the question? "How many circumstances, since then, have befallen me as prodigies? A strange black dog entered the house; a snake came down from the tiles through the skylight; a hen crowed; the soothsayer forbade it; the diviner warned me not: besides, before winter there is no sufficient reason for me to commence upon any new undertaking." This will be the case.

Ant. I only wish it may be the case.

Geta. It shall be the case; trust me for that. Your father's coming out; go tell Phaedria that the money is found.

Scene V

Enter Demipho *and* Chremes, *from the house of the latter, the former with a purse of money*

Dem. Do be quiet, I tell you; I'll take care he shall not play any tricks upon us. I'll not rashly part with this without having my witnesses; I'll have it stated to whom I pay it, and for what purpose I pay it.

Geta. (*apart.*) How cautious he is, when there's no need for it!

Chrem. Why yes, you had need do so, and with all haste, while the fit is upon him; for if this other woman shall prove more pressing, perhaps he may throw us over.

Geta. You've hit upon the very thing.

Dem. Lead me to him then.

Geta. I won't delay.

Chrem. (*to* Demipho.) When you've done so, go over to my wife, that she may call upon her before she goes away. She must tell her that we are going to give her in marriage to Phormio, that she may not be angry with us; and that he is a fitter match for her, as knowing more of her; that we have in no way departed from our duty; that as much has been given for a portion as he asked for.

Dem. What the plague does that matter to you?

Chrem. A great deal, Demipho. It is not enough for you to do your duty, if common report does not approve of it; I wish all this to be done with her own sanction as well, that she mayn't be saying that she has been turned out of doors.

Dem. I can do all that myself.

Chrem. It will come better from one woman to another.

Dem. I'll ask her. (*Goes into the house of* CHREMES; *and exit* GETA.)

Chrem. (*to himself.*) I'm thinking where I can find my Lemnian wife and daughter now.

SCENE VI

Enter SOPHRONA *from the house of* DEMIPHO, *at a distance*

Soph. (*to herself.*) What am I to do? What friend, in my distress, shall I find, to whom to disclose these plans; and where shall I look for relief? For I'm afraid that my mistress, in consequence of my advice, may undeservingly sustain some injury, so extremely ill do I hear that the young man's father takes what has happened.

Chrem. (*apart, to himself.*) But what old woman's this, that has come out of my brother's house, half dead with fright?

Soph. (*to herself, continuing.*) It was distress that compelled me to this step, though I knew that the match was not likely to hold good; my object was, that in the meantime life might be supported.

Chrem. (*apart, to himself.*) Upon my faith, surely, unless my recollection deceives me, or my sight's not very good, I espy my last daughter's nurse.

Soph. (*to herself.*) And we are not able to find—

Chrem. (*apart.*) What must I do?

Soph. (*to herself.*) Her father.

Chrem. (*to himself, apart.*) Shall I accost her, or shall I wait to learn more distinctly what it is she's saying?

Soph. (*to herself.*) If now I could find him, there's nothing that I should be in fear of.

Chrem. (*apart, to himself, aloud.*) 'Tis the very woman. I'll address her.

Soph. (*turning around.*) Who's that speaking here?

Chrem. (*coming forward.*) Sophrona.

Soph. Mentioning my name, too?

Chrem. Look round at me.

Soph. (*seeing him.*) Ye gods, I do beseech you, isn't this Stilpho?

Chrem. No.

Soph. Do you deny it?

Chrem. (*in a low voice.*) Step a little this way from that door, Sophrona, if you please (*pointing*). Don't you, henceforth, be calling me by that name.

Soph. Why? Pray, are you not the person you always used to say you were?

Chrem. Hush! (*pointing to his own house*).

Soph. Why are you afraid about that door?

Chrem. (*in a low voice.*) I have got a shrew of a wife shut up there. For by that name I formerly falsely called myself, in order that you might not chance indiscreetly to blab it out of doors, and then my wife, by some means or other, might come to know of it.

Soph. I' faith, that's the very reason why we, wretched creatures, have never been able to find you out here.

Chrem. Well, but tell me, what business have you with that family from whose house you were coming out? Where are the ladies?

Soph. Ah, wretched me!

Chrem. Hah! What's the matter? Are they still alive?

Soph. Your daughter is alive. Her poor mother died of grief.

Chrem. An unfortunate thing!

Soph. As for me, being a lone old woman, in want, and unknown, I contrived, as well as I could, to get the young woman married to the young man who is master of this house (*pointing*).

Chrem. What! to Antipho?

Soph. The very same, I say.

Chrem. What? Has he got two wives?

Soph. Dear no, prithee, he has only got this one.

Chrem. What about the other one that's called his relative?

Soph. Why, this is she.

Chrem. What is it you say?

Soph. It was done on purpose, in order that her lover might be enabled to marry her without a portion.

Chrem. Ye gods, by our trust in you! How often do those things come about through accident, which you couldn't dare to hope for? On my return, I have found my daughter matched with the very person I wished, and just as I wanted; a thing that we were both using our endeavors, with the greatest earnestness, to bring about. Without any very great management on our part, she has by herself brought this about.

Soph. Now consider what's to be done. The young man's father has returned, and they say that he is highly offended.

Chrem. There's no danger of that. But, by gods and men, do take care that no one comes to know that she's my daughter.

Soph. No one shall know it from me.

Chrem. Follow me; in-doors we'll hear the rest. (*He goes into* DEMIPHO'S *house, followed by* SOPHRONA.)

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

Enter DEMIPHO *and* GETA

Dem. 'Tis our own fault, that it is advantageous to be dishonest; while we wish ourselves to be styled very honest and generous. "So run away as not to run beyond the house," as the saying is. Was it not enough to receive an injury from him, but money must be voluntarily offered him as well, that he may have something on which to subsist while he plans some other roguery?

Geta. Most clearly so.

Dem. They now get rewarded for it, who confound right with wrong.

Geta. Most undoubtedly.

Dem. How very foolishly, in fact, we have managed the affair with him!

Geta. If by these means we can only manage for him to marry her.

Dem. Is that, then, a matter of doubt?

Geta. I' faith, judging from what the fellow is, I don't know whether he mightn't change his mind.

Dem. How! change it indeed?

Geta. I don't know: but "if perhaps," I say.

Dem. I'll do as my brother advised me, bring hither his wife, to talk with her. Do you, Geta, go before; tell her that Nausistrata is about to visit her. (DEMIPHO *goes into the house of* CHREMES.)

SCENE II

GETA, *alone*

Geta. The money's been got for Phaedria; it's all hushed about the law-suit; due care has been taken that she's not to leave for the present. What next, then? What's to be done? You are still sticking in the mud. You are paying by borrowing; the evil that was at hand, has been put off for a day. The toils are increasing upon you, if you don't look out. Now I'll away home, and tell Phanium not to be afraid of Nausistrata. (*Goes into the house of* DEMIPHO.)

SCENE III

Enter DEMIPHO *and* NAUSISTRATA, *from the house of* CHREMES

Dem. Come now, Nausistrata, after your usual way, manage to keep her in good humor with us, and make her do of her own accord what must be done.

Naus. I will.

Dem. You are now seconding me with your endeavors, just as you assisted me with your money before.

Naus. I wish to do so; and yet, i' faith, through the fault of my husband, I am less able than I ought to be.

Dem. Why so?

Naus. Because, i' faith, he takes such indifferent care of the property that was so industriously acquired by my father; for from those farms he used regularly to receive two talents of silver yearly; there's an instance, how superior one man is to another.

Dem. Two talents, pray?

Naus. Aye, and when things were much worse, two talents even.

Dem. Whew!

Naus. What! does this seem surprising?

Dem. Of course it does.

Naus. I wish I had been born a man; I'd have shown—

Dem. That I'm quite sure of.

Naus. In what way—

Dem. Forbear, pray, that you may be able to do battle with her; lest she, being a young woman, may be more than a match for you.

Naus. I'll do as you bid me; but I see my husband coming out of your house.

Scene IV

Enter Chremes, *hastily, from* Demipho's *house*

Chrem. Ha! Demipho, has the money been paid him yet?

Dem. I took care immediately.

Chrem. I wish it hadn't been paid him. (*On seeing* Nausistrata, *aside.*) Hallo, I espy my wife; I had almost said more than I ought.

Dem. Why do you wish I hadn't, Chremes?

Chrem. It's all right.

Dem. What say you? Have you been letting her know why we are going to bring her? (*Pointing to* Nausistrata.)

Chrem. I've arranged it.

Dem. Pray, what does she say?

Chrem. She can't be got to leave.

Dem. Why can't she?

Chrem. Because they are fond of one another.

Dem. What's that to us?

Chrem. (*apart, to* DEMIPHO.) A great deal; besides that, I've found out that she is related to us.

Dem. (*apart.*) What? You are mad, surely.

Chrem. (*apart.*) So you will find; I don't speak at random; I've recovered my recollection.

Dem. (*apart.*) Are you quite in your senses?

Chrem. (*apart.*) Nay, prithee, do take care not to injure your kinswoman.

Dem. (*apart.*) She is not.

Chrem. (*apart.*) Don't deny it; her father went by another name; that was the cause of your mistake.

Dem. (*apart.*) Did she not know who was her father?

Chrem. (*apart.*) She did.

Dem. (*apart.*) Why did she call him by another name?

Chrem. (*apart, frowning.*) Will you never yield to me, nor understand what I mean?

Dem. (*apart.*) If you don't tell me of anything—

Chrem. (*impatiently.*) Do you persist?

Naus. I wonder what all this can be.

Dem. For my part, upon my faith, I don't know.

Chrem. (*whispering to him.*) Would you like to know? Then, so may Jupiter preserve me, not a person is there more nearly related to her than are you and I.

Dem. (*starting.*) Ye gods, by our trust in you! let's away to her; I wish for all of us, one way or other, to be sure about this (*going*).

Chrem. (*stopping him.*) Ah!

Dem. What's the matter?

Chrem. That you should put so little confidence in me!

Dem. Do you wish me to believe you? Do you wish me to consider this as quite certain? Very well, be it so. Well, what's to be done with our friend's daughter?

Chrem. She'll do well enough.

Dem. Are we to drop her, then?

Chrem. Why not?

Dem. The other one to stop?

Chrem. Just so.

Dem. You may go then, Nausistrata.

Naus. I' faith, I think it better for all that she should remain here as it is, than as you first intended; for she seemed to me a very genteel person when I saw her. (*Goes into her house.*)

SCENE V

DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES

Dem. What is the meaning of all this?

Chrem. (*looking at the door of his house.*) Has she shut the door yet?

Dem. Now she has.

Chrem. O Jupiter! the gods do befriend us; I have found that it is my daughter married to your son.

Dem. Ha! How can that possibly be?

Chrem. This spot is not exactly suited for me to tell it you.

Dem. Well then, step in-doors.

Chrem. Hark you, I don't wish our sons even to come to know of this. (*They go into* DEMIPHO's *house.*)

SCENE VI

Enter ANTIPHO

Ant. I'm glad that, however my own affairs go, my brother has succeeded in his wishes. How wise it is to cherish desires of that nature in the mind, that when things run counter, you may easily find a cure! He has got the money, and released himself from care; I, by no method, can extricate myself from these troubles; on the contrary, if the matter is concealed, I am in dread—but if disclosed, in disgrace. Neither should I now go home, were not a hope still presented me of retaining her. But where, I wonder, can I find Geta, that I may ask him what opportunity he would recommend me to take for meeting my father?

SCENE VII

Enter PHORMIO, *at a distance*

Phor. (*to himself.*) I received the money; handed it over to the Procurer; brought away the woman, that

Phaedria might have her as his own—for she has now become free. Now there is one thing still remaining for me to manage,—to get a respite from the old gentlemen for carousing; for I'll enjoy myself the next few days.

Ant. But here's Phormio. (*Going up to him.*) What have you to say?

Phor. About what?

Ant. Why—what's Phaedria going to do now? In what way does he say that he intends to take his fill of love?

Phor. In his turn, he's going to act your part.

Ant. What part?

Phor. To run away from his father; he begs that you in your return will act on his behalf—to plead his cause for him. For he's going to carouse at my house. I shall tell the old man that I'm going to Sunium, to the fair, to purchase the female servant that Geta mentioned a while since, so that, when they don't see me here, they mayn't suppose that I'm squandering their money. But there is a noise at the door of your house.

Ant. See who's coming out.

Phor. It's Geta.

SCENE VIII

Enter GETA, *at a distance, hastily, from the house of* DEMIPHO

Geta. (*to himself.*) O fortune! O good luck! with blessings how great, how suddenly has thou loaded this day with thy favors to my master Antipho!—

Ant. (*apart to* PHORMIO.) I wonder what he means.

Geta. (*continuing.*) And relieved us, his friends, from alarm; but I'm now delaying, in not throwing my cloak over my shoulder (*throws it over his shoulder*), and making haste to find him, that he may know what has happened.

Ant. (*apart to* PHORMIO.) Do you understand what he's talking about?

Phor. (*apart to* ANTIPHO.) Do you?

Ant. (*apart to* PHORMIO.) Not at all.

Phor. (*apart to* Antipho.) And I just as much.

Geta. (*to himself.*) I'll be off hence to the Procurer's; they are there just now. (*Runs along.*)

Ant. (*calling out.*) Hallo! Geta!

Geta. (*still running.*) There's for you. Is it anything new or wonderful to be called back, directly you've started?

Ant. Geta!

Geta. Do you persist? Troth, you shall not on this occasion get the better of me by your annoyance.

Ant. (*running after him.*) Won't you stop?

Geta. You'll be getting a beating.

Ant. Assuredly that will befall yourself just now unless you stop, you whip-knave.

Geta. This must be some one pretty familiar, threatening me with a beating. (*Turns round.*) But is it the person I'm in search of or not? 'Tis the very man! Up to him at once.

Ant. What's the matter?

Geta. O being most blessed of all men living! For without question, Antipho, you are the only favorite of the gods.

Ant. So I could wish; but I should like to be told why I'm to believe it is so.

Geta. Is it enough if I plunge you into a sea of joy?

Ant. You are worrying me to death.

Phor. Nay but, do have done with your promises and tell us what you bring.

Geta. (*looking round.*) Oh, are you here too, Phormio?

Phor. I am: but why do you delay?

Geta. Listen, then. When we just now paid you the money at the Forum, we went straight to Chremes; in the meantime, my master sent me to your wife.

Ant. What for?

Geta. I'll omit telling you that, as it is nothing to the present purpose, Antipho. Just as I was going to the woman's apartments, the boy Mida came running up to me, and caught me behind by my cloak, and pulled me back; I turned about, and inquired for what reason he stopped me; he said that it was forbidden for any one to go in to his mistress. ‘‘Sophrona has just now,’’ said he, ‘‘introduced here Chremes, the old gentleman’s brother,’’ and he said that he was then in the room with them: when I heard this, on tip-toe I stole softly along; I came there, stood, held my breath, I applied my ear, and so began to listen, catching the conversation every word in this fashion (*shows them*).

Ant. Well done, Geta.

Geta. Here I overheard a very pretty piece of business; so much so that I had nearly cried out for joy.

Ant. What was it?

Geta. (*laughing.*) What do you think?

Ant. I don’t know.

Geta. Why, something most marvelous. Your uncle has been discovered to be the father of your wife. Phanium.

Ant. (*starting.*) Hah! what’s that you say?

Geta. He formerly cohabited secretly with her mother at Lemnos.

Phor. A dream: how could she be ignorant about her own father?

Geta. Be sure, Phormio, that there is some reason: but do you suppose that, outside of the door, I was able to understand everything that passed between them?

Ant. On my faith, I too have heard the same story.

Geta. Aye, and I’ll give you still further reason for believing it: your uncle in the meantime came out from there; not long after he returned again, with your father; each said that he gave you permission to retain her; in fine, I’ve been sent to find you, and bring you to them.

Ant. Why then carry me off at once;—why do you delay?

Geta. I’ll do so.

Ant. O my dear Phormio, farewell!

Phor. Farewell, Antipho. (ANTIPHO *and* GETA *go into* DEMIPHO’S *house.*)

SCENE IX

PHORMIO, *alone*

Phor. So may the gods bless me, this has turned out luckily. I'm glad of it, that such good fortune has thus suddenly befallen them. I have now an excellent opportunity for diddling the old men, and ridding Phaedria of all anxiety about the money, so that he mayn't be under the necessity of applying to any of his companions. For this same money, as it has been given him, shall be given for good, whether they like it or not: how to force them to this, I've found out. I must now assume a new air and countenance. But I'll betake myself off to this next alley; from this spot I'll present myself to them, when they come out of doors. I shan't go to the fair, where I pretended I was going. (*He retires into the alley.*)

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES, *from* DEMIPHO'S *house*

Dem. I do give and return hearty thanks to the gods, and with reason, brother, inasmuch as these matters have turned out for us so fortunately. We must now meet with Phormio as soon as possible, before he squanders our thirty minae, so that we may get them from him.

Enter PHORMIO, *coming forward, and speaking aloud, as though not seeing them.*)

Phor. I'll go see if Demipho's at home; that as to what—

Dem. (*accosting him.*) Why, Phormio, we were coming to you.

Phor. Perhaps about the very same affair. (DEMIPHO *nods assent.*) I' faith, I thought so. What were you coming to my house for? Ridiculous; are you afraid that I shan't do what I have once undertaken? Hark you, whatever is my poverty, still, of this one thing I have taken due care, not to forfeit my word.

Chrem. (*to* DEMIPHO.) Is she not genteel-looking, just as I told you?

Dem. Very much so.

Phor. And this is what I'm come to tell you, Demipho, that I'm quite ready; whenever you please, give me my wife. For I postponed all my other business, as was fit I should, when I understood that you were so very desirous to have it so.

Dem. (*pointing to* CHREMES.) But he has dissuaded me from giving her to you. "For what," says he, "will be the talk among people if you do this? Formerly, when she might have been handsomely disposed of, then she wasn't given; now, it's a disgrace for her to be turned out of doors, a repudiated woman;" pretty nearly, in fact, all the reasons which you yourself, some little time since, were urging to me.

Phor. Upon my faith, you are treating me in a very insulting manner.

Dem. How so?

Phor. Do you ask me? Because I shall not be able to marry the other person I mentioned; for with what face shall I return to her whom I've slighted?

Chrem. Then besides, I see that Antipho is unwilling to part with her. (*Aside, prompting* DEMIPHO.) Say so.

Dem. Then besides, I see that my son is very unwilling to part with the damsel. But have the goodness to step over to the Forum, and order this money to be transferred to my account, Phormio.

Phor. What, when I've paid it over to the persons to whom I was indebted?

Dem. What's to be done, then?

Phor. If you will let me have her for a wife, as you promised, I'll take her; but if you prefer that she should stay with you, the portion must stay with me, Demipho. For it isn't fair that I should be misled for you, as it was for your own sakes that I broke off with the other woman, who was to have brought me a portion just as large.

Dem. Away with you to utter perdition, with this swaggering, you vagabond. What, do you fancy we don't know you, or your doings?

Phor. You are provoking me.

Dem. Would you have married her, if she had been given to you?

Phor. Try the experiment.

Dem. Then give me my money.

Phor. Nay, give me my wife.

Dem. Come before a magistrate. (*Going to seize hold of him.*)

Phor. Why, really, if you persist in being troublesome—

Dem. What will you do?

Phor. What, I? You fancy, perhaps, just now, that I am the protector of the portionless; for the well portioned, I'm in the habit of being so as well.

Chrem. What's that to us?

Phor. (*with a careless air.*) Nothing at all. I know a certain lady here (*pointing at* CHREMES's *house*) whose husband had—

Chrem. (*starting.*) Ha!

Dem. What's the matter?

Phor. Another wife at Lemnos—

Chrem. (*aside.*) I'm ruined!

Phor. By whom he had a daughter; and her he is secretly bringing up.

Chrem. (*aside.*) I'm dead and buried!

Phor. This I shall assuredly now inform her of. (*Walks towards the house.*)

Chrem. (*running and catching hold of him.*) I beg of you, don't do so.

Phor. (*with a careless air.*) Oh, were you the person?

Dem. What a jest he's making of us.

Chrem. (*to* PHORMIO.) We'll let you off.

Phor. Nonsense.

Chrem. What would you have? We'll forgive you the money you've got.

Phor. I hear you. Why the plague, then, do you two trifle with me in this way, you silly men, with your childish speeches—"I won't, and I will; I will, and I won't,'' over again; ''keep it, give it me back; what has been said, is unsaid; what had been just a bargain, is still no bargain.''

Chrem. (*aside, to* Demipho.) In what manner, or from whom has he come to know this?

Dem. (*aside.*) I don't know; but that I've told it to no one, I know for certain.

Chrem. (*aside.*) So may the gods bless me, 'tis as good as a miracle.

Phor. (*aside, to himself.*) I've graveled them.

Dem. (*apart, to* Chremes.) Well now, is he to be carrying off from us such a sum of money as this, and so palpably to impose upon us? By heavens, I'd sooner die. Manage to show yourself of resolute and ready wit. You see that this slip of yours has got abroad, and that you cannot now possibly conceal it from your wife; it is then more conducive to our quiet, Chremes, ourselves to disclose what she will be hearing from others; and then, in our own fashion, we shall be able to take vengeance upon this dirty fellow.

Phor. (*aside, to himself.*) Good lack-a-day, now's the sticking point, if I don't look out for myself. They are making towards me with a gladiatorial air.

Chrem. (*apart, to* Demipho.) But I doubt whether it's possible for her to be appeased.

Dem. (*apart, to* Chremes.) Be of good courage; I'll effect a reconciliation between you; remembering this, Chremes, that she is dead and gone by whom you had this girl.

Phor. (*in a loud voice.*) Is this the way you are going to deal with me? Very cleverly done. Come on with you. By heavens, Demipho, you have provoked me, not to his advantage (*pointing at* Chremes). How say you? (*addressing* Chremes). When you've been doing abroad just as you pleased, and have had no regard for this excellent lady here, but on the contrary, have been injuring her in a unheard-of manner, would you be coming to me with prayers to wash away your offenses? On telling her of this, I'll make her so incensed with you, that you shan't quench her, though you should melt away into tears.

Dem. (*aside.*) A plague may all the gods and goddesses send upon him. That any fellow should be possessed of so much impudence! Does not this villain deserve to be transported hence to some desolate land at the public charge?

Chrem. (*aside.*) I am brought to such a pass, that I really don't know what to do in it.

Dem. I know; let's go into court.

Phor. Into court? Here in preference (*pointing to* CHREMES'S *house*), if it suits you in any way. (*Moves towards the house.*)

Dem. (*to* CHREMES.) Follow him, and hold him back, till I call out the servants.

Chrem. (*trying to seize* PHORMIO.) But I can't by myself; run and help me.

Phor. (*to* DEMIPHO, *who seizes hold of him.*) There's one action of damages against you.

Chrem. Sue him at law, then.

Phor. And another with you, Chremes.

Dem. Lay hold of him. (*They both drag him.*)

Phor. Is it thus you do? Why then I must exert my voice: Nausistrata, come out (*calling aloud*).

Chrem. (*to* DEMIPHO.) Stop his mouth.

Dem. See how strong the rascal is.

Phor. (*calling aloud.*) Nausistrata, I say.

Chrem. Will you not hold your tongue?

Phor. Hold my tongue?

Dem. (*to* CHREMES, *as they drag him along.*) If he won't follow, plant your fists in his stomach.

Phor. Or e'en gouge out an eye. The time's coming when I shall have a full revenge on you.

SCENE II

Enter NAUSISTRATA, *in haste, from the house*

Naus. Who calls my name?

Chrem. (*in alarm.*) Ha!

Naus. Pray what means this disturbance?

Phor. (*to* CHREMES.) Oh, oh, why are you mute now?

Naus. Who is this man? Won't you answer me?

Phor. What, he to answer you? who, upon my faith, doesn't know where he is.

Chrem. (*to* NAUSISTRATA.) Take care how you believe that fellow in anything.

Phor. (*to* NAUSISTRATA.) Go, touch him; if he isn't in a cold sweat all over, why then kill me.

Chrem. 'Tis nothing at all.

Naus. What, then, is this person talking about?

Phor. You shall know directly; listen.

Chrem. Are you resolved to believe him?

Naus. Pray, how can I believe him, when he has told me nothing?

Phor. The poor creature is distracted from fright.

Naus. It isn't for nothing, i' faith, that you are in such a fright.

Chrem. What, I in a fright?

Phor. (*to* CHREMES.) All right, of course: since you are not in a fright at all, and this is nothing at all that I'm going to tell, do you relate it.

Dem. Villain, is he to relate it at your request?

Phor. (*to* DEMIPHO.) Come now, you've managed nicely for your brother.

Naus. My husband, will you not tell me?

Chrem. But— *Naus.* But what?

Chrem. There's no need to tell you.

Phor. Not for you, indeed; but there's need for her to know it. At Lemnos—

Chrem. (*starting.*) Ha! what are you doing?

Dem. (*to* PHORMIO.) Won't you hold your tongue?

Phor. (*to* NAUSISTRATA.) Unknown to you—

Chrem. Ah me!

Phor. He married another—

Naus. My dear sir, may the gods forbid it!

Phor. Such is the fact.

Naus. Wretch that I am, I'm undone!

Phor. And had a daughter by her, too, while you never dreamt of it.

Chrem. What are we to do?

Naus. O immortal gods!—a disgraceful and a wicked misdeed!

Dem. (*aside, to* CHREMES.) It's all up with you.

Phor. Was ever anything more ungenerously done?

Naus. Demipho, I appeal to you; for with that man it is irksome for me to speak. Were these those frequent journeys and long visits at Lemnos? Was this the lowness of prices that reduced our rents?

Dem. Nausistrata, I don't deny that in this matter, he has been deserving of censure; but still, it may be pardoned.

Phor. (*apart.*) He is talking to the dead.

Dem. For he did this neither through neglect or aversion to yourself. About fifteen years since, in a drunken fit, he had an intrigue with this poor woman, of whom this girl was born, nor did he ever touch her afterwards. She is dead and gone: the only difficulty that remained in this matter. Wherefore, I do beg of you, that, as in other things, you'll bear this with patience.

Naus. Why should I with patience? I could wish, afflicted as I am, that there were an end now of this matter. But how can I hope? Am I to suppose, that at his age, he will not offend in future? Was he not an old man then, if old age makes people behave themselves decently? Are my looks and my age more attractive now, Demipho? What do you advance to me, to make me expect or hope that this will not happen any more?

Phor. (*in a loud voice.*) Those who have a mind to come to the funeral of Chremes, why now's their time. 'Tis thus I retaliate: come now, let him challenge Phormio who pleases: I'll have him victimized with just a like mischance. Why then, let him return again into her good graces. I have now had revenge enough. She has got something as long as she lives, to be for ever ringing into his ears.

Naus. But it was because I deserved this, I suppose; why should I now, Demipho, make mention of each particular, how I have conducted myself towards him?

Dem. I know it all, as well as yourself.

Naus. Does it appear, then, that I deserved this treatment?

Dem. Far from it: but since, by reproaching, it cannot now be undone, forgive him: he entreats you—he begs your pardon—owns his fault—makes an apology. What would you have more?

Phor. (*aside.*) But really, before she grants pardon to him, I must take care of myself and Phaedria. (*To* NAUSISTRATA.) Hark you, Nausistrata, before you answer him without thinking, listen to me.

Naus. What's the matter?

Phor. I got out of him thirty minae by a stratagem. I gave them to your son; he paid them to a Procurer for his mistress.

Chrem. Ha! what is it you say?

Phor. (*sneeringly.*) Does it seem to you so very improper for your son, a young man, to keep one mistress, while you have two wives? Are you ashamed of nothing? With what face will you censure him? Answer me that.

Dem. He shall do as you wish.

Naus. Nay, that you may know my determination, I neither forgive nor promise anything, nor give any answer, before I see my son: to his decision I leave everything. What he bids me, I shall do.

Dem. You are a wise woman, Nausistrata.

Naus. Does that satisfy you, Chremes?

Chrem. Yes, indeed, I come off well, and fully to my satisfaction; indeed, beyond my expectation.

Naus. (*to Phormio.*) Do you tell me, what is your name?

Phor. What, mine? Phormio; a well-wisher to your family, upon my honor, and to your son Phaedria in particular.

Naus. Then, Phormio, on my word, henceforward I'll both do and say for you all I can, and whatever you may desire.

Phor. You speak obligingly.

Naus. I' faith, it is as you deserve.

Phor. First, then, will you do this, Nausistrata, at once, to please me, and to make your husband's eyes ache with vexation?

Naus. With all my heart.

Phor. Invite me to dinner.

Naus. Assuredly indeed, I do invite you.

Dem. Let us now away in-doors.

Chrem. By all means; but where is Phaedria, our arbitrator?

Phor. I'll have him here just now. (*To the* AUDIENCE.) Fare you well, and grant us your applause.

BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE, IN THE FORUM AT ROME

CHAPTER VIII

THE PRE-CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONCLUDED)

240 B. C.–84 B. C.

EARLY PROSE

BEGINNINGS. The fragments of the Twelve Tables, and some lists, records and speeches are all that remain of the early forms of prose, but they are sufficient to show that the Romans were developing slowly and properly enough a real literature of this type at an age earlier than the one we have last been considering. Moreover, it was a literature that continued very much longer and developed into the perfect instrument of classical times after it was subjected to the Greek influence. Roman prose is found particularly in the departments of history, satire, law and oratory.

The earliest writers belong to about the same period as that of Livius Andronicus, but a number of the best of these regarded the Latin language as too imperfect, and preferred to write the records of Roman history in Greek. Among these was Quintus Fabius Pictor, a man who acquired a position of considerable importance in Rome and after the battle of Cannae was sent to consult the oracle at Delphi. His chief work was a history of Rome from the earliest days, and not long after it was completed it was translated into Latin and served as an authority for many later historians. Other writers followed in the footsteps of Pictor, but none quite reached the mark he had set.

It must be remembered that the Greeks coming into Italy at this time were not the vigorous, virtuous citizen-soldiers of the days of Marathon and Thermopylae, but were the more highly-cultured, more effeminate and less moral Greeks of the days of the decline, and it must not be thought that their arrival and the growth of their influence met with no opposition from the Romans. Such men as those who formed the Scipionic Circle recognized the value of Greek culture, sought its best teachers and brought in its purest examples, for they were far-seeing enough to know that the time had come when the old Roman character must change and that the only power which could effectually weld together the different elements that were coming into the nation was community of feeling and brotherly interest, which could only be obtained through the practice of the highest Greek philosophy. On the other hand, there were those who would have nothing whatever to do with Greek culture, who could only see the corrupting influence of the Greeks of that day, and who were unable to gain a clear prevision of future accomplishments. Among the latter class stands greatest of them all, the impressive figure of Cato the Censor.

II. MARCUS PORCIUS CATO. The subject of this sketch was born at Tusculum, in 234 B. C., upon the farm where he spent his early days. Throughout his life he appears as the most perfect type of the old Roman. Stern, shrewd, parsimonious, narrow-minded, he was nevertheless absolutely honest, scornful of every kind of luxury, unsparingly industrious, and bore a character of the highest moral rectitude. While young he fell under the patronage of L. Valerius Flaccus, and rose rapidly until at the time of his death he had distinguished himself in almost every office of public gift; had played a conspicuous part as a leader among the soldiers in the Punic War, also in the battle of Thermopylae, wherein the Greeks were rescued from the aggressions of the Eastern conqueror, and among the tribes of Spain. As a statesman he projected numerous reforms, not all of which, however, were successful, and some of which in the light of later years appear to have been extremely injudicious; but he was sincere, earnest, and he battled for a cause that no one could have saved. The old Roman life was doomed, and it was not in Cato nor in a hundred like him to stop the progress of the revolution.

Many of his reforms were sumptuary in their nature, and these he enforced during his term of office as censor with a bitter vindicativeness. No man was more cordially hated or more frequently accused and brought to trial for supposed offenses against the law. It is said that forty-four different times he spoke in his own defense, and that every time he was acquitted. As Livy says, he wore his enemies out partly by accusing them, but more by the pertinacity with which he defended himself. At this period he was growing old, and the bitterness of his tongue increased with his years. Cruttwell pictures him at that time in the following words:

> Here, at eighty-five years of age, the man stands before us. We see the crisp, erect figure, bristling with aggressive vigor, the coarse, red hair, the keen, gray eyes, piercingly fixed on his opponent's face, and reading at a glance the knavery he sought to hide; we hear the rasping voice, launching its dry, cutting sarcasms one after another, each pointed with its sting of truth; and we can well believe that the dislike was intense, which could make an enemy provoke the terrible armory of the old censor's eloquence.

In the time of Cicero one hundred fifty of Cato's orations were in existence, and some of them were read and admired long after his time. It is probable that many more were delivered, although there are scattered fragments of but eighty remaining, some belonging to political and others to legal speeches. In expression, these are terse, plain, straightforward, and characterized more or less by dry and savage humor.

1. *The "Origines."* The most important literary work of Cato was his *Origines,* a name given by him to his history in seven volumes, the first account in prose of early Latin times. Unfortunately, this great work is utterly lost, but those who read and studied it have given us much information concerning it. It was said to be uneven in style, and in places its narratives were extremely brief—in fact, condensed into almost tabular form, while in other places great attention was given to detail. One book which showed painstaking research dealt with the origins of many of the Latin tribes, and it was from this book that the whole history took its name. With an ingenuous conceit he included some of his speeches entire and wrote of himself and his own accomplishments most full and minute accounts. Nepos characterized the work as giving evidence of industry and diligence, but not of learning. In one place Cato narrates with enthusiasm the tale of the tribune Caedicius, who in the First Punic War devoted himself and his four hundred soldiers to destruction in order to engage the enemy while his general was accomplishing some necessary maneuvers. Of their conduct he wrote:

> The Laconian Leonidas, who did the same thing at Thermopylae, has been rewarded by all Greece for his virtue and patriotism, with all the emblems of the highest possible distinction—monuments, statues, epigrams, histories; his deed met with their warmest gratitude. But little praise has been given to our tribune in comparison with his merits, though he acted just as the Spartan did, and saved the fortunes of the State.

2. *The "Treatise on Agriculture."* Quintilian says, "M. Cato was at once a first-rate general, a philosopher, an orator, the founder of history, the most thorough master of law and agriculture." As an evidence of one phase of his literary accomplishments we have practically intact his *De Re Rustica,* or *Treatise on Agriculture.* The opening sentences are characteristic:

> It would sometimes be better to seek gain by commerce, if it were not as dangerous; and likewise by money-lending, if it were so honorable. For our ancestors hold this matter thus, and put it in the laws in this way, that a thief be punished by a double fine, a money-lender by a fourfold one. From this one can see how much worse citizen they considered a money-lender than a thief. And when they praised a good man, it was a good farmer, a good colonist. They thought that a man was most amply praised who was praised in this way. Now I think a merchant is energetic and diligent in seeking gain; but, as I said above, he is exposed to danger and ruin. But from farmers both the bravest men and most energetic soldiers arise, and the business they follow is most pious and surest, and least exposed to envy; and those who are occupied in that pursuit are least given to evil thoughts.

In other parts of the book are short, pithy sentences which are quite in his best style, for he despised all literary polish and wished to show that ornament was unnecessary and undesirable. One such sentence is the following:

> Be sure to do everything early. For this is the way with farming: if you do one thing late, you will do all the work late.

The treatment of a subject is not methodical, and it may be doubted whether the work now exists in its original form. If so, it was apparently merely the jotting down from time to time of the thoughts that occurred to him.

Cato's treatment of his slaves appears brutal, uncalled-for, and to show an unpleasant side of his character; and in the same connection another trait, namely, his love of gain, seems equally worthy of condemnation. To Cato, however, farming was not a pastime; it was mere labor for the purpose of making money. The law considered his slaves to be his chattels, and he observed the law with literal fidelity. An old or sickly slave was sold; slaves might rest when the weather was bad, but they must work double time afterward; "in order to prevent combinations among his slaves, their master assiduously sowed enmities and jealousies among them. He bought young slaves in their name, whom they were forced to train and sell for his benefit. When supping with his guests, if any dish was carelessly dressed, he rose from table and with a leathern thong administered the requisite number of lashes with his own hand."

Cato had little respect for women, whom he considered to be superstitious, unreliable and fit only for the home. His advice to his steward confirms these remarks:

> Let her fear you. Take care that she is not luxurious. Let her see as little as possible of her neighbors or any other female friends; let her never invite them to your house; let her never go out to supper, nor be fond of taking walks. Let her never offer sacrifice; let her know that the master sacrifices for the whole family; let her be neat herself, and keep the country-house neat.

3. *Other Treatises.* Cato wrote upon a variety of other subjects, and among these papers are a number of treatises written for his son, in one of which he shows himself particularly hostile to the Greek physicians and forbids his son once and for all to have any dealings with them. He gives at the end a list of simple remedies, by the use of which he and his wife kept healthy to a good old age.

His hatred of the Greeks shows everywhere in his writings. Thus in his old age he wrote to his son Marcus:

> I will tell you about those Greeks, what I discovered by careful observation at Athens, and how far I deem it good to skim through their writings, for in no case should they be deeply studied. I will prove to you that they are one and all, a worthless and intractable set. Mark my words, for they are those of a prophet: whenever that nation shall give us its literature, it will corrupt everything.

Some of his sentences are worthy of being the proverbs they became; for instance:

Man's life is like iron; if you use it, it wears away; if not, the rust eats it. So, too, men are worn away by hard work; but if they do no work, rest and sloth do more injury than exercise.

Again, in speaking of eloquence, he says:

Take care of the sense: the sounds will take care of themselves.

Another bit of advice full of homely wisdom was given to his son:

Buy not what you want, but what you must have; what you don't want is dear at a farthing, and what you lack borrow from yourself.

III. The Annalists. Those annalists, such as Fabius Pictor, who wrote in Greek, were followed by several writers soon after the middle of the second century B. C. who wrote in Latin, but in other respects whose work was very much like that of the Greeks, as most of their methods and views were drawn from the same sources. They wrote histories of Rome, beginning with the earliest times, filled them with myths and legends, and as they approached contemporary eras enlarged freely upon the personal work of themselves and their friends. Their style was rude and careless, for they had not yet learned to write artistically.

No study of this era can be made without recurring frequently to the Scipios, and we find that in their circle there were historians as well as poets, philosophers and orators. It is said that during the activities of the Scipionic Circle no fewer than a thousand Greeks of prominence in their own country were kept as hostages in Rome, and from such a number of talented and cultivated men it was quite possible for the Scipios to obtain the aid for which they searched. Perhaps as little progress was made among the annalists as in any class, and the greater part of their work has disappeared, to be known only in the allusions made by their contemporaries or through the words of their successors, who drew upon the early writers for material. The limits of our work do not permit us to go further into this subject.

We form the general impression that none of them was particularly meritorious, but it is a convincing evidence of the remarkable literary activity of that period that so many men even of moderate ability should have appeared at one time, and their writings, while they may not have been worthy of permanent existence, yet undoubtedly paved the way for the classical Latin and wonderful histories of the later period.

IV. THE JURISTS. From the time of Cato onward, there was a considerable amount of writing in the field of jurisprudence, and some of it was characterized by broad learning, keen analysis and skillful presentation. Unorganized as most of it was, yet in the *Tripertita* of Publius Aelius and his brother Sextus, critics find the germ from which grew the great system of Roman law. (Some authorities assert that Publius seems to have had no share in the authorship of this work.) The period was marked by many eminent jurists whose interpretations of the Twelve Tables were characterized by a wisdom to which later writers constantly refer, and although their own work has perished, the results of their studies exist in the later law writings.

Among the earliest leaders in the literature of law were the three Scaevolas, the first of whom, P. Mucius Scaevola, was consul in 133 B. C., but who is much better known to history from his office of *Pontifex Maximus.* He was the first of an important class of learned men who made it their business to study the laws and then advise the lawyers and orators as to the course they should pursue. Such a person was called a *jurisconsult,* and usually he acted without pay but depended upon those whom he favored for his political advancement. It will be noticed that the Roman *jurisconsult* was like the counselor or barrister in England, while the orator performed the function of the advocate or jury lawyer, as we often term him in the United States. Antonius, who was so ready a speaker, had very little knowledge of law, and he called upon Scaevola to provide him with the special knowledge needed in his most difficult cases. It was not the habit of the *jurisconsult* to put his opinions in writing, but he often found young men who were glad to study with him and carefully to take down whatever was said. Cicero himself acted in this capacity to the younger Scaevola, and in this way obtained that grasp of the law which he manifested in his great speeches.

Next after P. Mucius came Q. Mucius Scaevola, nephew of the first and one of the Roman augurs. Though less famous than the other two, he still was a man of great influence, and it was after his death, about 87 B. C., that Cicero became the pupil of the younger Scaevola. In those early days religious law exceeded its proper province and exerted an influence which it is difficult for us to understand. It often happened that the *pontifex* was the highest legal authority in Rome, but at the time of which we are speaking civil law had become well organized, and while it was still considered a mark of high honor to hold religious office and most of the jurists sought to do so, yet it was rather as a stepping-stone to political influence than for power in religious matters. It was not always easy for a Roman to obtain the religious office, and we find that even Cicero had difficulty in obtaining his place in the College of Augurs.

Q. Mucius Scaevola the Younger was the son and pupil of P. Mucius, and the most eloquent of the three. Born about 135 B. C., he was consul with Crassus for his colleague and afterward became *Pontifex Maximus*. It has been said of him that he was "one of those illustrious men whose fame is not preserved in his writing, but in the more enduring monument of the memory of all the nations to which the language of Rome is known." His chief work was a digest of the civil law, and from the time of its publication it became an authority because of its clearness of definition, its close distinctions and a graceful style of composition which made it popular to the general reader. Rudorff says of it, "For the first time we meet here with a comprehensive, uniform and methodical system in place of the old interpretation of laws and casuistry, of legal opinions and of prejudices." In history Scaevola appears as the urbane, polished man of unstained integrity and eminent influence. Besides Cicero, we find among his hearers and pupils such famous men as Aquilius Gallus and Lucilius Balbus, and even Horace speaks of him as the ideal of a lawyer.

V. ORATORY BEFORE CICERO. 1. *Characteristics.* Oratory was a high art among the Romans long before they began to reduce their speeches to writing. Wherever freedom prevailed, wherever tyrants were unable to restrict freedom of speech, a system of oratory grew in power. In those countries of antiquity where an autocrat ruled, oratory could not be great, but from what we know of Roman history we can see that its field in Rome was grander than that in any other country, with perhaps the exception of Athens and England.

Demosthenes was a great orator who spoke to a people that were supreme and knew themselves to be supreme. Whoever had a law to propose was sure of having that bill become a law if he could persuade the mass of the people that it was good and politically wise, but the Greek audience was accustomed to flattery, was critical, exacting, intellectual, and as such it was difficult to move. No one can read the speeches of Pericles and Demosthenes without feeling the superiority of the audiences to which they were addressed, but these greatest of orators rarely flattered and were business-like and straight to the point in their methods, however graceful of speech they might be.

Roman eloquence also was genuinely popular. Here again the people were supreme, and any one who could kindle their passion felt sure of winning his measures. The audience resembled the Greeks in being impressionable, vain and fickle, but it differed in that it was rude, fierce and bloodthirsty. It demanded vehemence in its speakers, sought or listened for grandeur and sublimity, and applauded violent passion and stirring rhetoric.

In early days Roman eloquence was largely senatorial, and no more sedate, dignified and orderly group of men ever listened to argument than this same Roman Senate, so that the early speeches preserved an aristocratic stamp, but were characterized by a liberality of gesture, a personal invective and a lack of courtesy which fills us with astonishment.

Judicial oratory does not compare favorably with the oratory of the Senate; in fact, the conduct of criminal trials in antiquity never obtains respect. There was no intelligent sifting of evidence, no real effort to get at the truth or to clear the accused by proving his innocence. Rather was the effort all toward moving the feelings of the judge or the jury so that they might become prejudiced in favor of the client and decide for him irrespective of his guilt or his innocence. Much of that spirit may animate modern trials, but it must always be accompanied by a genuine effort at proof. The Roman seemed satisfied to rely upon his eloquence. In the later days of the Republic the judges themselves partook of the venality of the times, and their decisions were not swayed so much by feeling as they were governed by bribery and corruption.

An interesting anecdote may be related in this connection. It is said that on one occasion a murder had been committed in the forest of Sila, and a company of pitch manufacturers were accused. The consuls were ordered to investigate, and Laelius undertook the defense. At the conclusion of his speech the consuls were unable to decide and called for a second hearing. Accordingly, a few days after, Laelius again pleaded, this time with greater eloquence and with a completeness that he felt sure would win, but still the consuls seemed to be dissatisfied and Laelius was called upon by the accused for a third effort. To them he replied, "I have done my best out of consideration for you. Now you must go to Galba, who can defend you with greater warmth and vehemence." For some time Galba declined to take over the case, out of respect to Laelius, but eventually he was persuaded to act for the accused. He retired into a vaulted chamber with some highly-educated slaves and with their assistance prepared his speech, learned it by heart and rehearsed it with the slaves until after the consuls had taken their seat. An eye-witness says that when Galba appeared before the consuls he spoke with a heightened color and with a triumph in his eyes as though he had already won the case, and his force and vehemence were so great that every argument was applauded. Laelius himself was present and joined in the applause. The accused were released, and more than that, were everywhere met with expressions of sympathy and compassion, yet no new evidence had been adduced, and there appears to have been no proof of their innocence. Cicero tells us that so great was the vigor of body as well as mind brought to his task by the Roman orator that the slaves came out of the consultation covered with bruises.

Here we have been speaking of formal oratory and have passed beyond the time of its beginnings, but to recur for a moment to early days, we may remember that readiness of speech was common to all the Latin tribes, and that the Romans combined with it a force and vigor that would naturally enhance its power. While there are very few specimens of early oratory, public speaking was practically indispensable in every walk of life. No Roman could expect to take his part in public affairs without the ability to express himself clearly, logically and forcibly. When a general returned from a successful campaign it was only by means of a further campaign of eloquence that he could obtain the civil honors which meant even more to him than the success of his arms. It is to this fact that we must trace those peculiarities of Roman oratory of which we have spoken in the preceding paragraph. The polish, the beauty and the grace may have come from Greece, but the sturdier traits were inherent in Roman character.

2. *A Few Early Orators.* We have spoken of Cato's oratory, and he may be considered as the first whose writings ever obtained high rank among his contemporaries or successors. At the same time there were several others, including Scipio Africanus, who were good speakers, though they did not rank high. As the Roman leaders were all talkers, in a sense all orators, it may be assumed that every statesman who reached any rank raised himself largely by his power in addressing the public. We have mentioned Laelius, who was called *Sapiens* (the philosopher), and whom we know now chiefly as being the speaker in Cicero's delightful dialogue *On Friendship,* but of his excellence as an orator Cicero says: "It is the manner of men to dislike one man excelling in many things. Now, as Africanus has no rival in martial renown, though Laelius gained credit by his conduct of the war with Viriathus, so as regards genius, learning, eloquence and wisdom, though both are put in the first rank, yet all men are willing to place Laelius above Scipio."

His contemporary, Galba, was a violent man whose career was stained by some of the most cruel acts in Roman history. Cato himself was his accuser, but Galba succeeded in having himself acquitted, not so much by his eloquence as by the fact that he paraded before the judges his little children and obtained the sympathy of the authorities in that way.

Piso, another noted speaker of the time, himself charged with crimes, abandoned his oratory for pleas of a different kind and secured his acquittal by prostrating himself in the mud and rain to kiss the judges' feet as they passed by. It is a pitiful spectacle to think of justice in Rome being obtained through such means, yet history is no more positive in any of its statements than that the judges were no cooler than the rest of the populace, but gave vent to their passions and excitement in the same lawless ways.

3. *The Gracchi.* We have seen the Gracchi as champions of the oppressed and have noticed how successful each was, for a time, at least. Their accession to power was obtained through their oratory, the gift for which they seem to have inherited from their father, as they did their virtue and wisdom from their mother.

Tiberius Gracchus, who died in 133 B. C., was the personal friend of Scipio and was more closely attached to him by the latter's marriage with the only sister of Tiberius. Besides his mother, Tiberius had for his instructor the celebrated teacher, Diophanes, who lived in

Rome and who lost his life because of his friendship for his pupil. Every one pays tribute to the character and intelligence of Tiberius Gracchus, and the ancients revered him as one of their greatest leaders, unfortunate as they may have considered his political career. As an orator he established a school of his own, far freer and easier in speech than that of any of his predecessors. His orations had a moral origin, depended on the eternal principles of right and wrong, and as such stand out above everything else of the day. Sarcasm and passion were conspicuously absent from his speech, but he was able to carry the audience to enthusiastic heights. It is unfortunate that nothing remains of the work of Tiberius and that his brother's fame partially overshadows his own. The two Gracchi, however, may with propriety be called the founders of classic Roman oratory.

Gaius Gracchus, who died in 121 B. C., was more artistic in his speech, but less of a moralist by nature, and while he was vehement and intense he lacked the depth of wisdom. Tiberius Gracchus gave all his loyalty to Rome; Gaius, while actuated by a deep patriotism, was to a greater extent prompted by another motive, namely, his loyalty to his brother and the burden he felt laid upon him to revenge the latter's death. In every speech and on every occasion when it was possible he denounced the murder of his brother and demanded vengeance. This mingling of patriotism and revenge makes his character difficult to understand, and the value of his work difficult to estimate. Some legislation he accomplished was valuable, while other laws paved the way for the destruction of Roman rights and advanced the cause of imperial power.

The violence of his oratory is almost impossible of description, and it is said that so wholly lost was he in his subject and so savage in his manner of speaking that he employed and placed behind him on the rostrum a slave, who, by playing a flute, might recall him to reason when his passion carried him out of bounds. Cicero, who had no respect for Gaius as a man, paid this tribute to his genius: "Of the loftiest talent, of the most burning enthusiasm, carefully taught from boyhood, he yields to no man in richness and exuberance of diction. . . . Latin literature has lost irreparably by his early death. I know not whether he would not have stood above every other name. His language is noble, his sentiments profound, his whole style grave. His works lack the finishing touch; many are admirably begun, few are thoroughly complete. He of all speakers is the one that should be read by the young, for not only is he fit to sharpen talent, but also to feed and nourish a natural gift."

Few fragments remain of the speeches of Gracchus, but from them we learn that while he was a master of the art of self-praise, so common among all the Roman orators, yet he was skillful enough not to overdo the matter and so has spared us much of the egotism of Cicero. Nevertheless, he showed none of that good taste and modesty, that suppression of self, which we consider so strong a quality in the good orator.

His delivery was marked by restlessness and violence. It is said that he moved up and down the stage, threw out his bare arms, stamped noisily and made such wild gestures of defiance that he could eclipse the heaviest tragedians. In him, however, all this was the natural expression of fierce emotion and not the trained artificial gesturing that later came to be considered a part of all oratory. It is said that his accusation of Piso contained more maledictions than charges, and that in delivering it he lost all self-control. It is possible that if the remains of his speeches were more extensive we might have a lighter regard for them, as they must have lacked finish.

To understand the intensity of the oratory of this epoch, the reader must remember that never in the history of the world did the passions of men come so freely to the surface, and never was public life more turbulent. The actual reality of the things described in the speeches is what most impresses every one. When an orator stepped to the Roman Forum at this time he knew that he denounced no inactive enemy, that success in leadership might be only temporary, and that the failure of his eloquence meant death. The audience was ready to act upon the words they heard, and the orator urged his hearers to passionate deeds which he knew must mean the destruction of himself or his antagonist. Perhaps at only one other time in the history of the world has a similar situation existed, and that was just before and during the French Revolution, when oratory, like the sword, was a weapon of life or death.

We read that Demosthenes could lash the Greek audience into roars of applause, but that after giving this sign of approval they were frequently no nearer action than before; in fact, in one of the *Philippics* he says, "I want you not to applaud me, but to march against Philip." Among the Romans there was no necessity for such a caution. The Roman audience listened, not so much for the satisfaction it was for them to hear as to obtain advice as to how they should act. It is surprising how many Roman orators paid for their eloquence with their lives. Carbo killed himself; the two Gracchi, Antonius, Drusus and Cicero were assassinated; Crassus escaped the same fate only by death from sudden illness. It is to this reality of life and death on the rostrum that we owe the astonishing force of the Roman orators.

4. *Antonius and Crassus.* During the civil war the brutalities and butcheries of Marius and Sulla were so overwhelming that public oratory nearly died, but there was a brief epoch between the two terrible leaders, in which two men, speaking in Senate, assembly and courts,

rose to what Cicero calls the highest summit of their art. M. Antonius and M. Licinius Crassus probably obtained most of their fame in the courts, which, though prostrate before corruption, as we have seen, yet were amenable to rhetorical influence if not exactly to argument. Antonius, however, who was the most successful of advocates, admitted himself that he was destitute of legal knowledge, but he was able to make the judges do what he wished by making them first pleased with themselves and then with him. Nevertheless, the two men raised Latin eloquence to a height that compared favorably with eloquence in Greece, and though Cicero prefers Crassus, yet he acknowledges that the merits of the two were so nearly equal that it was almost impossible to decide between them. Antonius's wit was ready, his words flowed freely, and he had wonderful fertility of invention and a ready presence of mind. In person he was noble, and his sonorous voice always commanded attention. With his wonderful memory and his mastery of the arts of persuasion, he was the most generally popular. On the other hand, Crassus excelled in interpretation and definition, and was called one of the best lawyers among the orators. Under all cases he was witty, humorous, and his speech glittered with brilliant sallies, even if misfortune came to him. Crassus died from a fever in 91 B. C., and this Cicero says was by no means unfortunate, for he was thereby saved from the horrors that followed him.

Antonius lived on for about four years and then paid the penalty for the passions he had aroused. Hiding from the tyrannical persecutions of Marius, he relied on the faithfulness of a slave, who was induced finally to reveal the hiding place of his master. Assassins were sent to murder him, but when they entered the chamber where the great man lay, he spoke to them in such moving terms that their hearts were softened and they returned to their employers, asserting that it was impossible for them to kill Antonius. Their leader, however, returned and, hardening his heart, cut off the head of Antonius and carried it to Marius, who caused it to be nailed on the rostrum where, as Cicero says, it was exposed to the gaze of those citizens whose interests Antonius had so often defended.

5. *Conclusion.* Other orators there were, of whose works we have some little knowledge and whose careers were extremely interesting, but whom we cannot at this time consider. That there are not in existence more speeches of such orators as Cato, the Gracchi, Antonius and Crassus is a matter of everlasting regret, for if we possessed them we might be much better able to form a judgment of Roman literary genius than we can from the entire works of the poets. These great orators were the real leaders in Rome, and the position of the poets was infinitely inferior. If the literature of a period is the expression of the life of the people, then the oratory of this epoch was

its literature, and that, as we have said, is lost to history.

When we again meet with Roman oratory we shall see its sudden rise to perfection in the unsurpassed genius of Cicero and its exceptionally rapid fall, for as a distinguished Latin writer has said, after the death of Cicero the Latin tongue was silent.

VI. SATIRE. Quintilian says, "All satire is ours," and extravagant as the claim seems, yet it is a fact that satirical writing was common among the Romans from the very beginning, and is perhaps the one thing in which they are most clearly independent of the Greeks. Satire seems inherent in the nature of the Romans, for most of their serious writings at one time or another partook of its nature, and from the time of Ennius to the end of the classical period it is possible to find abundant evidences of it in the writings of almost every great author. It has been claimed that the word *satire* originated from the Greek, but it is more likely that the word is of Roman origin and was first used in its present sense by Ennius, who composed *saturae* in several different meters, though after the time of Lucilius only hexameter verse was used.

The purpose of Roman satire was distinctively to ridicule the vices and absurdities of society or of individuals, for the purpose of improving both. Considering that purpose as well as the manner in which it was written, its affinities are much closer to prose than to poetry, and writers have expressed the belief that if the Romans had been acquainted with our modern prose essay they would have confined their satirical writings to that form. Moreover, the qualifications for a satirical writer are such as have no especial relation to poetry, and it is undoubtedly true that the restrictions of verse must have hampered the powers of expression in writers who touched upon so great a variety of political subjects.

VII. LUCILIUS. Gaius Lucilius was born in Campania, 180 B. C., in an equestrian family of easy circumstances. Records indicate that he fought under Scipio, and we learn from Horace that he was an intimate friend of both Laelius and Albinus and that, dying at Naples in the sixty-sixth year of his age, he was honored with a public funeral. His position enabled him to see Roman life as it really was, to notice the corruption that prevailed and to recognize the true nobility of men like Scipio, who stood against the prevailing tendencies of the times. That he was a charming man we may feel sure from the delightful picture which Horace gives us of his daily life among his books, which seemed to him like the best of friends. That Laelius and Scipio, old as they were, confessed to the charm of his company and romped with him in contagious lightheartedness, is another evidence of his social gifts that we have received through Horace.

Lucilius is known in literature as the founder of classical satire, and was recognized as the greatest writer in that department by the Roman critics who followed. Horace, Juvenal and Quintilian all united in placing him highest among satirists, though not all consider his style blameless. In any event, he was the first writer who gave to satire the form which it still possesses, for his poems are sharp and contain biting attacks upon persons, institutions and customs of the day, and the failings of the nobles, affording numerous opportunities for offering much information concerning himself. Ever since Lucilius' time satire has mingled the bitter and the sweet, has been humorous and cutting, kindly and biting.

The works of Lucilius were contained in thirty books, each of which held two or three satires, but only short fragments remain. As they treated of all manner of subjects—faults and foibles of individuals, folly of dinner parties, the writer's journey to Sicily, Latin grammar, the proper spelling of Latin words, ridiculous imitations of Greek manners and customs—their popularity was extensive. We gather the impression that they were not written at one time or continuously, but were his utterances given at various periods of a busy life. As Lucilius was not a proficient poet, but a man who expressed his views in verse when he felt so inclined, his writings were conversational rather than otherwise and lacked finish, but were easy and natural in tone. Horace, who perfected satirical writing, professedly imitated Lucilius.

Of these satires only about thirteen hundred scattered and disconnected lines remain. For the rest of our knowledge we are dependent upon his contemporaries and those who wrote before his works had been lost. In one of the fragments he thus reproves the greediness which springs from luxury: "For if that which is enough for a man could be enough, it would be enough. Now, since this is not so, how can we think that any riches can satisfy my soul?"

Of an old miser he says that he has no cattle, nor slaves, nor any attendant, but his purse and his money are always with him; "he eats, sleeps and bathes with his purse, while his whole hope is in his purse alone."

One longer fragment, and one which gives us as favorable an idea of his satire as any, is his definition of virtue:

> Virtue, Albinus, is being able to pay the true price for the things in and by which we live; virtue is knowing to what each thing leads for a man. Virtue is knowing what is right, useful, honorable for a man, what things are good, what bad likewise, what is useless, base, dishonorable; virtue is knowing the limit and measure in seeking anything; virtue is giving to riches their true value; virtue is giving to honor that is really due to it; is being an enemy and opponent of bad men and morals, on the other hand a defender of good men and morals, regarding them as of much importance, wishing them well, living as their friend; moreover, considering the advantages of one's country first, of one's relatives second, of ourselves third and last.

VIII. OTHER FORMS OF PROSE. 1. *Rhetoric.* We have already intimated that the Roman orators were students of rhetoric, and that many of them had received training at the hands of the Greek rhetoricians. In fact, rhetoric and grammar possessed a peculiar attraction for the Roman mind, because its natural tendency was toward the practical and the exact. Not only in the oratory of the Pre-Classical period, but in the poetry and prose as well, we find many sentences constructed on purely rhetorical models. The famous statement attributed to Scaevola, *"Fiat justitia: ruat caelum"* (Let justice be done though the heavens fall), is a rhetorical sentence, not a legal maxim. Although Cato opposed the introduction of the Greek rhetoricians, yet they steadily made their way, until in 93 B. C. Gallus first taught the principles of rhetoric in Latin. He was followed by a long line of profound scholars who gave their learning and industry to make the complex Latin language as technically accurate as the more polished and more flexible Greek. The writings of that period, however, were directed especially toward making successful and powerful public speakers of their students, and undoubtedly they helped to accomplish it.

2. *Grammar.* The study of technical grammar excited as much interest in its way as rhetoric, and it began in the same desultory manner. A number of writers took up the various departments that are now included under the head of grammar, discussed what was known on the subject, and applied, so far

as possible, the Greek principles to the Latin language. The first really scientific grammarian was L. Aelius Praeconinus, a Roman knight who was born about 144 B. C. and who is better known in history by his surname Stilo, which was given him because of his facility in composing speeches for other orators to deliver. The intimation from Cicero and others is that Stilo himself was no orator, but that he provided lazy speakers with orations which they might pass as their own. The learning of Stilo was broad and varied, and the impetus which he gave to the study of grammar extended rapidly, until it became one of the favorite pastimes of the learned Romans. Here again that exactness which is a trait of the Roman mind is evident, and however imperfect and unpliable the Latin language is, we rarely find it inaccurate or defective in syntax. When its meaning is difficult to determine, the fault does not lie in the grammar of the sentence.

3. *Philosophy.* The study of philosophy came to Rome with that of grammar and of rhetoric, but it met with even more violent opposition on the part of those who stood for the purity and integrity of Roman ideas; in fact, during the consulship of Strabo and Messala, 161 B. C., a decree was passed banishing all philosophers from Rome, but a few years later we find the interest in the subject intense in all directions, and rapidly growing. The great objections urged against the study of philosophy were that it tended to unsettle belief in the state

religion and to distract the mind of the Roman from the concerns of public life. Under the encouragement of the Scipios, however, with whom Polibius and Laelius, both leaders in this department, were associated, philosophy established itself and obtained an active influence which never thereafter abated.

The difference between the Romans and the Greeks cannot be more clearly seen than in the manner in which they were affected by philosophy. While the Romans seem to have been able to catch the spirit of every other form of Greek culture, they never saw the real meaning of philosophy as the Greeks understood it, although they imported and naturalized its forms completely. The prime object of Greek philosophy was the attainment of absolute truth, and while in the later years they wandered away from this principle, it was only in an effort to apply truth to the conduct of daily life. The skeptics abandoned the search for truth as impossible of success and substituted therefor the study of probabilities as being the nearest approximation to truth. To the Greeks this was all merely speculative and intellectual.

The Romans could not understand such a treatment of so grave a subject. To them philosophy meant a practical study to be applied to real life. The practice of reasoning for its own sake did not appeal to them. If one of them embraced the doctrines of Stoicism, it meant for him a life of self-denial and not self-indulgence; if he became an Epicurean, he lived the indulgent, careless life that followed as a natural outcome of the principles of that cult. A Roman could not understand how two Greeks, one a Stoic and the other an Epicurean, could live practically the same life day by day and manifest their differences of opinion only in thought and discussion. It was the literal acceptation of such doctrines as those of the Epicureans which caused the bitter opposition that was shown by the Romans of the old school to the introduction of Greek ideas.

Naturally, we find the Romans, then, dividing into classes according to their philosophy, and naturally too, the conservative Romans fell into Stoicism, while the fewer lighter-minded and decadent groups took upon themselves the doctrines of self-indulgence. It is not the time now to discuss Roman philosophy, or rather, the adaptation of Greek philosophy to Roman life. That belongs to a later epoch in Roman literature, but we must realize that more than a beginning had been made before the end of the Pre-Classical period.

The Roman state religion was a formal, rigid, irrational cult; the introduction of philosophy, the application of reasoning, meant its destruction in every liberal mind. At its best it was a superstition which permitted of no refinement or imaginative expansion, and there was no alternative to any one but the acceptance of it as a whole, or its complete rejection; and it is safe to say that every educated Roman, in the Classical period at least, had rejected the religion of his fathers, though he might still cling to some of its forms. Although Augustus and others tried to restore it, it was dead beyond the possibilities of resurrection.

When philosophy had left religion dead, there was nothing remaining for the Roman but to attach himself to some tenet of philosophical belief, and this he usually did, but without the ardor of religious devotion. Many became eclectics and took from each of the different systems what most appealed to them. Later we shall meet this subject again. It is sufficient for the present if we appreciate the unsettled, unhappy condition of Roman thought in this epoch. Of the writings of the time there are few remains, and none of them of sufficient importance to be considered in the study of literature.

PRESENT-DAY VIEW ON THE APPIAN WAY

CHAPTER IX

CICERONIAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD
84 B. C.—43 B. C.

CICERO

THE GOLDEN AGE. The time from 84 B. C. to A. D. 14 is commonly called the Classical Period, or Golden Age of Latin Literature, and most authors divide it into two eras the first of which, extending to the death of Cicero in 43 B. C. is called the Ciceronian; the second, from 43 B. C. to A. D. 14, the Augustan Era.

The Golden Age is the age of Rome's finest achievements in literature, and it marks the brief period which included the wreck of the Republic and the establishment of the Empire. It is curious, indeed, that the best or finest literature of a race should not appear until the time at which it lost its national characteristics, but it does not seem unaccountable when one considers the fact that it is not so much a Roman as a Grecian literature in Roman dress.

II. The Greatest Writers. Into this period of about one hundred years is crowded more of accomplishment than into the other long years of Roman history. Fortunately, too, a large quantity of the writings of this fruitful period has been preserved, so that judgments may be made directly from the text and not from the opinions of others.

III. The Ciceronian Era. For about forty years the one great figure in Rome was Marcus Tullius Cicero, whose name ranks first among Latin writers. To appreciate the man and his work better, it is necessary to refer for a moment to the history of the troublous times in which he lived, as given in preceding sections of this text.

Born in 106 B. C., Cicero was twenty-two years of age at the time of Sulla's dictatorship, and met his death shortly after Caesar. That coincident with such events, in years which marked civil wars and revolution, the change of a government from republican form to that of an empire, a nation should produce its greatest literature is unique in history.

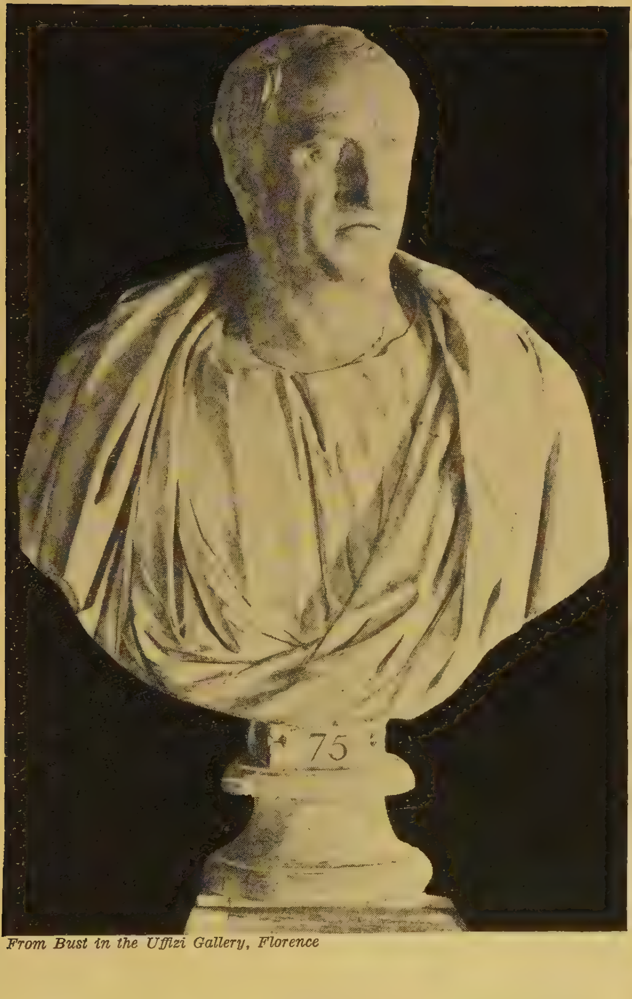
IV. Hortensius. In the preceding chapter we sketched the development of oratory to the time of Cicero, leaving to the present moment our account of Hortensius, who was so closely allied to the great master orator that it seemed best to consider his work at this time. Q. Hortensius Hortalus, or, as the name is sometimes written, Ortalus, was born 114 B. C., and accordingly was eight years the senior of Cicero. The facts of his life as known are few in number. He served for two campaigns in the Social War, but then gave up military life and apparently took no part in the civil struggles that followed. By 83 B. C. he was the most conspicuous figure in the courts, and about twelve years later he was eclipsed in public estimation only by Cicero, who was then engaged in the prosecution of Verres. The following year Hortensius was consul, and after that he appeared as an advocate on the senatorial side. By 70 B. C. he had pleasantly acknowledged the superiority of Cicero, and apparently without bitterness accepted his dethronement.

While Hortensius seems to have been of an indolent, easily-satisfied temperament, unwilling to exert himself to secure and hold his position and an Epicurean in his habits, yet on the whole his long career of forty-four years is a pleasing and instructive one. Great as his talents were, he lacked the stern character of Cicero and partook more of the nature of the Greeks than of the Romans.

He was apparently a man of vivid imagination, a keen thinker and an extremely pleasing speaker; bright, vivid, and possessing a delivery that charmed all hearers. Crassus called Hortensius one of the first of orators while he was yet young; at the age of nineteen he gained the unqualified approval of Scaevola and others, before whom he spoke. After the death of Antonius he became the leader of the Roman bar, and when Cicero appeared was called the "prince of the courts." Practically nothing remains of his work, and our conception of him is formed more from the testimony of Cicero than from any other source. Such being the case, it is well to transcribe what Cicero had to say of his style of oratory:

If we inquire why Hortensius obtained more celebrity in his youth than in his mature age, we shall find there are two good reasons. First, because his style of oratory was the Asiatic, which is more becoming to youth than to age. Of this style there are two divisions; the one sententious and witty, the sentiments neatly turned and graceful rather than grave or sedate: an example of this in history is Timaeus; in oratory during my own boyhood there was Hierocles of Alabanda, and still more his brother Menecles, both whose speeches are, considering their style, worthy of the highest praise. The other division does not aim at a frequent use of pithy sentiment, but at rapidity and rush of expression; this now prevails throughout Asia, and is characterized not only by a stream of eloquence but by a graceful and ornate vocabulary: Aeschylus of Cnidos, and my own contemporary Aeschines the Milesian, are examples of it. They possess a fine flow of speech, but they lack precision and grace of sentiment. Both these classes of oratory suit young men well, but in older persons they show a want of dignity. Hence Hortensius, who excelled in both, obtained as a young man the most tumultuous applause. For he possessed that strong leaning for polished and condensed maxims which Menecles displayed; as with whom, so with Hortensius, some of these maxims were more remarkable for sweetness and grace than for aptness and indispensable use; and so his speech, though highly strung and impassioned without losing finish or smoothness, was nevertheless not approved by the older critics. I have seen Philippus hide a smile, or at other times look angry or annoyed; but the youths were lost in admiration, and the multitude was deeply moved. At that time he was in popular estimation almost perfect, and held the first place without dispute. For though his oratory lacked authority, it was thought suitable to his age; but when his position as a consular and a senator demanded a weightier style, he still adhered to the same; and having given up his former unremitting study and practice, retained only the neat concise sentiments, but lost the rich adornment with which in old times he had been wont to clothe his thoughts.

V. CICERO'S LIFE. Marcus Tullius Cicero was born on the third day of January, 106 B. C., in the little town of Arpinum, in the hills of Eastern Latium, a village noted also as the birthplace of the famous Marius, whose career probably stimulated the ambition of the younger Cicero. The family from which Cicero sprang was old, respected and of the equestrian order, but no one had ever gained distinction from it or held a Roman office. Consequently, whatever height Cicero reached was attained by his own exertions and by the force of his own genius. His father was a man of character who had high ambitions for his son, and gave to the young Marcus and his brother Quintus the best masters that it was possible for him to obtain. Not satisfied with the opportunities of Arpinum, the elder Cicero took his boys to Rome, where they received instruction from more accomplished masters and were able to make the acquaintance of the four celebrated men to whom Marcus so often alludes in his writings, namely, the older and younger Scaevola and the two orators, Crassus and Antonius.



From Bust in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

CICERO
106–43 B. C.

THE GREATEST ORATOR IN ROME'S GREATEST EPOCH.

When Marcus assumed the *toga virilis,* he attached himself at once to Scaevola in order to learn the law, and was assiduous in his attentions, not only in private consultations but wherever Scaevola was speaking, either in the courts or in the assembly. The young Cicero labored with an industry that was untiring, and sacrificed pleasure, exercise and even society in order that he might have the more time for reading, writing, declaiming and that daily attendance in the Forum where he could hear eloquent speakers. No more painstaking or critical student ever followed his leaders, for Cicero noted down every tone, word or gesture as something to understand and to acquire for his own personal advancement. At the same time he was studying philosophy under masters of each of three different schools, and in subsequent years became an adept in all they could teach.

He made his first public appearance when he was about twenty-five years of age, and in one of his earliest speeches, namely that for Quincius, he was the opponent of Hortensius. At this time Sulla was dictator of Rome; and two years later, in defending Roscius of Ameria, Cicero drew upon himself the wrath of that fierce character, but the advocate's courage at this time was so manly and his eloquence so forceful that he secured the acquittal of his client, in spite of the opposition of Sulla. So marked a success established the young orator among the most famous of his day.

In this speech Cicero was arrayed on the side of the people and it portended a career which, however, he lacked the stability and courage to follow to its end, so that in later years, although disposed to espouse the weaker cause and feeling the justice of his early enthusiasms, yet he proved vacillating and found it hard to judge on which side his duty lay. Three times in his life he met a great crisis and met it manfully, and these efforts show him at his best; namely, this early defense of Roscius, his contest with Catiline and his resistance to Antony.

Soon after his defense of Roscius his arduous and self-denying labors broke down his health, and he was compelled to withdraw from the courts. Still bent upon improvement, even while regaining his lost energy, he went to Athens, accompanied by his brother Quintus and his friend Atticus, and spent six months studying philosophy in both the Academic and Epicurean schools. Leaving Athens, he traveled nearly eighteen months through Asia Minor, studying with such celebrated rhetoricians as he could find. Then with health fully recovered, he returned to Rome to find Sulla dead and himself in no danger from free expression.

For a number of years Cicero's rise was rapid, and he was able to boast with truthfulness that he was elected to each office at the earliest age at which it was possible for him to hold it. In 75 B. C. he was elected questor for Western Sicily, where he endeared himself to the people by his justice and liberality, and became their most popular official.

Having by this time discovered that if he wished to realize his ambitions there was but one place in which it could be done, he removed to Rome, took a house near the Forum, and entered unreservedly upon his political career. About this time he took upon himself for the only time in his life the rôle of public prosecutor, for under ordinary conditions his kindly disposition led him rather to defend than to accuse. The infamous career of Verres excited his indignation to the utmost and, ransacking Sicily in search of evidence against the accused, he prepared the six brilliant speeches which are still considered among his best. However, in this case Cicero departed from the usual custom and presented his evidence before he began his speeches, and so convincing were his proofs that Verres absconded, and it was never necessary for Cicero to deliver his invectives.

Upon his election to the post of aedile he began an economical administration of the duties of the position and succeeded in gratifying the people without so heavy an expenditure as was customary on the entertainments of which the aedile had control. About this time he built his beautiful villa at Tusculum, modeled upon the Academy at Athens, and filled it with choice works of art and rare books. Beautiful villas, which Cicero called the "little eyes of Italy," were among the most charming structures of the ancient Romans, and though Cicero's could in no sense compare with the magnificent and splendid ones built by Catulus, Lucullus or Crassus, yet it was a lovely place, in which the great writer spent many of his happiest hours and to which we find his thoughts always turning. Later in life he had no fewer than eight country seats in different villages of Italy, but to none of them did he show the attachment that he always manifested for the one at Tusculum.

In the year 66 B. C. Cicero was elected praetor over the heads of many, some of them very distinguished competitors; and in this position he gained a reputation for justice and uprightness as a judge, and although he did not abandon his position as an advocate, he made some of his important pleas while still in a judicial position.

In 63 B. C. he realized his highest ambition in his unanimous election to the office of consul, and he had reason to be proud of his success, for he had risen not because of bribery and ordinary electioneering tactics but on account of his eloquence, his splendid genius and his high standing in the community.

No sooner, however, had he retired from office than he found enemies ready to accuse him. He had crushed the conspiracy of Catiline, but there were still some survivors who had been implicated in it who were only too ready to seize upon the slightest pretext for his ruin. The profligate demagogue Clodius had been attacked by Cicero and would have been convicted but for a resort to those infamous means which freed him from the charge and left him resolved upon that vengeance, to accomplish which the more certainly he caused himself to be elected tribune of the people. In the meantime, the First Triumvirate was formed, and Cicero, disgusted at its unscrupulous conduct, retired to his Tusculan villa. Although Pompey assured Cicero of his favor, the latter did not trust him and probably was not surprised when in 58 B. C. he found that Clodius had succeeded in passing a bill which confiscated his property and outlawed his person. In the exile which followed, Cicero's cowardice and weakness show to an extraordinary degree, and the letters which he wrote are full of wails that prove the inadequacy of his philosophy. It is difficult to reconcile such pusillanimity with what we know of his character otherwise. The exile, however, did not long continue, and he was welcomed back to Rome with only the voice of Clodius dissenting. Rejoicing in his victory, he filled the air with eloquent speeches which flattered the factions then in office, and which he doubtless felt established him permanently in their favor.

Industrious years followed, in which he pleaded in the courts or studied or wrote at his villas, always busy and apparently happy. His part was now rather a subordinate one, for in the tremendous throes of the rebellion men of action and not men of learning were at the front, and Cicero by his lack of firmness had shown himself unable to influence seriously any of the warring factions. It is apparent that he was the tool, now of Pompey and now of Caesar, until both grew tired of his vacillation. Nor was he unconscious of the situation, for his works show that he was satisfied neither with himself nor with the world; but after the death of Caesar once more he came to the front and entered upon the greatest part of his career, namely, that in which he waged his final contest with the brutal and unscrupulous Antony. It was the period during which he composed and uttered the fourteen wonderful orations which are commonly known as the *Philippics* (after those of Demosthenes) and which undoubtedly mark the zenith of his oratorical powers.

However, these speeches cost the brilliant orator his life. When Antony and Octavius combined their interests and entered Rome together, each sacrificed his friends to the other's bloodthirsty demands. Among the first of those whom Antony claimed was Cicero. Apprised of his danger, he began a flight, but seemingly his better nature exerted itself, his courage returned, and he determined to meet his fate. On the seventh day of December, 43 B. C., he was betrayed by a servant and cruelly murdered by Popilius Laenus, a man whom he had often befriended. The brutal murderers cut off his head and his hands and carried them to Antony, whose wife Julia, it is said, gloated with inhuman delight over the pallid face and pierced with a needle the once eloquent tongue. Thereafter Antony nailed the gruesome relics to the rostra in mockery of the eloquence of which that spot had so often been the scene.

Of Cicero's domestic life we have full information. In 46 B. C., after having lived for more than thirty years with his wife Terentia, he divorced her and married his young ward Publilia, from whom, however, he parted in the following year. About the same time his only daughter Tullia died, and the young son, upon whose upbringing Cicero had spent so much careful thought and for whom he had written so much and so well, failed to follow the wishes of his father and struck out into a career of his own, of which we shall see more in subsequent pages.

Whatever may have been the faults of Cicero, and they were numerous enough, he was candid, truthful, just, generous, pure-minded and warm-hearted; although vain in manner, inconstant in politics, timid and morbidly sensitive, yet his life was one of gentleness, sympathy and affection, and we feel that his faults were more than redeemed in his patriotic life and his philosophic death.

VI. CICERO'S WORKS. The writings of Cicero consist of orations, philosophical works, treatises on rhetoric, letters and poems. As an orator he was the greatest that ever lived, with the exception of Demosthenes, and his orations have been models of style for public speakers in every country; as a philosopher he was the greatest Roman interpreter of Greek thought; he brought to his work the most profound scholarship, and preserved in the Latin tongue a great body of philosophical thought which otherwise would have been lost in the darkness of the Middle Ages; as a rhetorician he fixed the practice of his own language and has been the guide of writers and speakers since; as a letter writer he produced the most finished examples of personal discourse; in fact, only in his poems does he rank below the best. Of his orations there are complete, or nearly so, about sixty, with fragments more or less extensive of twenty more; of his philosophical treatises, thirteen; on rhetoric, seven papers; and of letters, something like one hundred sixty; of his poetry, the remains are scanty and unsatisfactory.

VII. Chronology of His Literary Works. Before studying the orations separately, it is worth while for us to consider the oratorical and literary activity of Cicero from a chronological point of view, and in so doing we shall be enabled to follow the development of his genius through the extracts we make from his works. His labors fall into four chronological divisions, as follows: first, earlier years, to the beginning of his career as a political orator, 81–66 B. C.; second, period of his greatest power, lasting till just before his banishment, 66–59 B. C.; third, from his return from banishment till his departure for Cilicia, 57–51 B. C.; fourth, from his return to his death, 51–43 B. C.

1. *The First Period.* To the first period belong several speeches delivered in different kinds of lawsuits, the most remarkable of which are the seven orations against Verres for extortion and misgovernment in Sicily. It will be remembered that only one of these was spoken, because the proofs which Cicero had amassed against Verres caused his flight. In the same period belong several translations from the Greek which have not been preserved, and a handbook of oratory in two parts, considered to be inferior to his later writings on rhetorical subjects.

2. *The Second Period.* Here belongs first the superb oration *For the Manilian Law,* in which Cicero advocates the appointment of Pompey with extraordinary powers to carry on the war with Mithridates. Then follow the four brilliant but vehement speeches against Catiline, and in the same year a witty and able speech defending Murena against a charge of bribery, as well as the delightful speech *For the Poet Archias,* in support of his claims to Roman citizenship. During this period of his life Cicero was so occupied with public affairs that he had little leisure for purely literary work. During the latter part of the era, however, when troubles were thickening about him, he made a metrical version of the astronomical poems of Aratus, only a portion of which is preserved to the world, and he wrote a poem *On His Consulship,* and this also has been lost.

3. *The Third Period.* Most of the speeches of the third period were in private cases, though political situations have an important place in many of them. *On the Consular Provinces* is a political speech, urging that Caesar retain his proconsulship of Gaul and that Gabinius and Piso be recalled from Syria and Macedonia. In this era he wrote the dialogues *On the Orator,* in which Cicero, Lucius Crassus and Marcus Antonius discussed the qualities of an orator; the dialogue *On the State,* in six books, only about a third of which is preserved; and the dialogue *On Laws,* which was never finished.

4. *Fourth Period.* The last period of Cicero's life was for the most part a time of quiet literary work, for not until after Caesar's death did he return to public life. In *For Marcellus* he thanked Caesar for allowing Marcellus to return to Rome; in *For Ligarius* he pleaded the case of that individual; and in *For King Deiotarus* he spoke for the tetrarch of Galicia, who had been accused of treachery to Caesar. The great effort of this period, however, the one in which Cicero shows all his old energy and fire, if perhaps he lacks something of power, is the group of fourteen orations against Antony, which collectively are known as the *Philippics.* Between 46 and 44 B. C. he published *Brutus, The Orator, On the Best Kind of Orators,* and *The Divisions of Oratory,* four rhetorical works, and a long series of philosophical dialogues and treatises, most im-

portant of which are *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum,* a discussion of the different theories respecting the highest good, in five books; two books of the *Academics;* the five books of *Tusculan Disputations,* treating of the chief essentials of happiness; *On the Nature of the Gods; De Officiis* (*On Duties*), and the two beautiful essays, *On Old Age* and *On Friendship.*

VIII. THE ORATIONS. 1. *Kinds.* Cicero covers almost every field of effort in his orations. Some are deliberative, but such appear to be ill-adapted to the expression of his genius; others are judicial, in which he is preëminently successful; a third group are descriptive, in which his talents are conspicuous; a fourth are personal in their nature, and here we find some of his best work. As a pleader he was unsurpassable, and in pan′egyric he found brilliant expression for his free, considerate spirit. It was only in invective, where, however, he has the reputation of being above Demosthenes, that he labored under the greatest difficulty and appears, in spite of what he did, to be rather ill at ease, unnatural, and forced in his delivery. Perhaps the reason for this is not far to seek. Cicero was too much attached to his friends, too gentle in nature, too sympathetic to be at his best in traducing the character of another, and in spite of the injuries that were inflicted upon him, there seems to be a lack of sincerity, even in his most violent diatribes. History tells us, moreover, that in all probability he was never quite sincere, and there are letters extant which show that even while he was hurling his most impassioned invective against some public man he was in correspondence with him. No man can speak his best unless he is thoroughly sincere in the cause he is advocating.

2. *The Plan.* Cicero's orations follow a definite, carefully prepared plan and one which to-day is almost universally in use. Each oration opens with an introduction, which contains a brief statement of the case or matter to be proved and such additional facts as will tend to place the orator in a satisfactory position toward his judge and will secure a favorable, or at least tolerant, hearing. Next follows the body of the speech, which usually contains a more detailed statement of the case, the arguments which lead toward the verdict the pleader wishes, and a final summing-up which is intended to give the listener a complete view of the case. Lastly, there is the peroration, or appeal to the sympathy, prejudice or passion of the judge.

One of the best examples, in the sense that it is one of the most methodical and develops the plan most consistently, is his speech in defense of Titus Annius Milo, who had slain Clodius in a scuffle on the Appian Way. The purpose of Cicero was to prove that Milo was not the aggressor, but that if he had been, he was justified in what he did, because Clodius was an enemy to the state. This speech throws an interesting sidelight on Cicero's character, for when he had prepared it, so alarmed was he by the violence of the friends of Clodius that he did not dare to deliver his defense, and Milo was convicted and banished. Later, it is said, Cicero sent a copy of the speech to Milo, who complimented him in an ironic way upon the convincing nature of the arguments and assured him that had he delivered the speech he might have secured an acquittal. But to return to the oration. A condensed analysis might appear as follows:

a. Introduction (intended to recommend himself and conciliate his judges).

Cicero:

1. Dilates upon special reasons which make it difficult for him to speak, such as the presence of armed soldiers.
2. Answers certain objections that are likely to be raised:
    - *a.* It is not true that no homicide deserves to live.
    - *b.* A man may kill in self-defense.
    - *c.* Milo had not been condemned by the Senate.
    - *d.* Pompey's decision against Milo was nullified by allowing a trial.
3. Pays a special compliment to the presiding judge.

b. Exposition: Statement of facts (not ingenuous, for the facts were against Cicero. It was a hard case).

Cicero:

1. Gives an involved narrative, really suppressing part of the truth.
2. Sketches the line of defense, with its several arguments.
3. Declares he will prove that Milo only defended himself against the plot laid by Clodius.
4. Persuades the jurors to open their minds to this new line.
5. Shows that Clodius had good reasons for wishing to be rid of Milo.
6. Shows that Milo had still stronger reasons for not wishing to be rid of Clodius.
7. Shows that the life and character of Clodius made assassination a natural act for him.
8. Proves that Milo always refused to commit violence, though he often had the power.
9. Explains that time, place and circumstance favored Clodius, but were against Milo.
10. States some plausible objections and demolishes them.
11. Explains that the indifference of Milo to the charge is a strong evidence of his innocence.
12. Declares that even if it is impossible to prove Milo's innocence, in reality he had done the state a service.

c. Conclusion and Peroration.

Cicero:

1. Pictures in glowing colors the guilt of Clodius and the virtues of Milo.
2. Declares providence intervened:
    - *a.* To bring the sinful career of Clodius to an end.
    - *b.* To sanctify Milo as the instrument.
3. Makes brilliant avowal of love and admiration for his client, for whose condemnation nothing could console him:

Shall this man, born for his country, die in any other land except his country? or, as it may perchance turn out, for his country? Will you preserve the monuments of this man's courage, and yet allow no sepulcher containing his body to exist in Italy? Will any one by his vote banish this man from this city, when all other cities will gladly invite him to them if he is driven out from among you? O happy will that land be which shall receive him! Ungrateful will this land be if it banishes him; miserable if it loses him.

However, I must make an end. Nor, indeed, can I speak any longer for weeping; and this man forbids me to defend him by tears. I pray and entreat you, O judges, when you are giving your votes, to dare to decide as you think just. And believe me that man will be sure greatly to approve of your virtue, and justice, and good faith; who, in selecting the judges, selected all the best, and wisest, and most fearless men whom he could find.

3. *Description.* Cicero's power in fashioning descriptive phrases and in more sustained descriptive passages is shown in almost every one of his orations, but we append several excellent examples.

This is the picture of the insolent Verres:

For, as was the custom of the kings of Bithynia, he was borne on a litter carried by eight men, in which was a cushion, very beautiful, of Melitan manufacture, stuffed with roses. And he himself had one chaplet on his head, another on his neck, and kept putting a network bag to his nose, made of the finest thread, with minute interstices, full of roses. Having performed his march in this manner, when he came to any town he was carried in the same litter up to his chamber.

This is of the money-loving Chaerea:

Roscius has cheated Caius Fannius Chaerea. I beg and entreat you, who know them both, compare the lives of the two men together; you who do not know them, compare the countenance of both. Does not his very head, and those eyebrows entirely shaved off, seem to smell of wickedness, and to proclaim cunning? Does he not from his toe-nails to his head, if the voiceless figure of a man's person can enable men to conjecture his character, seem wholly made up of fraud, and cheating, and lies, he who has his head and eyebrows always shaved that he may not be said to have one hair of an honest man about him?

This of Vatinius:

For on a sudden you sprang forward like a serpent out of his hole, with eyes starting out of your head, and your neck inflated, and your throat swelling.

The action of witnesses from Gaul:

Do you think that, with their military cloaks and their breeches, they come to us in a lowly and submissive spirit, as these do, who having suffered injuries fly to us as suppliants and inferiors to beg the aid of the judges? Nothing is further from the truth. On the contrary, they are strolling in high spirits and with their heads up, all over the forum, uttering threatening expressions, and terrifying men with barbarous and ferocious language.

The following is what he says of the appearance of the detected Catilinian conspirators:

And to me, indeed, O Romans, though the letters, the seals, the handwriting, and the confession of each individual seemed most certain indications and proofs of wickedness, yet their color, their eyes, their countenance, their silence, appeared more certain still; for they stood so stupefied, they kept their eyes so fixed on the ground, at times looking stealthily at one another, that they appeared now not so much to be informed against by others as to be informing against themselves.

The character of Catiline is described in the oration *For M. Caelius* in the following manner:

For that man, as I should think many of you must remember, had very many marks—not indeed fully brought out, but only in outline as it were—of the most eminent virtues. He was intimate with many thoroughly wicked men; but he pretended to be entirely devoted to the most virtuous of the citizens. He had many things about him which served to allure men to the gratification of their passions; he had also many things which acted as incentives to industry and toil. The vices of lust raged in him; but at the same time he was conspicuous for great energy and military skill. Nor do I believe that there ever existed so strange a prodigy upon the earth, made up in such a manner of the most various, and different, and inconsistent studies and desires.

Who was ever more acceptable at one time to most illustrious men? who was more intimate with the very basest? What citizen was there at times who took a better part than he did? Who was there at other times a fouler enemy to this state? Who was more debased in his pleasures? Who was more patient in undergoing labors? Who was more covetous as regards his rapacity? Who more prodigal in squandering? And besides all this, there were, O judges, these marvelous qualities in that man, that he was able to embrace many men in his friendship, to preserve their regard by attention, to share with every one what he had, to assist all his friends in their necessities with money, with influence, with his personal toil, even with his own crimes and audacity, if need were; to keep his nature under restraint, and to guide it according to the requirements of the time, and to turn and twist it hither and thither; to live strictly when in company with the morose, merrily with the cheerful, seriously with the old, courteously with the young, audaciously with the criminal, and luxuriously with the profligate. When—by giving full swing to this various and multiform natural disposition of his—he had collected together every wicked and audacious man from every country, so also he retained the friendship of many gallant and virtuous men, by a certain appearance of pretended virtue. Nor would that infamous attempt to destroy this Empire have ever proceeded from him, if the ferocity of so many vices had not been based on the deep-rooted foundations of affability and patience.

The terrible treatment of Gavius is thus set forth in the sixth oration *Against Verres:*

He himself, inflamed with wickedness and frenzy, comes into the forum. His eyes glared; cruelty was visible in his whole countenance. All men waited to see what steps he was going to take,—what he was going to do; when all of a sudden he orders the man to be seized, and to be stripped and bound in the middle of the forum, and the rods to be got ready. The miserable man cried out that he was a Roman citizen, a citizen, also, of the municipal town of Cosa,—that he had served with Lucius Pretius, a most illustrious Roman knight, who was living as a trader at Panormus, and from whom Verres might know that he was speaking the truth. Then Verres says that he has ascertained that he had been sent into Sicily by the leaders of the runaway slaves, in order to act as a spy; a matter as to which there was no witness, no trace, nor even the slightest suspicion in the mind of any one. Then he orders the man to be most violently scourged on all sides. In the middle of the forum of Messana a Roman citizen, O judges, was beaten with rods; while in the meantime no groan was heard, no other expression was heard from that wretched man, amid all his pain, and between the sound of the blows, except these words, "I am a citizen of Rome." He fancied that by this one statement of his citizenship he could ward off all blows, and remove all torture from his person. He not only did not succeed in averting by his entreaties the violence of the rods, but as he kept on repeating his entreaties and the assertion of his citizenship, a cross—a cross, I say—was got ready for that miserable man, who had never witnessed such a stretch of power.

O the sweet name of liberty! O the admirable privileges of our citizenship! O Porcian law! O Sempronian laws! O power of the tribunes, bitterly regretted by, and at last restored to the Roman people! Have all our rights fallen so far, that in a province of the Roman people,—in a town of our confederate allies,—a Roman citizen should be bound in the forum, and beaten with rods by a man who only had the fasces and the axes through the kindness of the Roman people? What shall I say? When fire, and red-hot plates, and other instruments of torture were employed? If the bitter entreaties and the miserable cries of that man had no power to restrain you, were you not moved even by the weeping and loud groans of the Roman citizens who were present at that time? Did you dare to drag any one to the cross who said that he was a Roman citizen?

The following is a brief description of Antony's debaucheries in Varro's villa, to be found in the *Second Philippic:*

But how many days did he spend reveling in the most scandalous manner in that villa! From the third hour there was one scene of drinking, gambling, and vomiting. Alas for the unhappy house itself! how different a master from its former one has it fallen to the share of! Although, how is he the master at all? but still by how different a person has it been occupied! For Marcus Varro used it as a place of retirement for his studies, not as a theater for his lusts. What noble discussions used to take place in that villa! What ideas were originated there! What writings were composed there! The laws of the Roman people, the memorials of our ancestors, the consideration of all wisdom and all learning, were the topics that used to be dwelt on then;—but now, while you were the intruder there (for I will not call you the master), every place was resounding with the voices of drunken men; the pavements were floating with wine; the walls were dripping; nobly-born boys were mixing with the basest hirelings; prostitutes with mothers of families.

In the oration *For Caelius* the shade of Appius Claudius is represented as looking down in reproof upon his degenerate descendant Clodia:

If I am to proceed in the old-fashioned way and manner of pleading, then I must summon up from the shades below one of those bearded old men,—not men with those little bits of imperials which she takes such a fancy to, but a man with that long shaggy beard which we see on the ancient statues and images,—to reproach the woman, and to speak in my stead, lest she by any chance should get angry with me. Let, then, some one of her own family rise up, and above all others that great blind Claudius of old time. For he will feel the least grief, inasmuch as he will not see her. And, in truth, if he can come forth from the dead, he will deal thus with her; he will say,—Woman, what have you to do with Caelius? What have you to do with a very young man? What have you to do with one who does not belong to you? Why have you been so intimate with him as to lend him gold, or so much an enemy of his as to fear his poison? Had you never seen that your father, had you never heard that your uncle, your grandfather, your great-grandfather, your great-great-grandfather, were all consuls?

Did you not know, moreover, that you were bound in wedlock to Quintus Metellus, a most illustrious and gallant man, and most devoted to his country? who from the first moment that he put his foot over his threshold, showed himself superior to almost all citizens in virtue, and glory, and dignity. When you had become his wife, and, being previously of a most illustrious race yourself, had married into a most renowned family, why was Caelius so intimate with you? Was he a relation? a connection? Was he a friend of your husband? Nothing of the sort. What then was the reason, except it was some folly or lust?

Even if the images of us, the men of your family, had no influence over you, did not even my own daughter, that celebrated Quinta Claudia, admonish you to emulate the praise belonging to our house from the glory of its women? Did not that vestal virgin Claudia recur to your mind, who embraced her father while celebrating his triumph, and prevented his being dragged from his chariot by a hostile tribune of the people? Why had the vices of your brother more weight with you than the virtues of your father, of your grandfather, and others in regular descent ever since my own time; virtues exemplified not only in the men, but also in the women? Was it for this that I broke the treaty which was concluded with Pyrrhus, that you should every day make new treaties of most disgraceful love? Was it for this that I brought water into the city, that you should use it for your impious purposes? Was it for this that I made the Appian road, that you should travel along it escorted by other men besides your husband?

4. *Other Characteristics of Cicero's Oratory.* The orations of Cicero are so long that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of them as a whole, but by extracts from a number we can obtain a very satisfactory notion of the characteristics of his oratory and of his lit-

erary style. In argument he often states the case of his opponent, not always with perfect fairness, and then demolishes it by ridicule or by indirection or by the reduction to an absurdity. A favorite method is by interrogation rather than by direct assertion, and it is not unusual for page after page to bristle with questions, which follow one another in such a manner that one suggests the answer to another, or so that only one answer can be given and that favorable to Cicero's contentions. Apostrophe is a favorite figure with him, and may be found in every oration. He apostrophizes the gods, the judges, his opponents, and the man for whom he pleads or against whom he inveighs, and so brings into the argument those personal equations which are so powerful in influencing judgment. The reader of Cicero is constantly having brought to his attention the fact that the orator hopes to win his case as much by persuasion and appeal to sentiment and emotion as by cold, logical argument, and yet there are numerous instances to prove that Cicero was a master of the latter.

Wit in all its forms is prevalent, and by raillery, by playful banter, gay jest, or, if the occasion demands it, bitter sarcasm and hateful irony the emotions of the listeners are excited and turned in the direction where the great orator would lead them. As we read his more jocose speeches, we are inclined to feel that many of the jests are dull, coarse, unfair, or in bad taste, but these are minor faults, and as the Romans constantly extol this quality in his speeches, it may be that our standards of judgment are at fault. When in the course of his orations it is necessary for him to relate a series of incidents, he does it with skill and power, rarely omitting the opportunity to appeal from time to time to the feelings of his auditors; in fact, everywhere, especially in the perorations, which are models of emotional intensity, the effort appears to be personal rather than judicial. The impression created by his panegyrics is that of exaggeration, and a cold-blooded judge might look upon them with disfavor; however, the Romans not only tolerated such things, but approved of them: they were men of emotional natures, and rarely decided in cool reason.

As we have intimated, there are faults in Cicero's orations, and serious ones. Besides the tendency to exaggeration, to which we have just alluded, his great love of words and his tendency to use them more than generously in forming his sonorous periods are objectionable. His style was too rich, sometimes too much involved, and though he recognized the fault in others, he seemed unable to correct it entirely in himself. This wordiness or superabundance of figures is so much more in keeping with the Oriental style of oratory that it is given the epithet of Asiatic in the criticism of later writers. Another fault of similar nature is his wonderful wealth of illustration and the fact that he leaves nothing to the imagination of the hearer, but makes his sentences so ornate that the thought is often obscured by the very ornamentation.

What seems a more serious fault is the egregious vanity that shows in almost every oration. Time and again he drags himself into the discussion and quotes his influence, position and character as being reasons for heeding his arguments. The egoism of some paragraphs is almost incredible, and the self-sufficiency extremely unpleasant. However, when the extraordinary popularity of the man among his contemporaries is considered, all these faults appear as minor matters, and remembering that he was an impassioned Roman speaking to equally passionate countrymen and that what he said almost invariably accomplished its purpose, critics seem justified in placing him with Demosthenes among orators. It might be noted that this egoism was not peculiar to Cicero, but might be found in the writings of many another Roman of this period.

The only way in which we can get a realizing sense of his different characteristics is by reading the orations or so great a variety of extracts that we may see him in all his aspects. The latter seems to be the one feasible, and accordingly we shall take up a few of the orations and try to cover all phases of his oratory in the extracts, which we make from the translations of C. D. Yonge.

IX. "FOR SEXTUS ROSCIUS OF AMERIA." The father of Sextus Roscius had been slain during the proscriptions of Sulla, and his very large estate had been sold for a trifling sum to Chrysogonus, a favorite slave to whom Sulla had given freedom, and who, in order to secure possession of the estate, persuaded Caius Erucius to accuse Roscius of having killed his father himself.

Cicero calls this his first public criminal cause, and it is one of the earliest of the speeches now in existence. As Roscius was acquitted, Cicero often refers with great self-gratulation to his resolute honesty and intrepidity in defending and securing the acquittal of Roscius in the face of the opposition of the greatest men in Rome.

The following extracts will give some idea of the form of argument used by the great orator, his interrogative discourse and sarcastic comments:

Sextus Roscius has murdered his father. What sort of man is he? Is he a young man, corrupted, and led on by worthless men? He is more than forty years old. Is he forsooth an old assassin, a bold man, and one well practiced in murder? You have not this so much as mentioned by the accuser. To be sure, then, luxury, and the magnitude of his debts, and the ungovernable desires of his disposition, have urged the man to this wickedness? Erucius acquitted him of luxury, when he said that he was scarcely ever present at any banquet. But he never owed anything. Further, what evil desires could exist in that man who, as his accuser himself objected to him, has always lived in the country, and spent his time in cultivating his land; a mode of life which is utterly removed from covetousness, and inseparably allied to virtue? What was it then which inspired Sextus Roscius with such madness as that? Oh, says he, he did not please his father. He did not please his father? For what reason? for it must have been both a just and an important and a notorious reason. For as this is incredible, that death should be inflicted on a father by a son, without many and most weighty reasons; so this, too, is not probable, that a son should be hated by his father, without many and important and necessary causes. Let us return again to the same point, and ask what vices existed in this his only son of such importance as to make him incur the displeasure of his father. But it is notorious he had no vices. His father then was mad to hate him whom he had begotten, without any cause. But he was the most reasonable and sensible of men. This, then, is evident, that, if the father was not crazy, nor his son profligate, the father had no cause for displeasure, nor the son for crime.

I know not what cause for displeasure there was; but I know that displeasure existed; because formerly, when he had two sons, he chose that other one, who is dead, to be at all times with himself, but sent this other one to his farms in the country. The same thing which happened to Erucius in supporting this wicked and trifling charge, has happened to me in advocating a most righteous cause. He could find no means of supporting this trumped-up charge; I can hardly find out by what arguments I am to invalidate and get rid of such trifling circumstances. What do you say, Erucius? Did Sextus Roscius entrust so many farms, and such fine and productive ones to his son to cultivate and manage, for the sake of getting rid of and punishing him? What can this mean? Do not fathers of families who have children, particularly men of that class of municipalities in the country, do they not think it a most desirable thing for them that their sons should attend in a great degree to their domestic affairs, and should devote much of their labor and attention to cultivating their farms? Did he send him off to those farms that he might remain on the land and merely have life kept in him at this country seat? that he might be deprived of all conveniences? What? if it is proved that he not only managed the cultivation of the farms, but was accustomed himself to have certain of the farms for his own, even during the lifetime of his father? Will his industrious and rural life still be called removal and banishment? You see, O Erucius, how far removed your line of argument is from the fact itself, and from truth. That which fathers usually do, you find fault with as an unprecedented thing; that which is done out of kindness, that you accuse as having been done from dislike; that which a father granted his son as an honor, that you say he did with the object of punishing him. Not that you are not aware of all this, but you are so wholly without any arguments to bring forward, that you think it necessary to plead not only against us, but even against the very nature of things, and against the customs of men, and the opinion of every one.

Oh but, when he had two sons, he never let one be away from him, and he allowed the other to remain in the country. I beg you, O Erucius, to take what I am going to say in good part; for I am going to say it, not for the sake of finding fault, but to warn you. If fortune did not give to you to know the father whose son you are, so that you could understand what was the affection of fathers towards their children; still, at all events, nature has given you no small share of human feeling. To this is added a zeal for learning, so that you are not unversed in literature. Does that old man in Caecilius (to quote a play), appear to have less affection for Eutychus, his son, who lives in the country, than for his other one Chaerestratus? for that, I think, is his name; do you think that he keeps one with him in the city to do him honor, and sends the other into the country in order to punish him? Why do you have recourse to such trifling? you will say. As if it were a hard matter for me to bring forward ever so many by name, of my own tribe, or my own neighbors (not to wander too far off), who wish those sons for whom they have the greatest regard, to be diligent farmers. But it is an odious step to quote known men, when it is uncertain whether they would like their names to be used; and no one is likely to be better known to you than this same Eutychus; and certainly it has nothing to do with the argument, whether I name this youth in a play, or some one of the country about Veii. In truth, I think that these things are invented by poets in order that we may see our manners sketched under the character of strangers, and the image of our daily life represented under the guise of fiction. Come now; turn your thoughts, if you please, to reality, and consider not only in Umbria and that neighborhood, but in these old municipal towns, what pursuits are most praised by fathers of families. You will at once see that, from want of real grounds of accusation, you have imputed that which is his greatest praise to Sextus Roscius as a fault and a crime.

. . . .

Let us consider that which we began with, than which no more certain argument of dislike can possibly be found. The father was thinking of disinheriting his son. I do not ask on what account. I ask how you know it? Although you ought to mention and enumerate all the reasons. And it was the duty of a regular accuser, who was accusing a man of such wickedness, to unfold all the vice and sins of a son which had exasperated the father so as to enable him to bring his mind to subdue nature herself—to banish from his mind that affection so deeply implanted in it—to forget in short that he was a father; and all this I do not think could have happened without great errors on the part of the son. But I give you leave to pass over those things, which, as you are silent, you admit have no existence. At all events you ought to make it evident that he did intend to disinherit him. What then do you allege to make us think that that was the case? You can say nothing with truth. Invent something at least with probability in it; that you may not manifestly be convicted of doing what you are openly doing—insulting the fortunes of this unhappy man, and the dignity of these noble judges. He meant to disinherit his son. On what account? I don't know. Did he disinherit him? No. Who hindered him? He was thinking of it. He was thinking of it? Whom did he tell? No one. What is abusing the court of justice, and the laws, and your majesty, O judges, for the purposes of gain and lust, but accusing men in this manner, and bringing imputations against them which you not only are not able to prove, but which you do not even attempt to? There is not one of us, O Erucius, who does not know that you have no enmity against Sextus Roscius. All men see on what account you come here as his adversary. They know that you are induced to do so by this man's money. What then? Still you ought to have been desirous of gain with such limitations as to think that the opinion of all these men, and the Remmian law ought to have some weight.

. . . .

For when those judges saw in this cause that those men are in possession of abundant wealth, and that he is in the greatest beggary, they would not ask who had got advantage from the deed, but they would connect the manifest crime and suspicion of guilt rather with the plunder than with the poverty. What if this be added to that consideration that you were previously poor? What if it be added that you are avaricious? What if it be added that you are audacious? What if it be added that you were the greatest enemy of the man who has been murdered? Need any further motive be sought for, which may have impelled you to such a crime? But which of all these particulars can be denied? The poverty of the man is such that it cannot be concealed, and it is only the more conspicuous the more it is kept out of sight. Your avarice you make a parade of when you form an alliance with an utter stranger against the fortunes of a fellow-citizen and a relation. How audacious you are (to pass over other points), all men may understand from this, that out of the whole troop, that is to say, out of so many assassins, you alone were found to sit with the accusers, and not only to show them your countenance, but even to volunteer it. You must admit that you had enmity against Sextus Roscius, and great disputes about family affairs. It remains, O judges, that we must now consider which of the two rather killed Sextus Roscius; did he to whom riches accrued by his death, or did he to whom beggary was the result? Did he who, before that, was poor, or he, who after that became most indigent? Did he, who burning with avarice rushes in like an enemy against his own relations, or he who has always lived in such a manner as to have no acquaintance with exorbitant gains, or with any profit beyond that which he procured with toil? Did he who, of all the brokers is the most audacious, or he who, because of the insolence of the forum and of the public courts, dreads not only the bench, but even the city itself? Lastly, O judges, what is most material of all to the argument in my opinion—did his enemy do it or his son?

But if, O judges, we cannot prevail with Chrysogonus to be content with our money, and not to aim at our life; if he cannot be induced, when he has taken from us everything which was our private property, not to wish to take away this light of life also which we have in common with all the world; if he does not consider it sufficient to glut his avarice with money, if he be not also dyed with blood cruelly shed,—there is one refuge, O judges; there is one hope left to Sextus Roscius, the same which is left to the republic,—your ancient kindness and mercy; and if that remain, we can even yet be saved. But if that cruelty which at present stalks abroad in the republic has made your dispositions also more harsh and cruel (but that can never be the case), then there is an end of everything, O judges; it is better to live among brute beasts than in such a savage state of things as this. Are you reserved for this? Are you chosen for this? to condemn those whom cut-throats and assassins have not been able to murder? Good generals are accustomed to do this, when they engage in battle,—to place soldiers in that spot where they think the enemy will retreat, and then if any escape from the battle they make an onset on them unexpectedly. I suppose in the same way those purchasers of property think that you, that such men as you, are sitting here to catch those who have escaped out of their hands. God forbid, O judges, that this which our ancestors thought fit to style the public council should now be considered a guard to brokers! Do not you perceive, O judges, that the sole object of all this is to get rid of the children of proscribed persons, by any means; and that the first step to such a proceeding is sought for in your oaths and in the danger of Sextus Roscius? Is there any doubt to whom the guilt belongs, when you see on one side a broker, an enemy, an assassin, the same being also now our accuser, and on the other side a needy man, the son of the murdered man, highly thought of by his friends, on whom not only no crime but no suspicion even can be fixed? Do you see anything else whatever against Roscius except that his father's property has been sold?

And if you also undertake that cause; if you offer your aid in that business; if you sit there in order that the children of those men whose goods have been sold may be brought before you; beware, in God's name, O judges, lest a new and much more cruel proscription shall seem to have been commenced by you. Though the former one was directed against those who could take arms, yet the Senate would not adopt it lest anything should appear to be done by the public authority more severe than had been established by the usages of our ancestors. And unless you by your sentence reject and spurn from yourselves this one which concerns their children and the cradles of their infant babes, consider, in God's name, O judges, to what a state you think the republic will arrive.

It behooves wise men, and men endowed with the authority and power with which you are endowed, to remedy especially those evils by which the republic is especially injured. There is not one of you who does not understand that the Roman people, who used formerly to be thought extremely merciful towards its enemies, is at present suffering from cruelty exercised towards its fellow-citizens. Remove this disease out of the state, O judges. Do not allow it to remain any longer in the republic; having not only this evil in itself, that it has destroyed so many citizens in a most atrocious manner, but that through habituating them to sights of distress, it has even taken away clemency from the hearts of most merciful men. For when every hour we see or hear of something very cruel being done, even we who are by nature most merciful, through the constant repetition of miseries, lose from our minds every feeling of humanity.

X. "IN DEFENSE OF L. MURENA." Lucius Murena and Silanus, brother-in-law of Cato, were consuls-elect. Cato, however, instigated Sulpicius, one of the most eminent lawyers in Rome and a defeated candidate for the consulship, to prosecute Murena, though he brought no charge against Silanus, who, if there was any guilt at all, was as bad as his associate. Murena was unanimously acquitted after arguments by Crassus, Hortensius and Cicero, though largely, it appears, for a reason which Cicero urged, namely, that in such a perilous time, just after the flight of Catiline to the camp of Manlius, it was a most desirable thing to have a consul of tried bravery and military experience.

Sulpicius, the prosecutor, was an intimate friend of Cicero, and the latter had used every endeavor to secure the election of the former in this very contest. Cato also was a friend of Cicero, and it is remarkable that this cause did not in any way affect their intimacy and that in the *Philippics* Cicero was heard to urge the honor of a public funeral for Sulpicius.

In the first extract we have a good example of Cicero's method of replying to the arguments of an opponent, *seriatim:*

Wherefore, to return to the subject which I began to speak of, take away the name of Cato out of the cause; remove and leave out of the question all mention of authority, which in courts of justice ought either to have no influence at all, or only influence to contribute to some one's safety; and discuss with me the charges themselves. What do you accuse him of, Cato? What action of his is it that you bring before the court? What is your charge? Do you accuse him of bribery? I do not defend bribery. You blame me because you say I am defending the very conduct which I brought in a law to punish. I punished bribery, not innocence. And any real case of bribery I will join you in prosecuting if you please. You have said that a resolution of the Senate was passed, on my motion, "that if any men who had been bribed had gone to meet the candidates, if any hired men followed them, if places were given men to see the shows of gladiators according to their tribes, and also, if dinners were given to the common people, that appeared to be a violation of the Calpurnian law." Therefore the Senate decides that these things were done in violation of the Calpurnian law if they were done at all; it decides what there is not the least occasion for, out of complaisance for the candidates. For there is a great question whether such things have been done or not. That, if they have been done, they were done in violation of the law, no one can doubt. It is, therefore, ridiculous to leave that uncertain which was doubtful, but to give a positive decision on that point which can be doubtful to no one. And that decree is passed at the request of all the candidates; in order that it might be quite impossible to make out from the resolution of the Senate whose interests were consulted, or against whose interests it was passed. Prove, then, that these actions have been done by Murena; then I will grant to you that they have been done in violation of the law.

"Many men went to meet him as he was departing from his province, when he was a candidate for the consulship." That is a very usual thing to do. Who is there whom people do not go out to meet on his return home? "What a number of people they were." In the first place, if I am not able to give you any exact account of it, what wonder is it if many men did go out to meet such a man on his arrival, being a candidate for the consulship? If they had not done so, it would have appeared much more strange. What then? Suppose I were even to add, what there would be nothing unusual in, that many had been asked to go? Would that be matter of accusation, or at all strange, that, in a city in which we, when we are asked, often come to escort the sons of even the lowest rank, almost before the night is over, from the furthest part of the city, men should not mind going at the third hour into the Campus Martius, especially when they have been invited in the name of such a man as Murena? What then? What if all the societies had come to meet him, of which bodies many are sitting here as judges? What if many men of our own most honorable order had come? What then? What if the whole of that most officious body of candidates, which will not suffer any man to enter the city except in an honorable manner, had come, or even our prosecutor himself—if Postumius had come to meet him with a numerous crowd of his dependents? What is there strange in such a multitude? I say nothing of his clients, his neighbors, his tribesmen, or the whole army of Lucullus, which, just at that time, had come to Rome to his triumph; I say this, that that crowd, paying that gratuitous mark of respect, was never backward in paying respect not only to the merit of any one, but even to his wishes.

"But a great many people followed him." Prove that it was for hire, and I will admit that that was a crime: but if the fact of hire be absent, what is there that you object to?

"What need is there," says he, "of an escort?" Are you asking me what is the need of that which we have always availed ourselves of? Men of the lower orders have only one opportunity of deserving kindness at the hands of our order, or of requiting services,—namely, this one attention of escorting us when we are candidates for offices. For it is neither possible, nor ought we or the Roman knights to require them to escort the candidates to whom they are attached for whole days together; but if our house is frequented by them, if we are sometimes escorted to the forum, if we are honored by their attendance for the distance of one piazza, we then appear to be treated with all due observance and respect; and those are the attentions of our poorer friends who are not hindered by business, of whom numbers are not wont to desert virtuous and beneficent men. Do not then, O Cato, deprive the lower class of men of this power of showing their dutiful feelings; allow these men, who hope for everything from us, to have something also themselves, which they may be able to give us. If they have nothing beyond their own vote, that is but little; since they have no interest which they can exert in the votes of others. They themselves, as they are accustomed to say, cannot plead for us, cannot go bail for us, cannot invite us to their houses; but they ask all these things of us, and do not think that they can requite the services which they receive from us by anything but by their attentions of this sort. Therefore they resisted the Fabian law, which regulated the number of an escort, and the resolution of the Senate, which was passed in the consulship of Lucius Caesar. For there is no punishment which can prevent the regard shown by the poorer classes for this description of attention. "But spectacles were exhibited to the people by their tribes, and crowds of the common people were invited to dinner." Although this, O judges, was not done by Murena at all, but done in accordance with all usage and precedent by his friends, still, being reminded of the fact, I recollect how many votes these investigations held in the Senate have lost us, O Servius. For what time was there ever, either within our own recollection or that of our fathers, in which this, whether you call it ambition or liberality, did not exist, to the extent of giving a place in the circus and in the forum to one's friends, and to the men of one's own tribe?

What will they decide with respect to the eminent men who have erected regular stalls in the circus, for the sake of their own tribesmen? All these charges of escort, of spectacles, of dinners, are brought forward by the multitude, O Servius, as proofs of your over-scrupulous diligence; but still as to those counts of the indictment, Murena is defended by the authority of the Senate. And why not? Does the Senate think it a crime to go to meet a man? No; but it does, if it be done for a bribe. Prove that it was so. Does the Senate think it a crime for many men to follow him? No; but it does, if they were hired. Prove it. Or to give a man a place to see the spectacles? or to ask a man to dinner? Not by any means; but to give every one a seat, to ask every one one meets to dinner. "What is every one?" Why, the whole body of citizens. If, then, Lucius Natta, a young man of the highest rank, as to whom we see already of what sort of disposition he is, and what sort of man he is likely to turn out, wished to be popular among the centuries of the knights, both because of his natural connection with them, and because of his intentions as to the future, that will not be a crime in, or matter of accusation against his stepfather; nor, if a vestal virgin, my client's near relation, gave up her place to see the spectacle in his favor, was that any other than a pious action, nor is he liable to any charge on that ground. All these are the kind offices of intimate friends, the services done to the poorer classes, the regular privileges of candidates.

But I must change my tone; for Cato argues with me on rigid and stoic principles. He says that it is not true that good-will is conciliated by food. He says that men's judgments, in the important business of electing to magistracies, ought not to be corrupted by pleasures. Therefore, if any one, to promote his canvass, invites another to supper, he must be condemned. "Shall you," says he, "seek to obtain supreme power, supreme authority, and the helm of the republic, by encouraging men's sensual appetites, by soothing their minds, by tendering luxuries to them? Are you asking employment as a pimp from a band of luxurious youths, or the sovereignty of the world from the Roman people?" An extraordinary sort of speech! but our usages, our way of living, our manners, and the constitution itself, rejects it. For the Lacedaemonians, the original authors of that way of living and of that sort of language, men who lie at their daily meals on hard oak benches, and the Cretans, of whom no one ever lies down to eat at all, have neither of them preserved their political constitutions or their power better than the Romans, who set apart times for pleasure as well as times for labor; for one of those nations was destroyed by a single invasion of our army, the other only preserves its discipline and its laws by means of the protection afforded to it by our supremacy.

The following illustrates his jocose irony:

The highest dignity is in those men who excel in military glory. For all things which are in the empire and in the constitution of the state, are supposed to be defended and strengthened by them. There is also the greatest usefulness in them, since it is by their wisdom and their danger that we can enjoy both the republic and also our own private possessions. The power of eloquence also is no doubt valuable and full of dignity, and it has often been of influence in the election of a consul to be able by wisdom and oratory to sway the minds of the Senate and the people, and those who decide on affairs. A consul is required who may be able sometimes to repress the madness of the tribunes, who may be able to bend the excited populace, who may resist corruption. It is not strange, if, on account of this faculty, even men who were not nobly born have often obtained the consulship; especially when this same quality procures a man great gratitude, and the firmest friendship, and the greatest zeal in his behalf; but of all this there is nothing, O Sulpicius, in your profession.

First of all, what dignity can there be in so limited a science? For they are but small matters, conversant chiefly about single letters and punctuation between words. Secondly, if in the time of our ancestors there was any inclination to marvel at that study of yours, now that all your mysteries are revealed, it is wholly despised and disregarded. At one time few men knew whether a thing might be lawfully done or not; for men ordinarily had no records; those were possessed of great power who were consulted, so that even days for consultation were begged of them beforehand, as from the Chaldean astrologers. A certain notary was found, by name Craeus Flavius, who could deceive the most wary, and who set the people records to be learnt by heart each day, and who pilfered their own learning from the profoundest lawyers. So they, being angry because they were afraid, lest, when their daily course of action was divulged and understood, people would be able to proceed by law without their assistance, adopted a sort of cipher in order to make their presence necessary in every cause.

When this might have been well transacted thus—"The Sabine farm is mine." "No; it is mine:"—then a trial; they would not have it so. "The farm," says he, "which is in the territory which is called Sabine:"—verbose enough—well, what next? "That farm, I say, is mine according to the rights of Roman citizens." What then?—"and therefore I summon you according to law, seizing you by the hand."

The man of whom the field was demanded did not know how to answer one who was so talkatively litigious. The same lawyer goes across, like a Latin flute-player,—says he, "In the place from whence you summoned me having seized me by the hand, from thence I recall you there." In the meantime, as to the praetor, lest he should think himself a fine fellow and a fortunate one, and himself say something of his own accord, a form of words is composed for him also, absurd in other points, and especially in this: "Each of them being alive and being present, I say that that is the way." "Enter on the way." That wise man was at hand who was to show them the way. "Return on your path." They returned with the same guide. These things, I may well suppose, appeared ridiculous to full-grown men; that men when they have stood rightly and in their proper place should be ordered to depart, in order that they might immediately return again to the place they had left. Everything was tainted with the same childish folly. "When I behold you in the power of the law." And this,—"But do you say this who claim the right?" And while all this was made a mystery of, they who had the key to the mystery were necessarily sought after by men; but as soon as these things were revealed, and were bandied about and sifted in men's hands, they were found to be thoroughly destitute of wisdom, but very full of fraud and folly.

For though many things have been excellently settled by the laws, yet most of them have been depraved and corrupted by the genius of the lawyers. Our ancestors determined that all women, on account of the inferiority of their understanding, should be under the protection of trustees. These men have found out classes of trustees, whose power is subordinate to that of the women. The one party did not wish the domestic sacrifices to be abolished in families; by the ingenuity of the others old men were found to marry by the form called coemptio, for the sake of getting rid of these sacred ceremonies. Lastly, in every part of the civil law they neglected equity itself, but adhered to the letter of the law; as for instance, because in somebody's books they found the name of Caia, they thought that all the women who had married by coemptio were called Caias. And that often appears marvelous to me, that so many men of such ability should now for so many years have been unable to decide whether the proper expressions to use be the day after to-morrow or the third day, a judge or an arbiter, a cause or a proceeding.

An interesting comparison of the orator and the general is to be found in the following paragraph:

There are two occupations which can place men in the highest rank of dignity; one, that of a general, the other, that of an accomplished orator. For by the latter the ornaments of peace are preserved, by the former the dangers of war are repelled. But the other virtues are of great importance from their own intrinsic excellence, such as justice, good faith, modesty, temperance; and in these, O Servius, all men know that you are very eminent. But at present I am speaking of those pursuits calculated to aid men in the attainment of honors, and not about the intrinsic excellency of each pursuit. For all those occupations are dashed out of our hands at once, the moment the slightest new commotion begins to have a warlike sound. In truth, as an ingenious poet and a very admirable author says, the moment there is a mention of battle, ''away is driven'' not only your grandiloquent pretenses to prudence, but even that mistress of all things, ''wisdom. Everything is done by violence. The orator,'' not only he who is troublesome in speaking, and garrulous, but even ''the good orator is despised; the horrid soldier is loved.'' But as for your profession, that is trampled under foot; ''men seek their rights not by law, but hand to hand by the sword,'' says he.

And if that be the case, then I think, O Sulpicius, the forum must yield to the camp; peace must yield to war, the pen to the sword, and the shade to the sun. That, in fact, must be the first thing in the city, by means of which the city itself is the first of all cities.

As an example of Cicero's egoism and the kind of an appeal he makes to the passion of the judges, the peroration of this speech is excellent:

And as this is the case, O judges, in the first place for the sake of the republic, than which nothing ought to be of more importance in the eyes of every one, I do warn you, as I am entitled to do by my extreme diligence in the cause of the republic, which is well known to all of you,—I do exhort you, as my consular authority gives me a right to do,—I do entreat you, as the magnitude of the danger justifies me in doing, to provide for the tranquillity, for the peace, for the safety, for the lives of yourselves and of all the rest of your fellow-citizens. In the next place I do appeal to your good faith, O judges (whether you may think that I do so in the spirit of an advocate or a friend signifies but little), and beg of you, not to overwhelm the recent exaltation of Lucius Murena, an unfortunate man, of one oppressed both by bodily disease and by vexation of mind, by a fresh cause for mourning. He has been lately distinguished by the greatest kindness of the Roman people, and has seemed fortunate in being the first man to bring the honors of the consulship into an old family, and a most ancient municipality. Now, in a mourning and unbecoming garb, debilitated by sickness, worn out with tears and grief, he is a suppliant to you, O judges, invoking your good faith, imploring your pity, fixing all his hopes on your power and your assistance. Do not, in the name of the immortal gods, O judges, deprive him not only of that office which he thought conferred additional honor on him, and at the same time of all the honors which he had gained before, and of all his dignity and fortune. And, O judges, what Lucius Murena is begging and entreating of you is no more than this; that if he has done no injury unjustly to any one, if he has offended no man's ears or inclination, if he has never (to say the least) given any one reason to hate him either at home or when engaged in war, he may in that case find among you moderation in judging, and a refuge for men in dejection, and assistance for modest merit. The deprivation of the consulship is a measure calculated to excite great feelings of pity, O judges. For with the consulship everything else is taken away too. And at such times as these the consulship itself is hardly a thing to envy a man. For it is exposed to the harangues of seditious men, to the plots of conspirators, to the attacks of Catiline. It is opposed single-handed to every danger, and to every sort of unpopularity. So that, O judges, I do not see what there is in this beautiful consulship which need be grudged to Murena, or to any other man among us. But those things in it which are calculated to make a man an object of pity, are visible to my eyes, and you too can clearly see and comprehend them.

If (may Jupiter avert the omen) you condemn this man by your decision, where is the unhappy man to turn? Home? What, that he may see that image of that most illustrious man his father, which a few days ago he beheld crowned with laurel when men were congratulating him on his election, now in mourning and lamentation at his disgrace? Or to his mother, who, wretched woman, having lately embraced her son as consul, is now in all the torments of anxiety, lest she should but a short time afterwards behold that same son stripped of all his dignity? But why do I speak of his home or of his mother, when the new punishment of the law deprives him of home, and parent, and of the intercourse with and sight of all his relations? Shall the wretched man then go into banishment? Whither shall he go? Shall he go to the east, where he was for many years lieutenant, where he commanded armies, and performed many great exploits? But it is a most painful thing to return to a place in disgrace, from which you have departed in honor. Shall he hide himself in the opposite regions of the earth, so as to let Transalpine Gaul see the same man grieving and mourning, whom it lately saw with the greatest joy, exercising the highest authority? In that same province, moreover, with what feelings will he behold Caius Murena, his own brother? What will be the grief of the one, what will be the agony of the other? What will be the lamentations of both? How great will the vicissitudes of fortune appear, and what a change will there be in every one's conversation, when in the very places in which a few days before messengers and letters had repeated, with every indication of joy, that Murena had been made consul,—in the very places from which his own friends and his hereditary connections flocked to Rome for the purpose of congratulating him, he himself arrives on a sudden as the messenger of his own misfortune! And if these things seem bitter, and miserable, and grievous,—if they are most foreign to your general clemency and merciful disposition, O judges, then maintain the kindness done to him by the Roman people; restore the consul to the republic; grant this to his own modesty, grant it to his dead father, grant it to his race and family, grant it also to Lanuvium, that most honorable municipality, the whole population of which you have seen watching this cause with tears and mourning. Do not tear from his ancestral sacrifices to Juno Sospita, to whom all consuls are bound to offer sacrifice, a consul who is so peculiarly her own. Him, if my recommendation has any weight, if my solemn assertion has any authority, I now recommend to you, O judges, —I the consul recommend him to you as consul, promising and undertaking that he will prove most desirous of tranquillity, most anxious to consult the interests of virtuous men, very active against sedition, very brave in war, and an irreconcilable enemy to this conspiracy, which is at this moment seeking to undermine the republic.

XI. "IN DEFENSE OF AULUS CLUENTIUS HABITUS." Aulus Cluentius, a wealthy Roman knight, was accused before the praetor of having poisoned his step-father, Oppianicus who a few years previously had been tried and banished for an attempt to poison Cluentius. After a powerful appeal, in which Cicero recited the circumstances of the murders and gave thrilling descriptions of the numerous crimes that have been committed, Cluentius was acquitted.

As a powerful narrative, delivered with the purpose of exciting horror and sympathy, it would be difficult to find a more impressive one than the following, which has been somewhat condensed:

Aulus Cluentius Habitus, this man's father, O judges, was a man by far the most distinguished for valor, for reputation and for nobleness of birth, not only of the municipality of Larinum, of which he was a native, but also of all that district and neighborhood. When he died, in the consulship of Sylla and Pompeius, he left this son, a boy fifteen years old, and a daughter grown up and of marriageable age, who a short time after her father's death married Aulus Aurius Melinus, her own cousin, a youth of the fairest possible reputation, as was then supposed, among his countrymen, for honor and nobleness. This marriage subsisted with all respectability and all concord; when on a sudden there arose the nefarious lust of an abandoned woman, united not only with infamy but even with impiety. For Sassia, the mother of Habitus, being charmed in a most impious matter with love for that young man, Melinus, her own son-in-law, at first restrained her desires as she could, but she did not do that long. Presently, she began to get so furious in her insane passion, she began to be so hurried away by her lust, that neither modesty, nor chastity, nor piety, nor the disgrace to her family, nor the opinion of men, nor the indignation of her son, nor the grief of her daughter, could recall her from her desires. She seduced the mind of the young man, not yet matured by wisdom and reason, with all those temptations with which that early age can be charmed and allured. Her daughter, who was tormented not only with the common indignation which all women feel at injuries of that sort from their husbands, but who also was unable to endure the infamous prostitution of her mother, of which she did not think that she could even complain to any one without committing a sin herself, wished the rest of the world to remain in ignorance of this her terrible misfortune, and wasted away in grief and tears in the arms and on the bosom of Cluentius, her most affectionate brother. However, there is a sudden divorce, which appeared likely to be a consolation for all her misfortunes. Cluentia departs from Melinus; not unwilling to be released from the infliction of such injuries, yet not willing to lose her husband. But then that admirable and illustrious mother of hers began openly to exult with joy, to triumph in her delight, victorious over her daughter, not over her lust. Therefore she did not choose her reputation to be attacked any longer by uncertain suspicions; she orders that genial bed, which two years before she had decked for her daughter on her marriage, to be decked and prepared for herself in the very same house, having driven and forced her daughter out of it. The mother-in-law marries the son-in-law, no one looking favorably on the deed, no one approving it, all foreboding a dismal end to it.

Oh, the incredible wickedness of the woman, and, with the exception of this one single instance, unheard of since the world began! Oh, the unbridled and unrestrained lust! Oh, the extraordinary audacity of her conduct! To think that she did not fear (even if she disregarded the anger of the gods and the scorn of men) that nuptial night and those bridal torches! that she did not dread the threshold of that chamber! nor the bed of her daughter! nor those very walls, the witnesses of the former wedding! She broke down and overthrew everything in her passion and her madness; lust got the better of shame, audacity subdued fear, mad passion conquered reason. Her son was indignant at this common disgrace of his family, of his blood, and of his name. His misery was increased by the daily complaints and incessant weeping of his sister; still he resolved that he ought to do nothing more himself with reference to his grievous injuries and the terrible wickedness of his mother, beyond ceasing to consider her as his mother; lest, if he did continue to behave to her as if she were his mother, he might be thought not only to see, but in his heart to approve of, those things which he could not behold without the greatest anguish of mind.

You have heard what was the origin of the bad feeling between him and his mother; when you know the rest, you will perceive that I feared this with reference to our cause; for, I am not ignorant that, whatever sort of woman a mother may be, still in a trial in which her son is concerned, it is scarcely fitting that any mention should be made of the infamy of his mother. . . . . . .

Aulus Cluentius has seen no calamity in his whole life, has encountered no peril of death, has feared no evil, which has not been contrived against, and brought to bear upon him, from beginning to end, by his mother. But all these things he would say nothing of at the present moment, and would allow them to be buried, if possible, in oblivion, and if not, at all events in silence as far as he is concerned, but she does these things in such a manner that he is totally unable to be silent about them; for this very trial, this danger in which he now is, this accusation which is brought against him, all the multitude of witnesses which is to appear, has all been provided originally by his mother; is marshaled by his mother at this present time; and is furthered with all her wealth and all her influence. She herself has lately hastened from Larinum to Rome for the sake of destroying this her son. The woman is at hand, bold, wealthy and cruel. She has provided accusers; she has trained witnesses; she rejoices in the mourning garments and miserable appearance of Cluentius; she longs for his destruction; she would be willing to shed her own blood to the last drop, if she can only see his blood shed first. . . . . .

There was a woman of Larinum, named Dinea, the mother-in-law of Oppianicus, who had three sons, Marcus Aurius, Numerius Aurius, and Cnaeus Magius, and one daughter, Magia, who was married to Oppianicus. Marcus Aurius, quite a young man, having been taken prisoner in the social war at Asculum, fell into the hands of Quintus Sergius, a senator, who was convicted of assassination, and was put by him in his slaves' prison. But Numerius Aurius, his brother, died, and left Cnaeus Magius, his brother, his heir. Afterwards, Magia, the wife of Oppianicus, died; and last of all, that one who was the last of the sons of Dinea, Cnaeus Magius, also died. He left as his heir that young Oppianicus, the son of his sister, and enjoined that he should share the inheritance with his mother Dinea. In the meantime an informant comes to Dinea, to tell her that her son Marcus Aurius is alive, and is in the territory of Gaul, in slavery. The woman, having lost her children, when the hope of recovering one of her sons was held out to her, summoned all her relations, and all the intimate friends of her son, and with tears entreated them to undertake the business, to seek out the youth, and to restore to her that son whom fortune had willed should be the only one remaining to her out of many. Just when she had begun to adopt these measures, she was taken ill. Therefore she made a will in these terms: she left to that son four hundred thousand sesterces; and she made that Oppianicus who has been already mentioned, her grandson, her heir. And a few days after, she died. However, these relations, as they had undertaken to do while Dinea was alive, when she was dead, went into the Gallic territory to search out Aurius, with the same man who had brought Dinea the information.

In the meantime, Oppianicus being, as you will have proved to you by many circumstances, a man of singular wickedness and audacity, by means of some Gaul, his intimate friend, first of all corrupted that informer with a bribe, and after that, at no great expense, managed to have Aurius himself got out of the way and murdered. But they who had gone to seek out and recover their relation, send letters to Larinum, to the Aurii, the relations of that young man, and their own intimate friends, to say that the investigation was very difficult for them, because they understood that the man who had given the information had been since bribed by Oppianicus. And these letters Aulus Aurius, a brave and experienced man, and one of high rank in his own city, the near relation of the missing Marcus Aurius, read openly in the forum, in the hearing of plenty of people, in the presence of Oppianicus himself, and with a loud voice declared that he would prosecute Oppianicus if he found that Marcus Aurius had been murdered. The feelings, not only of his relations, but also of all the citizens of Larinum, are moved by hatred of Oppianicus, and pity for that young man. Therefore, when Aulus Aurius, he who had previously made this declaration, began to follow the man with loud cries and with threats, he fled from Larinum, and betook himself to the camp of that most illustrious man, Quintus Metellus. After that flight, the witness of his crime, and of his consciousness of it, he never ventured to commit himself to the protection of a court of justice, or of the laws,—he never dared to trust himself unarmed among his enemies; but at the time when violence was stalking abroad, after the victory of Lucius Sylla, he came to Larinum with a body of armed men, to the great alarm of all the citizens; he carried off the quatuorviri, whom the citizens of that municipality had elected; he said that he and three others had been appointed by Sylla; and he said that he received orders from him to take care that that Aurius who had threatened him with prosecution and with danger to his life, and the other Aurius, and Caius Aurius his son, and Sextus Vibius, whom he was said to have employed as his agent in corrupting the man who had given the information, were proscribed and put to death. Accordingly, when they had been most cruelly murdered, the rest were all thrown into no slight fear of proscription and death by that circumstance. When these things had been made manifest at the trial, who is there who can think it possible that he should have been acquitted?

And these things are trifles. Listen to what follows, and you will wonder, not that Oppianicus was at last condemned, but that he remained some time in safety.

In the first place, remark the audacity of the man. He was anxious to marry Sassia, the mother of Habitus, her whose husband, Aulus Aurius, he had murdered. It is hard to say whether he who wished such a thing was the more impudent, or she who consented was the more heartless. However, remark the humanity and virtue of both of them. Oppianicus asks, and most earnestly entreats Sassia to marry him. But she does not marvel at his audacity,—does not scorn and reject his impudence, she is not even alarmed at the idea of the house of Oppianicus, red with her husband's blood; but she says that she has a repugnance to this marriage, because he has three sons. Oppianicus, who coveted Sassia's money, thought that he must seek at home for a remedy for that obstacle which was opposed to his marriage. For as he had an infant son by Novia, and as a second son of his, whom he had had by Papia, was being brought up under his mother's eye at Teanum in Apulia, which is about eighteen miles from Larinum, on a sudden, without alleging any reason, he sends for the boy from Teanum, which he had previously never been accustomed to do, except at the time of the public games, or on days of festival. His miserable mother, suspecting no evil, sends him. He pretended to set out himself to Tarentum; and on that very day the boy, though at the eleventh hour he had been seen in public in good health, died before night, and the next day was burnt before daybreak. And common report brought this miserable news to his mother before any one of Oppianicus's household brought her news of it. She, when she had heard at one and the same time, that she was deprived not only of her son, but even of the sad office of celebrating his funeral rites, came instantly, half dead with grief, to Larinum, and there performs funeral obsequies over again for her already buried son. Ten days had not elapsed when his other infant son is also murdered; and then Sassia immediately marries Oppianicus, rejoicing in his mind, and feeling confident of the attainment of his hopes.

. . . .

I use this as the beginning and foundation of my defense,—that Oppianicus was condemned, being a most guilty and wicked man. He himself gave a cup to his own wife Cluentia, who was the aunt of that man Habitus, and she while drinking it cried out that she was dying in the greatest agony; and she lived no longer than she was speaking, for she died in the middle of this speech and exclamation. And besides the suddenness of this death, and the exclamation of the dying woman, everything which is considered a sign and proof of poison was discovered in her body after she was dead.

And by the same poison he killed Caius Oppianicus his brother,—and even this was not enough. Although in the murder of his brother no wickedness seems to have been omitted, still he prepared beforehand the road by which he was to arrive at his abominable crime by other acts of wickedness. For, as Auria, his brother's wife, was in the family way, and appeared to be near the time of her confinement, he murdered her also with poison, so that she and his own brother's child, whom she bore within her, perished at the same time. After that he attacked his brother; who, when it was too late, after he had drank that cup of death, and when he was uttering loud exclamations about his own and his wife's death, and was desirous to alter his will, died during the actual expression of this intention. So he murdered the woman, that he might not be cut off from his brother's inheritance by her confinement; and he deprived his brother's children of life before they were able to receive from nature the light which was intended for them; so as to give every one to understand that nothing could be protected against him, that nothing was too holy for him, from whose audacity even the protection of their mother's body had been unable to preserve his own brother's children.

. . . .

Therefore when Cnaeus Magius, the uncle of that young Oppianicus, had become acquainted with the habits and audacity of this man, and, being stricken with a sore disease, had made him, his sister's son, his heir, summoning his friends, in the presence of his mother Dinea, he asked his wife whether she was in the family way; and when she said that she was, he begged of her after his death to live with Dinea, who was her mother-in-law, till she was confined, and to take great care to preserve and to bring forth alive the child that she had conceived. Accordingly, he leaves her in his will a large sum, which she was to receive from his child if a child was born, but leave her nothing from the reversionary heir. You see what he suspected of Oppianicus; what his opinion of him was is plain enough. For though he left his son his heir, he did not leave him guardian to his children. Now, learn what Oppianicus did; and you will see that Magius, when dying, had an accurate foresight of what was to happen. The money which had been left to her from her child if any was born, that Oppianicus paid to her at once, though it was not due; if, indeed, it is to be called a payment of a legacy, and not wages for procuring abortion; and she, having received that sum, and many other presents besides, which were read out of the codicils of Oppianicus's will, being subdued by avarice, sold to the wickedness of Oppianicus that hope which she had in her womb, and which had been so commended to her care by her husband. It would seem now that nothing could possibly be added to this wickedness: listen to the end.—The woman who, according to the solemn request of her husband, ought not for ten months to have ever entered any house but that of her mother-in-law; five months after her husband's death married Oppianicus himself. But that marriage did not last long, for it was entered into, not with any regard to the dignity of wedlock, but from a partnership in wickedness.

What more shall I say? How notorious, while the fact was recent, was the murder of Asinius of Larinum, a wealthy young man! how much talked about in every one's conversation! There was a man of Larinum of the name of Avilius, a man of abandoned character and great poverty, but exceedingly skillful in rousing and gratifying the passions of young men; and as by his attentions and obsequiousness he had wormed himself into the acquaintance of Asinius, Oppianicus began forthwith to hope, that by means of this Avilius, as if he were an instrument applied for the purpose, he might catch the youth of Asinius, and take his father's wealth from him by storm. The plan was devised at Larinum; the accomplishment of it was transferred to Rome. For they thought that they could lay the foundations of that design more easily in solitude, but that they could accomplish a deed of the sort more conveniently in a crowd. Asinius went to Rome with Avilius; Oppianicus followed on their footsteps. How they spent their time at Rome, in what revels, in what scenes of debauchery, in what immense and extravagant expenses, not only with the knowledge, but even with the company and assistance of Oppianicus, would take me a long while to tell, especially as I am hurrying on to other topics. Listen to the end of this pretended friendship. When the young man was in some woman's house, and passing the night there, and staying there also the next day, Avilius, as had been arranged, pretends that he is taken ill, and wishes to make his will—Oppianicus brings witnesses to sign it, who knew neither Asinius nor Avilius, and calls him Asinius; and he himself departs, after the will has been signed and sealed in the name of Asinius. Avilius gets well immediately. But Asinius in a very short time is slain, being tempted out to some sandpits outside the Esquiline gate, by the idea that he was being taken to some villa. And after he had been missed a day or two, and could not be found in those places in which he was usually to be sought for, and as Oppianicus was constantly saying in the forum at Larinum that he and his friends had lately witnessed his will, the freedmen of Asinius and some of his friends, because it was notorious that on the last day that Asinius had been seen, Avilius had been with him, and had been seen with him by many people, proceed against him, and bring him before Quintius Manilius, who at that time was a triumvir. And Avilius at once, without any witness or any informer appearing against him, being agitated by the consciousness of his recent wickedness, relates everything as I have now stated it, and confesses that Asinius had been murdered by him according to the plan of Oppianicus. Oppianicus, while lying concealed in his own house, is dragged out by Manilius; Avilius the informer is produced on the other side to face him. Why need you inquire what followed? Most of you are acquainted with Manilius; he had never, from the time he was a child, had any thoughts of honor, or of the pursuit of virtue, or even of the advantage of a good character; but from having been a wanton and profligate buffoon, he had, in the dissensions of the state, arrived through the suffrages of the people at that office, to the seat of which he had often been conducted by the reproaches of the bystanders. Accordingly he arranges the business with Oppianicus; he receives a bribe from him; he abandons the cause after it was commenced, and when it was fully proved. And in this trial of Oppianicus the crime committed on Asinius was proved by many witnesses, and also by the information of Avilius; in which, it was notorious that Oppianicus's name was mentioned first among the agents; and yet you say that he was an unfortunate and an innocent man, convicted by a corrupt tribunal.

What more? Did not your father, O Oppianicus, beyond all question, murder your grandmother Dinea, whose heir you are? who, when he had brought to her his own physician, a well-tried man and often victorious (by whose means indeed he had slain many of his enemies), exclaimed that she positively would not be attended by that man, through whose attention she had lost all her friends. Then immediately he goes to a man of Ancona, Lucius Clodius, a traveling quack, who had come by accident at that time to Larinum, and arranges with him for four hundred sesterces, as was shown at the time by his account-books. Lucius Clodius, being a man in a hurry, as he had many more market towns to visit, did the business off-hand, as soon as he was introduced; he took the woman off with the first draught he gave her, and did not stay at Larinum a moment afterwards. When this Dinea was making her will, Oppianicus, who was her son-in-law, having taken the papers, effaced the legacies she bequeathed in it with his finger; and as he had done this in many places, after her death, being afraid of being detected by all those erasures, he had the will copied over again, and had it signed and sealed with forged seals. I pass over many things on purpose. And indeed I fear lest I may appear to have said too much as it is. But you must suppose that he has been consistent with himself in every other transaction of his life. All the senators of Larinum decided that he had tampered with the public registers of the censors of that city. No one would have any account with him; no one would transact any business with him. Of all the connections and relations that he had, no one ever left him guardian to his children. No one thought him fit to call on, or to meet in the street, or to talk to, or to dine with. All men shunned him with contempt and hatred,—all men avoided him as some inhuman and mischievous beast or pestilence. Still, audacious, infamous, guilty as he was, Habitus, O judges, would never have accused him, if he had been able to avoid doing so without danger to his own life. Oppianicus was his enemy; still he was his step-father: his mother was cruel to him and hated him; still she was his mother. Lastly, no one was ever so disinclined to prosecutions as Cluentius was by nature, by disposition, and by the constant habits of his life. But as he had this alternative set before him, either to accuse him, as he was bound to do by justice and piety, or else to be miserably and wickedly murdered himself, he preferred accusing him any way he could, to dying in that miserable manner.

And that you may have this thoroughly proved to you, I will relate to you the crime of Oppianicus, as it was clearly detected and proved, from which you will see both things, both that my client could not avoid prosecuting him, and that he could not possibly escape being convicted.

There were some officers at Larinum called Martiales, the public ministers of Mars, and consecrated to that god by the old institutions and religious ceremonies of the people of Larinum. And as there was a great number of them, and as, just as there were many slaves of Venus in Sicily, these also at Larinum were reckoned part of the household of Mars, on a sudden Oppianicus began to urge on their behalf, that they were all free men, and Roman citizens. The senators of Larinum and all the citizens of that municipality were very indignant at this. Accordingly they requested Habitus to undertake the cause and to maintain the public rights of the city. Habitus, although he had entirely retired from public life, still, out of regard to the place and the antiquity of his family, and because he thought that he was born not for his own advantage only, but also for that of his fellow-citizens, and of his other friends, he was unwilling to refuse the eager importunity of all the Larinatians. Having undertaken the business, when the cause had been transferred to Rome, great contentions arose every day between Habitus and Oppianicus from the zeal of each for the side which he espoused. Oppianicus himself was a man of a bitter and savage disposition; and Habitus's own mother, being hostile to and furious against her son, inflamed his insane hatred. But they thought it exceedingly desirable for them to get rid of him, and to disconnect him from the cause of the Martiales. There was also another more influential reason which had great weight with Oppianicus, being a most avaricious and audacious man. For, up to the time of that trial, Habitus had never made any will. For he could not make up his mind to bequeath anything to such a mother as his, nor, on the other hand, to leave his parent's name entirely out of his will. And as Oppianicus was aware of that, for it was no secret, he plainly saw, that, if Habitus were dead, all his property would come to his mother; and she might afterwards, when she had become richer, and had lost her son, be put out of the way by him, with more profit, and with less danger. So now see in what manner he, being urged on by these desires, endeavored to take off Habitus by poison.

There were two twin brothers of the municipality of Aletrinum, by name Caius and Lucius Fabricius, men very like one another in appearance and disposition, but very unlike the rest of their fellow-citizens; among whom what uniform respectability of character, and what consistent and moderate habits of life prevail, there is not one of you, I imagine, who is ignorant. Oppianicus was always exceedingly intimate with these Fabricii. You are all pretty well aware what great power in causing friendship a similarity of pursuits and disposition has. As these two men lived in such a way as to think no gain discreditable; as every sort of fraud, and treachery, and cheating of young men was practiced by them; as they were notorious for every sort of vice and dishonesty, Oppianicus, as I have said, had cultivated their intimacy for many years. And accordingly he now resolved to prepare destruction for Habitus by the agency of Caius Fabricius, for Lucius had died. Habitus was at that time in delicate health; and he was employing a physician of no great reputation, but a man of tried skill and honesty, by name Cleophantus, whose slave, Diogenes, Fabricius began to tamper with, and to induce by promises and bribes to give poison to Habitus. The slave, being a cunning fellow, but, as the affair proved, a virtuous and upright man, did not refuse to listen to Fabricius's discourse; he reported the matter to his master, and Cleophantus had a conference with Habitus. Habitus immediately communicated the business to Marcus Bebrius, a senator, his most intimate friend; and I imagine you all recollect what a loyal, and prudent, and worthy man he was. His advice was that Habitus should buy Diogenes of Cleophantus, in order that the matter might be more easily proved by his information, or else be discovered to be false. Not to make a long story of it, Diogenes is bought in a few days, the poison, and the money sealed up, which was given for that purpose, is seized in the hands of Scamander, a freedman of the Fabricii. O ye immortal gods! will any one, when he has heard all these facts, say that Oppianicus was falsely convicted?

Who was ever more audacious? Who was ever more guilty? Who was ever brought before a court more manifestly detected in his guilt? What genius, what eloquence could there be, what plea in defense could possibly be devised, which could stand against this single accusation? And at the same time, who is there that can doubt that, in such a case as this, so clearly detected and proved, Cluentius was forced either to die himself, or to undertake the prosecution?

XII. "IN SUPPORT OF THE PROPOSED MANILIAN LAW." In the year 67 B. C. Gabinius obtained a decree by which Pompey was invested for three years with a supreme command over the Mediterranean and its coasts to a distance of fifty miles from the sea. While acting under this law he destroyed all the pirates' strongholds and was completely successful in establishing order throughout the territory, but after this he remained in Asia, settling more firmly his rule in the towns he had conquered. During this time Lucullus had been fighting against Mithridates, but seditions in his army had weakened his power and gave courage to Mithridates, who defeated a portion of his army with great slaughter. Therefore, Glabrio was sent to succeed Lucullus, but he proved himself utterly incompetent to lead, so that in the year 66 B. C., while both Glabrio and Pompey were absent, Manilius brought forward a proposition to invest Pompey with unlimited power in the East for the purpose of carrying on war with Mithridates. Catulus and Hortensius opposed the law, but Caesar and Cicero supported it.

From the latter's speech, which, by the way, is the first he ever addressed to the people at large, we take merely his panegyric on Pompey:

I wish, O Romans, that you had such an abundance of brave and honest men, that it was a difficult subject for your deliberations, whom you thought most desirable to be appointed to the conduct of such important affairs, and so vast a war. But now, when there is Gnaeus Pompeius alone, who has exceeded in valor, not only the glory of these men who are now alive, but even all recollections of antiquity, what is there that, in this case, can raise a doubt in the mind of any one? For I think that these four qualities are indispensable in a great general,—knowledge of military affairs, valor, authority and good fortune. Who, then, ever was, or ought to have been, better acquainted with military affairs than this man? who, the moment that he left school and finished his education as a boy, at a time when there was a most important war going on, and most active enemies were banded against us, went to his father's army and to the discipline of the camp; who, when scarcely out of his boyhood, became a soldier of a consummate general,—when entering on manhood, became himself the general of a mighty army; who has been more frequently engaged with the enemy, than any one else has ever disputed with an adversary; who has himself, as general, conducted more wars than other men have read of; who has subdued more provinces than other men have wished for; whose youth was trained to the knowledge of military affairs, not by the precepts of others, but by commanding himself,—not by the disasters of war, but by victories,—not by campaigns, but by triumphs. In short, what description of war can there be in which the fortune of the republic has not given him practice? Civil war, African war, Transalpine war, Spanish war, promiscuous war of the most warlike cities and nations, servile war, naval war, every variety and diversity of wars and of enemies, has not only been encountered by this one man, but encountered victoriously; and these exploits show plainly that there is no circumstance in military practice which can elude the knowledge of this man.

But now, what language can be found equal to the valor of Gnaeus Pompeius? What statement can any one make which shall be either worthy of him, or new to you, or unknown to any one? For those are not the only virtues of a general which are usually thought so,—namely, industry in business, fortitude amid dangers, energy in acting, rapidity in executing, wisdom in foreseeing; which all exist in as great perfection in that one man as in all the other generals put together whom we have either seen or heard of. Italy is my witness, which that illustrious conqueror himself, Lucius Sulla, confessed had been delivered by this man's valor and ready assistance. Sicily is my witness, which he released when it was surrounded on all sides by many dangers, not by the dread of his power, but by the promptitude of his wisdom. Africa is my witness, which, having been overwhelmed by numerous armies of enemies, overflowed with the blood of those same enemies. Gaul is my witness, through which a road into Spain was laid open to our legions by the destruction of the Gauls. Spain is my witness, which has repeatedly seen our many enemies there defeated and subdued by this man. Again and again, Italy is my witness, which, when it was weighed down by the disgraceful and perilous servile war, entreated aid from this man, though he was at a distance; and that war, having dwindled down and wasted away at the expectation of Pompeius, was destroyed and buried by his arrival. But now, also every coast, all foreign nations and countries, all seas, both in their open waters and in every bay, and creek, and harbor, are my witnesses. For during these last years, what place in any part of the sea had so strong a garrison as to be safe from him? What place was so much hidden as to escape his notice? Who ever put to sea without being aware that he was committing himself to the hazard of death or slavery, either from storms or from the sea being crowded with pirates? Who would ever have supposed that a war of such extent, so mean, so old a war, a war so extensive in its theater and so widely scattered, could have been terminated by all our generals put together in one year, or by one general in all the years of his life? In all these later years what province have you had free from pirates? What revenue has been safe? What ally have you been able to protect? To whom have your fleets been any defense? How many islands do you suppose have been deserted? How many cities of the allies do you think have been either abandoned out of fear of the pirates, or have been taken by them?

But why do I speak of distant events? It was—it was, indeed, formerly—a characteristic of the Roman people to carry on its wars at a distance from home, and to defend by the bulwarks of its power not its own homes, but the fortunes of its allies. Need I say, that the sea has during all these latter years been closed against your allies, when even our own armies never ventured to cross over from Brundisium, except in the depth of winter? Need I complain that men who were coming to you from foreign nations were taken prisoners, when even the ambassadors of the Roman people were forced to be ransomed? Need I say, that the sea was not safe for merchants, when twelve axes came into the power of the pirates? Need I mention, how Cnidus, and Colophon, and Samos, most noble cities, and others too in countless numbers, were taken by them, when you know that your own harbors, and those harbors too from which you derive, as it were, your very life and breath, were in the power of the pirates? Are you ignorant that the harbor of Caieta, that illustrious harbor, when full of ships, was plundered by the pirates under the very eyes of the praetor? and that from Misenum, the children of the very man who had before that waged war against the pirates in that place, were carried off by the pirates? For why should I complain of the disaster of Ostia, and of that stain and blot on the Republic, when almost under your very eyes, that fleet which was under the command of a Roman consul was taken and destroyed by the pirates? O ye immortal gods! could the incredible and godlike virtue of one man in so short a time bring so much light to the Republic, that you who had lately been used to see a fleet of the enemy before the mouth of the Tiber, should now hear that there is not one ship belonging to the pirates on this side of the Atlantic? And although you have seen with what rapidity these things were done, still that rapidity ought not to be passed over by me in speaking of them.—For who ever, even if he were only going for the purpose of transacting business or making profit, contrived in so short a time to visit so many places, and to perform such long journeys, with as great celerity as Gnaeus Pompeius has performed his voyage, bearing with him the terrors of war as our general? He, when the weather could hardly be called open for sailing, went to Sicily, explored the coasts of Africa; from thence he came with his fleet to Sardinia, and these three great granaries of the republic he fortified with powerful garrisons and fleets; when, leaving Sardinia, he came to Italy, having secured the two Spains and Cisalpine Gaul with garrisons and ships. Having sent vessels also to the coast of Illyricum, and to every part of Achaia and Greece, he also adorned the two seas of Italy with very large fleets, and very sufficient garrisons; and he himself going in person, added all Cilicia to the dominions of the Roman people, on the forty-ninth day after he set out from Brundisium. All the pirates who were anywhere to be found, were either taken prisoners and put to death, or else had surrendered themselves voluntarily to the power and authority of this one man. Also, when the Cretans had sent ambassadors to implore his mercy even into Pamphylia to him, he did not deny them hopes of being allowed to surrender, and he exacted hostages from them. And thus Gnaeus Pompeius at the end of winter prepared, at the beginning of spring undertook, and by the middle of summer terminated, this most important war, which had lasted so long, which was scattered in such distant and such various places, and by which every nation and country was incessantly distressed.

This is the godlike and incredible virtue of that general. What more shall I say? How many and how great are his other exploits which I began to mention a short time back; for we are not only to seek for skill in war in a consummate and perfect general, but there are many other eminent qualities which are the satellites and companions of this virtue. And first of all, how great should be the incorruptibility of generals! How great should be their moderation in everything! how perfect their good faith! How universal should be their affability! how brilliant their genius! how tender their humanity! And let us briefly consider to what extent these qualities exist in Gnaeus Pompeius. For they are all of the highest importance, O Romans, but yet they are to be seen and ascertained more by comparison with the conduct of others than by any display which they make of themselves. For how can we rank a man among generals of any class at all, if centurionships are sold, and have been constantly sold in his army? What great or honorable thoughts can we suppose that that man cherishes concerning the Republic, who has either distributed the money which was taken from the treasury for the conduct of the war among the magistrates, out of ambition to keep his province, or, out of avarice, has left it behind him at Rome, invested for his own advantage? Your murmurs show, O Romans, that you recognize, in my description, men who have done these things. But I name no one, so that no one can be angry with me, without making confession beforehand of his own malpractices. But who is there who is ignorant what terrible distresses our armies suffer wherever they go, through this covetousness of our generals? Recollect the marches which, during these latter years, our generals have made in Italy, through the lands and towns of the Roman citizens; then you will more easily imagine what is the course pursued among foreign nations. Do you think that of late years more cities of the enemy have been destroyed by the arms of your soldiers, or more cities of your own allies by their winter campaigns? For that general who does not restrain himself can never restrain his army; nor can he be strict in judging others who is unwilling for others to be strict in judging him. Do we wonder now that this man should be so far superior to all others, when his legions arrived in Asia in such order that not only no man's hand in so numerous an army, but not even any man's footstep was said to have done the least injury to any peaceful inhabitant? But now we have daily rumors—ay, and letters too—brought to Rome about the way in which the soldiers are behaving in their winter quarters; not only is no one compelled to spend money on the entertainment of the troops, but he is not permitted to do so, even if he wish. For our ancestors thought fit that the houses of our allies and friends should be a shelter to our soldiers from the winter, not a theater for the exercise of their avarice.

Come now, consider also what moderation he has displayed in other matters also. How was it, do you suppose, that he was able to display that excessive rapidity, and to perform that incredible voyage? For it was no unexampled number of rowers, no hitherto unknown skill in navigation, no new winds, which bore him so swiftly to the most distant lands; but those circumstances which are wont to delay other men did not delay him. No avarice turned him aside from his intended route in pursuit of some plunder or other; no lust led him away in pursuit of pleasure; no luxury allured him to seek its delights; the illustrious reputation of no city tempted him to make its acquaintance; even labor did not turn him aside to seek rest. Lastly, as for the statues, and pictures, and other embellishments of Greek cities, which other men think worth carrying away, he did not think them worthy even of a visit from him. And, therefore, every one in those countries looks upon Gnaeus Pompeius as some one descended from heaven, not as some one sent out from this city. Now they begin to believe that there really were formerly Romans of the same moderation;

which hitherto has seemed to foreign nations a thing incredible, a false and ridiculous tradition. Now the splendor of your dominion is really brilliant in the eyes of those nations. Now they understand that it was not without reason that, when we had magistrates of the same moderation, their ancestors preferred being subject to the Roman people to being themselves lords of other nations. But now the access of all private individuals to him is so easy, their complaints of the injuries received from others are so little checked, that he who in dignity is superior to the noblest men, in affability seems to be on a par with the meanest. How great his wisdom is, how great his authority and fluency in speaking,—and that too is a quality in which the dignity of a general is greatly concerned,—you, O Romans, have often experienced yourselves in this very place. But how great do you think his good faith must have been towards your allies, when the enemies of all nations have placed implicit confidence in it? His humanity is such that it is difficult to say, whether the enemy feared his valor more when fighting against him, or loved his mildness more when they had been conquered by him. And will any one doubt, that this important war ought to be entrusted to him, who seems to have been born by some especial design and favor of the gods for the express purpose of finishing all the wars existing in their own recollection?

And since authority has great weight in conducting wars, and in discharging the duties of military command, it certainly is not doubtful to any one that in that point this same general is especially preëminent. And who is ignorant that it is of great importance in the conduct of wars, what opinion the enemy, and what opinion the allies have of your generals, when we know that men are not less influenced in such serious affairs, to despise, or fear, or hate, or love a man by common opinion and common report, than by sure grounds and principles? What name, then, in the whole world has ever been more illustrious than his? Whose achievements have ever been equal to his? And, what gives authority in the highest degree, concerning whom have you ever passed such numerous and such honorable resolutions? Do you believe that there is anywhere in the whole world any place so desert that the renown of that day has not reached it, when the whole Roman people, the forum being crowded, and all the adjacent temples from which this place can be seen being completely filled,—the whole Roman people, I say, demanded Gnaeus Pompeius alone as their general in the war in which the common interests of all nations were at stake? Therefore, not to say more on the subject, nor to confirm what I say by instances of others as to the influence which authority has in war, all our instances of splendid exploits in war must be taken from this same Gnaeus Pompeius. The very day that he was appointed by you commander in chief of the maritime war, in a moment such a cheapness of provisions ensued (though previously there had been a great scarcity of corn, and the price had been exceedingly high), owing to the hope conceived of one single man, and his high reputation, as could scarcely have been produced by a most productive harvest after a long period of peace. Now, too, after the disaster which befell us in Pontus, from the result of that battle, of which, sorely against my will, I just now reminded you, when our allies were in a state of alarm, when the power and spirits of our enemies had risen, and the province was in a very insufficient state of defense, you would have entirely lost Asia, O Romans, if the fortune of the Roman people had not, by some divine interposition, brought Gnaeus Pompeius at that particular moment into those regions. His arrival both checked Mithridates, elated with his unusual victory, and delayed Tigranes, who was threatening Asia with a formidable army. And can any one doubt what he will accomplish by his valor, when he did so much by his authority and reputation? or how easily he will preserve our allies and our revenues by his power and his army, when he defended them by the mere terror of his name?

Come, now; what a great proof does this circumstance afford us of the influence of the same man on the enemies of the Roman people, that all of them, living in countries so far distant from us and from each other, surrendered themselves to him alone in so short a time? that the ambassadors of the Cretans, though there was at the time a general and an army of ours in their island, came almost to the end of the world to Gnaeus Pompeius, and said, all the cities of the Cretans were willing to surrender themselves to him? What did Mithridates himself do? Did he not send an ambassador into Spain to the same Gnaeus Pompeius? a man whom Pompeius has always considered an ambassador, but who that party, to whom it has always been a source of annoyance that he was sent to him particularly, have contended was sent as a spy rather than as an ambassador. You can now, then, O Romans, form an accurate judgment how much weight you must suppose that this authority of his—now, too, that it has been further increased by many subsequent exploits, and by many commendatory resolutions of your own—will have with those kings and among foreign nations.

It remains for me timidly and briefly to speak of his good fortune, a quality which no man ought to boast of in his own case, but which we may remember and commemorate as happening to another, just as a man may extol the power of the gods. For my judgment is this, that very often commands have been conferred upon, and armies have been entrusted to Maximus, to Marcellus, to Scipio, to Marius, and to other great generals, not only on account of their valor, but also on account of their good fortune. For there has been, in truth, in the case of some most illustrious men, good fortune added as some contribution of the gods to their honor and glory, and as a means of performing mighty achievements. But concerning the good fortune of this man of whom we are now speaking, I will use so much moderation as not to say that good fortune was actually placed in his power, but I will so speak as to appear to remember what is past, to have good hope of what is to come; so that my speech may, on the one hand, not appear to the immortal gods to be arrogant, nor, on the other hand, to be ungrateful. Accordingly, I do not intend to mention, O Romans, what great exploits he has achieved both at home and in war, by land and by sea, and with what invariable felicity he has achieved them; how, not only the citizens have always consented to his wishes,—the allies complied with them,—the enemy obeyed them, but how even the winds and weather have seconded them. I will only say this, most briefly,—that no one has ever been so impudent as to dare in silence to wish for so many and such great favors as the immortal gods have showered upon Gnaeus Pompeius. And that this favor may continue his, and be perpetual, you, O Romans, ought to wish and pray (as, indeed, you do), both for the sake of the common safety and prosperity, and for the sake of the man himself.

Wherefore, as the war is at the same time so necessary that it cannot be neglected, so important that it must be conducted with the greatest care; and since you have it in your power to appoint a general to conduct it, in whom there is the most perfect knowledge of war, the most extraordinary valor, the most splendid personal influence, and the most eminent good fortune, can you hesitate, O Romans, to apply this wonderful advantage which is offered you and given you by the immortal gods, to the preservation and increase of the power of the republic?

XIII. "AGAINST LUCIUS CALPURNIUS PISO."

After Cicero had made his successful argument on the subject of the consular provinces, Piso returned from his consulship in Macedonia without a triumph, for he had lost most of his soldiers in his unfortunate engagements with the barbarians. When he arrived in Rome, he entered as quietly and unostentatiously as possible, but on his first appearance in the Senate, relying on the support of Caesar, who was his son-in-law, he made a bitter attack on Cicero. Piso accused the orator of having been instrumental in the misfortunes that had fallen on the consul, reproaching him with having been banished from Rome, taunting him about the bad verses he had written, and his vanity in praising himself in them. Cicero was exasperated by the attack and answered in a speech which was really unworthy of him, but it shows so conclusively the extent to which personal abuse might be carried in Roman oratory, the cutting nature of the sarcasm sometimes employed and Cicero's own vanity and conceit that we subjoin several extracts:

. . . .

Do you not see now, do you not feel, O you beast, what complaints men make of your impudence? No one complains that a Syrian, that a man whom nobody knows, that some one of that body of lately emancipated slaves, was made consul. For that complexion, like that of slaves, and those hairy cheeks and discolored teeth, did not deceive us: your eyes, your eyebrows, your brow, in short your whole countenance, which is, as it were, a sort of silent language of the mind, led men into error; this it was which led those to whom this man was unknown into mistake, and error, and blunders. There were but few of us who were acquainted with those foul vices of yours; few of us who knew the deficiency of your abilities, your stolid manner, and your embarrassed way of speaking. Your voice had never been heard in the forum; no one had had any experience of your wisdom in counsel: you had not only never performed any, I will not say illustrious exploit but any action at all that was known of either in war or at home. You crept into honors through men's blunders, by the recommendation of some old smoke-dried images, though there is nothing in you at all resembling them except your color.

I, on the first of January delivered the Senate and all virtuous citizens from the fear of an agrarian law and of extravagant largesses. I preserved the Campanian district, if it was not expedient that it should be divided; if it was expedient, I reserved it for more respectable authors of the division. I, in the case of Caius Rabirius, a man on his trial for high treason, supported and defended against envy the authority of the Senate, which had been interposed forty years before the time of my consulship; I, at the cost of incurring great enmity myself, but without any enmity falling on the Senate, deprived some young men—virtuous and brave men indeed, but still men in such a peculiar condition that, if they had obtained magistracies, they would have convulsed the constitution of the Republic—of the opportunity of canvassing the comitia. By my patience and complaisant conduct I propitiated Antonius my colleague, eager for a province, and cherishing many designs injurious to the Republic. I, in the public assembly, renounced the province of Gaul, fully equipped and well-appointed with an army and with funds by the authority of the Senate, which I had taken in exchange from Antonius, because I thought it advantageous to the Republic at that time that I should do so, in spite of the outcry raised by the Roman people against my doing so. I ordered Lucius Catiline, planning not obscurely, but openly, the slaughter of the Senate and the destruction of the city, to depart from the city, in order that we might be protected by our walls from his designs, from which our laws were insufficient to defend us. I wrested from the nefarious hands of the conspirators the weapons which in the last month of my consulship were aimed at the throats of the citizens. I seized, and brought to light, and extinguished the firebrands which were already kindled for the conflagration of the city.

Quintus Catulus, the chief of this body, the great leader of the public council, in the fullest possible house, called me the father of my country. This most illustrious man, who is at this moment sitting close to you, Lucius

Gellius, in the hearing of all these people, said that a civic crown was owed to me by the republic. Though I was only clad in the garb of peace, the Senate, by an unprecedented sort of supplication, opened the temples of the gods in my honor; not because I had successfully governed the republic, that being a compliment which had been paid to many, but because I had saved it, that being an honor which has never been conferred on any one. When in the assembly of the people, on giving up my office, I was prevented saying what I had intended by the tribune of the people, and when he would only allow me to take the oath, I swore without any hesitation that the Republic and this city had been saved by my single exertions. On that day, the entire Roman people gave me in that assembly, not a congratulation to be remembered for the rest of the day, but they gave me immortality and eternal glory, when they themselves swearing also, with one voice and consent approved of my oath couched in such proud and triumphant words. And on that occasion, my return home from the forum was of such a nature that there did not appear to be a single citizen who was not in my train. And my consulship was conducted throughout in such a manner, that I did nothing without the advice of the Senate,—nothing without the approbation of the Roman people; that in the rostra I constantly defended the Senate,—in the Senate-house I was the unwearied advocate of the people; that, in that manner, I united the multitude with the chief men, and the equestrian order with the Senate. I have now briefly described my consulship.

Accordingly at that time, on my departure, all those wicked swords fell from the hands of those most cruel men; when you, O senseless and insane man,—while all good men shut themselves up and hid themselves out of grief, and lamented for the temples, and bewailed the very houses of the city,—you, I say, embraced that fatal monster, the progeny of nefarious licentiousness, and civil bloodshed, and the foulness of every sort of wickedness, and the impunity of every crime; and in the same temple at that very same time and in the very same place, you forbade the Senate to express its opinion not only on my destruction, but on that of their country.

. . . .

Great, O senators, is the name, great is the honor, great is the dignity, great is the majesty of a consul. Your narrow mind, O Piso, your paltry soul, your spiritless heart, is unable to comprehend that greatness. The weakness of your intellect cannot grasp it; your inexperience of prosperity cannot support so dignified, so solemn a character.

. . . .

I ask, O conscript fathers, what exploits he performed. A man who, the moment he arrived—(I am not yet speaking of his acts of rapine, I am not yet speaking of the sums of money which he extorted, or seized, or levied, nor of his slaughter of our allies, nor of his murders of his own friends, nor of his perfidy, nor of his inhumanity, nor of his wicked actions: presently, if you choose to hear me, I will argue with him as with a thief, as with a robber of temples, as with an assassin; but for the present I am only going to compare my own fortune when stripped of everything, with that of that great commander when at the height of prosperity). Who ever had any province with a fine army, without sending some letters, recounting his achievements, to the Senate? But who ever had so important a province as that, with so splendid an army? Who ever had Macedonia of all provinces,—a land which has on its borders so many tribes of barbarians that the commanders in Macedonia have always had only just those boundaries of their province which were also the boundaries of their swords and javelins,—without sending such letters? Letters! why, not only several men who have had only praetorian authority have triumphed, but there is not one single instance of any man who had exercised consular authority in that province returning in health and vigor, without celebrating a triumph for his achievements performed in that command. It is quite a new thing; this which I am going to mention is newer still. This vulture of that province —(hear it, O ye gods)—has been styled Imperator!

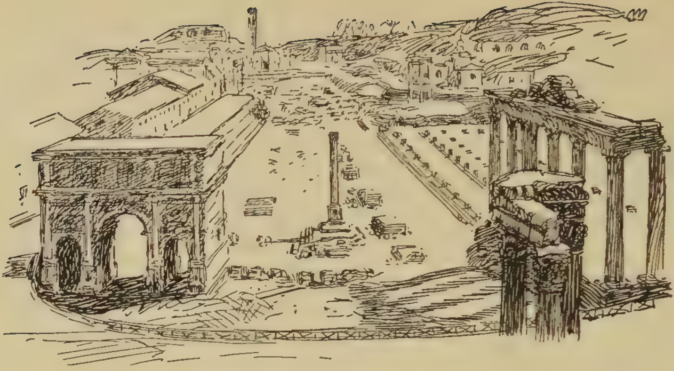
. . . .

For though you have perhaps considered him previously only dishonest, cruel, and a bit of a thief, and though he now appears to you also voracious, and sordid, and obstinate, and haughty, and deceitful, and perfidious, and impudent, and audacious, know, too, that there is also nothing which is more licentious, nothing more lustful, nothing more base, nothing more wicked than this man. But do not think that it is mere luxury to which he is devoted. For there is a species of luxury, though it is all vicious and unbecoming, which is still not wholly unworthy of a well-born and a free man. But in this man there is nothing refined, nothing elegant, nothing exquisite; I will do justice even to an enemy,—there is nothing which is even very extravagant, except his lusts. There is no expense for works of carving. There are immense goblets, and those (in order that he may not appear to despise his countrymen) made at Placentia. His table is piled up, not with shell-fish and other fish, but with heaps of half-spoilt meat. He is waited on by a lot of dirty slaves, many of them old men. His cook is the same; his butler and porter the same. He has no baker at home, no cellar. His bread and his wine came from some huckster and some low wine-vault. His attendants are Greeks, five on a couch, often more. He is used to sit by himself, and to drink as long as there was anything in the cask. When he hears the cock crow, then, thinking that his grandfather has come to life again, he orders the table to be cleared.

I have never thirsted for your blood; I have never sought in your case for that extreme severity of the law and of judgment which at times may fall alike on the virtuous and on the guilty. But I have wished to see you abject, despised, scorned by all the rest of the citizens; looking with despair on your prospects, and abandoned even by yourself; looking timidly around at every noise which sounded near you; trembling at everything;

distrusting the continuance of even your present safety, such as it is; not daring to utter a word; deprived of all liberty, destitute of all authority, stripped of all the dignity of a consul and of a man of consular rank; shivering, trembling, and fawning on all men. And I have seen you. Wherefore, if that future befalls you which you are in hourly apprehension of, I shall be in no respect concerned at it; if it is even a long while coming, still I shall enjoy the indignities to which you are exposed; and I shall be quite as well pleased to see you in daily fear of a prosecution as actually before the court; nor shall I rejoice less at seeing you in constant and unceasing distress, than I should if I saw you for a short time in the mourning robe of a criminal on his trial.

VIEW OF ROME FROM PALATINE HILL



CHAPTER X

CICERONIAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONTINUED)

84 B. C.—43 B. C.

CICERO (CONCLUDED)

"FOR MARCUS CLAUDIUS MARCELLUS." Marcellus was descended from the most illustrious families in Rome, and had been a consul, but during his continuance in that office he gave great offense to Caesar by making a motion in the Senate to deprive him of his command. In the civil war Marcellus espoused the side of Pompey, and was present at the battle of Pharsalia. Later, when the whole Senate interceded for him, Caesar pardoned him and permitted him to return to his country. Although Cicero had determined to say nothing, he was afraid that Caesar would be dissatisfied if he did not speak, and accordingly he delivered the oration, from which we quote only a portion, to show the conceit of the great orator and the gross flatteries he was willing to pour upon another, if he considered it to his advantage:

This day, O conscript fathers, has brought with it an end to the long silence in which I have of late indulged; not out of any fear, but partly from sorrow, partly from modesty; and at the same time it has revived in me my ancient habit of saying what my wishes and opinions are. For I cannot by any means pass over in silence such great humanity, such unprecedented and unheard-of clemency, such moderation in the exercise of supreme and universal power, such incredible and almost godlike wisdom. For now that Marcus Marcellus, O conscript fathers, has been restored to you and the Republic, I think that not only his voice and authority are preserved and restored to you and to the Republic, but my own also.

For I was concerned, O conscript fathers, and most exceedingly grieved, when I saw such a man as he is, who had espoused the same cause which I myself had, not enjoying the same good fortune as myself; nor was I able to persuade myself to think it right or fair that I should be going on in my usual routine, while that rival and imitator of my zeal and labors, who had been a companion and comrade of mine throughout, was separated from me. Therefore, you, O Gaius Caesar, have reopened to me my former habits of life, which were closed up, and you have raised, as it were, a standard to all these men, as a sort of token to lead them to entertain hopes of the general welfare of the Republic. For it was seen by me before in many instances, and especially in my own, and now it is clearly understood by everybody, since you have granted Marcus Marcellus to the Senate and people of Rome, in spite of your recollection of all the injuries you have received at his hands, that you prefer the authority of this order and the dignity of the Republic to the indulgence of your own resentment or your own suspicions.

He, indeed, has this day reaped the greatest possible reward for the virtuous tenor of his previous life; in the great unanimity of the Senate in his favor, and also in your own most dignified and important opinion of him. And from this you, in truth, must perceive what great credit there is in conferring a kindness, when there is such glory to be got even by receiving one. And he, too, is fortunate whose safety is now the cause of scarcely less joy to all other men than it will be to himself when he is informed of it. And this honor has deservedly and most rightfully fallen to his lot. For who is superior to him either in nobleness of birth, or in honesty, or in zeal for virtuous studies, or in purity of life, or in any description whatever of excellence.

No one is blessed with such a stream of genius, no one is endowed with such vigor and richness of eloquence, either as a speaker or as a writer, as to be able, I will not say to extol, but even, O Gaius Caesar, plainly to relate all your achievements. Nevertheless, I assert, and with your leave I maintain, that in all of them you never gained greater and truer glory than you have acquired this day. I am accustomed often to keep this idea before my eyes, and often to affirm in frequent conversations, that all the exploits of our own generals, all those of foreign nations and of most powerful states, all the mighty deeds of the most illustrious monarchs, can be compared with yours neither in the magnitude of your wars, nor in the number of your battles, nor in the variety of countries which you have conquered, nor in the rapidity of your conquests, nor in the great difference of character with which your wars have been marked; and that those countries the most remote from each other could not be traveled over more rapidly by any one in a journey, than they have been visited by your, I will not say journeys, but victories.

And if I were not to admit, that those actions are so great that scarcely any man's mind or comprehension is capable of doing justice to them, I should be very senseless. But there are other actions greater than those. For some people are in the habit of disparaging military glory, and of denying the whole of it to the generals, and of giving the multitude a share of it also, so that it may not be the peculiar property of the commanders. And, no doubt, in the affairs of war, the valor of the troops, the advantages of situation, the assistance of allies, fleets, and supplies, have great influence; and a most important share in all such transactions, Fortune claims for herself, as of her right; and whatever has been done successfully she considers almost entirely as her own work.

But in this glory, O Gaius Caesar, which you have just earned, you have no partner. The whole of this, however great it may be,—and surely it is as great as possible,—the whole of it, I say, is your own. The centurion can claim for himself no share of that praise, neither can the prefect, nor the battalion, nor the squadron. Nay, even that very mistress of all human affairs, Fortune herself, cannot thrust herself into any participation in that glory; she yields to you; she confesses that it is all your own, your peculiar private desert. For rashness is never united with wisdom, nor is chance ever admitted to regulate affairs conducted with prudence.

You have subdued nations, savage in their barbarism, countless in their numbers, boundless, if we regard the extent of country peopled by them, and rich in every kind of resource; but still you were only conquering things, the nature and condition of which was such that they could be overcome by force. For there is no strength so great that it cannot be weakened and broken by arms and violence. But to subdue one's inclinations, to master one's angry feelings, to be moderate in the hour of victory, to not merely raise from the ground a prostrate adversary, eminent for noble birth, for genius, and for virtue, but even to increase his previous dignity,—they are actions of such a nature, that the man who does them, I do not compare to the most illustrious man, but I consider equal to God.

Therefore, O Gaius Caesar, those military glories of yours will be celebrated not only in our own literature and language, but in those of almost all nations; nor is there any age which will ever be silent about your praises. But still, deeds of that sort, somehow or other, even when they are read, appear to be overwhelmed with the cries of the soldiers and the sound of the trumpets. But when we hear or read of anything which has been done with clemency, with humanity, with justice, with moderation, and with wisdom, especially in a time of anger, which is very adverse to prudence, and in the hour of victory, which is naturally insolent and haughty, with what ardor are we then inflamed (even if the actions are not such as have really been performed, but are only fabulous), so as often to love those whom we have never seen! But as for you, whom we behold present among us, whose mind, and feelings, and countenance, we at this moment see to be such, that you wish to preserve everything which the fortune of war has left to the Republic, Oh with what praises must we extol you? With what zeal must we follow you? With what affection must we devote ourselves to you? The very walls, I declare, the very walls of this Senate-house appear to me eager to return you thanks; because, in a short time, you will have restored their ancient authority to this venerable abode of themselves and of their ancestors.

II. "FOR AULUS LICINIUS ARCHIAS." Archias was a Greek poet from Antioch who came to Rome about the time when Cicero was a child. The orator was for some time a pupil of the poet, and always retained a great admiration for him. This speech, delivered some forty years after Archias came to Rome and when he must have been a very old man, is not so much an argument as a panegyric on Archias and a defense of literary studies. A man named Gratius claimed that Archias had no right to be called a Roman citizen, but Cicero insisted that Archias was a citizen by the very law which Gratius cited against him, for as he was a citizen of Heraclea, a confederate city at the time the law was passed, he was by that very act naturalized.

The extracts we have taken are those personal to Archias and in praise of literature:

For when first Archias grew out of childhood, and out of the studies of those arts by which young boys are gradually trained and refined, he devoted himself to the study of writing. First of all at Antioch (for he was born there, and was of high rank there), formerly an illustrious and wealthy city, and the seat of learned men and of liberal sciences; and there it was his lot speedily to show himself superior to all in ability and credit. Afterwards, in the other parts of Asia, and over all Greece, his arrival was so talked of wherever he came, that the anxiety with which he was expected was even greater than the fame of his genius; but the admiration which he excited when he had arrived, exceeded even the anxiety with which he was expected. Italy was at that time full of Greek science and of Greek systems, and these studies were at that time cultivated in Latium with greater zeal than they now are in the same towns; and here too at Rome, on account of the tranquil state of the Republic at that time, they were far from neglected. Therefore, the people of Tarentum, and Rhegium, and Neapolis, presented him with the freedom of the city and with other gifts; and all men who were capable of judging of genius thought him deserving of their acquaintance and hospitality. When, from this great celebrity of his, he had become known to us though absent, he came to Rome, in the consulship of Marius and Catulus. It was his lot to have those men as his first consuls, the one of whom could supply him with the most illustrious achievements to write about, the other could give him, not only exploits to celebrate, but his ears and judicious attention. Immediately the Luculli, though Archias was as yet but a youth, received him in their house. But it was not only to his genius and his learning, but also to his natural disposition and virtue, that it must be attributed that the house which was the first to be opened to him in his youth, is also the one in which he lives most familiarly in his old age. He at that time gained the affection of Quintus Metellus, that great man who was the conqueror of Numidia, and his son Pius. He was eagerly listened to by Marcus Aemilius; he associated with Quintus Catulus,—both with the father and the sons. He was highly respected by Lucius Crassus; and as for the Luculli, and Drusus, and the Octavii, and Cato, and the whole family of the Hortensii, he was on terms of the greatest possible intimacy with all of them, and was held by them in the greatest honor. For, not only did every one cultivate his acquaintance who wished to learn or to hear anything, but even every one pretended to have such a desire.

. . . .

You ask us, O Gratius, why we are so exceedingly attached to this man. Because he supplies us with food whereby our mind is refreshed after this noise in the forum, and with rest for our ears after they have been wearied with bad language. Do you think it possible that we could find a supply for our daily speeches, when discussing such a variety of matters unless we were to cultivate our minds by the study of literature; or that our minds could bear being kept so constantly on the stretch if we did not relax them by that same study? But I confess that I am devoted to those studies; let others be ashamed of them if they have buried themselves in books without being able to produce anything out of them for the common advantage, or anything which may bear the eyes of men and the light. But why need I be ashamed, who for many years have lived in such a manner as never to allow my own love of tranquillity to deny me to the necessity or advantage of another, or my fondness for pleasure to distract, or even sleep to delay my attention to such claims? Who then can reproach me, or who has any right to be angry with me, if I allow myself as much time for the cultivation of these studies as some take for the performance of their own business, or for celebrating days of festival and games, or for other pleasures, or even for the rest and refreshment of mind and body, or as others devote to early banquets, to playing at dice, or at ball? And this ought to be permitted to me, because by these studies my power of speaking and those faculties are improved, which, as far as they do exist in me, have never been denied to my friends when they have been in peril. And if that ability appears to any one to be but moderate, at all events I know whence I derive those principles which are of the greatest value. For if I had not persuaded myself from my youth upwards, both by the precepts of many masters and by much reading, that there is nothing in life greatly to be desired, except praise and honor, and that while pursuing those things all tortures of the body, all dangers of death and banishment are to be considered but of small importance, I should never have exposed myself, in defense of your safety, to such numerous and arduous contests, and to those daily attacks of profligate men. But all books are full of such precepts, and all the sayings of philosophers, and all antiquity is full of precedents teaching the same lesson, but all these things would lie buried in darkness, if the light of literature and learning were not applied to them. How many images of the bravest men, carefully elaborated, have both the Greek and Latin writers bequeathed to us, not merely for us to look at and gaze upon, but also for our imitation! And I, always keeping them before my eyes as examples for my own public conduct, have endeavored to model my mind and views by continually thinking of those excellent men.

Some one will ask, "What? were those identical great men, whose virtues have been recorded in books, accomplished in all that learning which you are extolling so highly?" It is difficult to assert this of all of them; but still I know what answer I can make to that question: I admit that many men have existed of admirable disposition and virtue, who, without learning, by the almost divine instinct of their own mere nature, have been, of their own accord, as it were, moderate and wise men. I even add this, that very often nature without learning has had more to do with leading men to credit and to virtue, than learning when not assisted by a good natural disposition. And I also contend, that when to an excellent and admirable natural disposition there is added a certain system and training of education, then from that combination arises an extraordinary perfection of character; such as is seen in that god-like man, whom our fathers saw in their time, Africanus; and in Gaius Laelius and Lucius Furius, most virtuous and moderate men; and in that most excellent man, the most learned man of his time, Marcus Cato the elder; and all these men, if they had been to derive no assistance from literature in the cultivation and practice of virtue, would never have applied themselves to the study of it. Though, even if there were no such great advantage to be reaped from it, and if it were only pleasure that is sought from these studies, still I imagine you would consider it a most reasonable and liberal employment of the mind: for other occupations are not suited to every time, nor to every age or place; but these studies are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad; they are companions by night, and in travel, and in the country.

And if we ourselves were not able to arrive at these advantages, nor even taste them with our senses, still we ought to admire them, even when we saw them in others. Who of us was of so ignorant and brutal a disposition as not to be grieved at the death of Roscius? who, though he was an old man when he died, yet, on account of the excellence and beauty of his art, appeared to be one who on every account ought not to have died. Therefore, had he by the gestures of his body gained so much of our affections, and shall we disregard the incredible movements of the mind, and the rapid operations of genius? How often have I seen this man Archias, O judges,—(for I will take advantage of your kindness, since you listen to me so attentively while speaking in this unusual manner),—how often have I seen him, when he had not written a single word, repeat extempore a great number of admirable verses on the very events which were passing at the moment! How often have I seen him go back, and describe the same thing over again with an entire change of language and ideas! And what he wrote with care and with much thought, that I have seen admired to such a degree, as to equal the credit of even the writings of the ancients. Should not I, then, love this man? Should I not admire him? Should not I think it my duty to defend him in every possible way? And, indeed, we have constantly heard from men of the greatest eminence and learning, that the study of other sciences was made up of learning, and rules, and regular method; but that a poet was such by the unassisted work of nature, and was moved by the vigor of his own mind, and was inspired, as it were, by some divine wrath. Wherefore rightly does our own great Ennius call poets holy; because they seem to be recommended to us by some especial gift, as it were, and liberality of the gods. Let then, judges, this name of poet, this name which no barbarians even have ever disregarded, be holy in your eyes, men of cultivated minds as you all are. Rocks and deserts reply to the poet's voice; savage beasts are often moved and arrested by song; and shall we, who have been trained in the pursuit of the most virtuous acts, refuse to be swayed by the voice of poets? The Colophonians say that Homer was their citizen; the Chians claim him as theirs; the Salaminians assert their right to him; but the men of Smyrna loudly assert him to be a citizen of Smyrna. Many other places also fight with one another for the honor of being his birth-place.

They, then, claim a stranger, even after his death, because he was a poet; shall we reject this man while he is alive, a man who by his own inclination and by our laws does actually belong to us? especially when Archias has employed all his genius with the utmost zeal in celebrating the glory and renown of the Roman people? For when a young man, he touched on our wars against the Cimbri, and gained the favor even of Caius Marius himself, a man who was tolerably proof against this sort of study. For there was no one so disinclined to the Muses as not willingly to endure that the praise of his labors should be made immortal by means of verse. They say that the great Themistocles, the greatest man that Athens produced, said, when some one asked him what sound or whose voice he took the greatest delight in hearing, "The voice of that by whom his own exploits were best celebrated." Therefore, the great Marius was also exceedingly attached to Lucius Plotius, because he thought that the achievement which he had performed could be celebrated by his genius. And the whole Mithridatic war, great and difficult as it was, and carried on with so much diversity of fortune by land and sea, has been related at length by him; and the books in which that is sung of, not only make illustrious Lucius Lucullus, that most gallant and celebrated man, but they do honor also to the Roman people. For, while Lucullus was general, the Roman people opened Pontus, though it was defended both by the resources of the king and by the character of the country itself. Under the same general the army of the Roman people, with no very great numbers, routed the countless hosts of the Armenians. It is the glory of the Roman people that, by the wisdom of that same general, the city of the Cyzicenes, most friendly to us, was delivered and preserved from all the attacks of the kind, and from the very jaws as it were of the whole war. Ours is the glory which will be forever celebrated, which is derived from the fleet of the enemy which was sunk after its admirals had been slain, and from the marvelous naval battle off Tenedos: those trophies belong to us, those monuments are ours, those triumphs are ours. Therefore, I say that the men by whose genius these exploits are celebrated, make illustrious at the same time the glory of the Roman people. Our countryman, Ennius, was dear to the elder Africanus; and even on the tomb of the Scipios his effigy is believed to be visible, carved in the marble. But undoubtedly it is not only the men who are themselves praised who are done honor to by those praises, but the name of the Roman people also is adorned by them. Cato, the ancestor of this Cato, is extolled to the skies. Great honor is paid to the exploits of the Roman people. Lastly, all those great men, the Maximi, the Marcelli, and the Fulvii, are done honor to, not without all of us having also a share in the panegyric.

Therefore our ancestors received the man who was the cause of all this, a man of Rudiae, into their city as a citizen; and shall we reject from our city a man of Heraclea, a man sought by many cities, and made a citizen of ours by these very laws?

For if any one thinks that there is a smaller gain of glory derived from Greek verses than from Latin ones, he is greatly mistaken, because Greek poetry is read among all nations, Latin is confined to its own natural limits, which are narrow enough. Wherefore, if those achievements which we have performed are limited only by the bounds of the whole world, we ought to desire that, wherever our vigor and our arms have penetrated, our glory and our fame should likewise extend. Because, as this is always an ample reward for those people whose achievements are the subject of writings, so especially is it the greatest inducement to encounter labors and dangers to all men who fight for themselves for the sake of glory. How many historians of his exploits is Alexander the Great said to have had with him; and he, when standing on Cape Sigeum at the grave of Achilles, said,—"O happy youth, to find Homer as the panegyrist of your glory!" And he said the truth; for, if the Iliad had not existed, the same tomb which covered his body would have also buried his renown. What, did not our own

Magnus, whose valor has been equal to his fortune, present Theophanes the Mitylenaean, a relater of his actions, with the freedom of the city in an assembly of the soldiers? And those brave men, our countrymen, soldiers and country-bred men as they were, still being moved by the sweetness of glory, as if they were to some extent partakers of the same renown, showed their approbation of that action with a great shout. Therefore, I suppose, if Archias were not a Roman citizen according to the laws, he could not have contrived to get presented with the freedom of the city by some general! Sulla, when he was giving it to the Spaniards and Gauls, would, I suppose, have refused him if he had asked for it! a man whom we ourselves saw in the public assembly, when a bad poet of the common people had put a book in his hand, because he had made an epigram on him with every other verse too long, immediately ordered some of the things which he was selling at the moment to be given him as a reward, on condition of not writing anything more about him for the future. Would not he who thought the industry of a bad poet still worthy of some reward, have sought out the genius, and excellence, and copiousness in writing of this man? What more need I say? Could he not have obtained the freedom of the city from Quintus Metellus Pius, his own most intimate friend, who gave it to many men, either by his own request, or by the intervention of the Luculli? especially when Metellus was so anxious to have his own deeds celebrated in writing, that he gave his attention willingly to poets born even at Cordova, whose poetry had a very heavy and foreign flavor.

For this should not be concealed, which cannot possibly be kept in the dark, but it might be avowed openly: we are all influenced by a desire of praise, and the best men are the most especially attracted by glory. Those very philosophers even in the books which they write about despising glory, put their own names on the title-page. In the very act of recording their contempt for renown and notoriety, they desire to have their own names known and talked of. Decimus Brutus, that most excellent citizen and consummate general, adorned the approaches to his temples and monuments with the verses of Attius. And lately that great man Fulvius, who fought with the Aetolians, having Ennius for his companion, did not hesitate to devote the spoils of Mars to the Muses. Wherefore, in a city in which generals, almost in arms, have paid respect to the name of poets and to the temples of the Muses, these judges in the garb of peace ought not to act in a manner inconsistent with the honor of the Muses and the safety of poets.

And that you may do that the more willingly, I will now reveal my own feelings to you, O judges, and I will make a confession to you of my own love of glory,—too eager perhaps, but still honorable. For this man has in his verses touched upon and begun the celebration of the deeds which we in our consulship did in union with you, for the safety of this city and empire, and in defense of the life of the citizens and of the whole Republic. And when I had heard his commencement, because it appeared to me to be a great subject and at the same time an agreeable one, I encouraged him to complete his work. For virtue seeks no other reward for its labors and its dangers beyond that of praise and renown; and if that be denied to it, what reason is there, O judges, why in so small and brief a course of life as is allotted to us, we should impose such labors on ourselves? Certainly, if the mind had no anticipations of posterity, and if it were to confine all its thoughts within the same limits as those by which the space of our lives is bounded, it would neither break itself with such severe labors, nor would it be tormented with such cares and sleepless anxiety, nor would it so often have to fight for its very life. At present there is a certain virtue in every good man, which night and day stirs up the mind with the stimulus of glory, and reminds it that all mention of our name will not cease at the same time with our lives, but that our fame will endure to all posterity.

Do we all who are occupied in the affairs of the state, and who are surrounded by such perils and dangers in life, appear to be so narrow-minded, as, though to the last moment of our lives we have never passed one tranquil or easy moment, to think that everything will perish at the same time as ourselves? Ought we not, when many most illustrious men have with great care collected and left behind them statues and images, representations not of their minds but of their bodies, much more to desire to leave behind us a copy of our counsels and of our virtues, wrought and elaborated by the greatest genius? I thought, at the very moment of performing them, that I was scattering and disseminating all the deeds which I was performing, all over the world for the eternal recollection of nations. And whether that delight is to be denied to my soul after death, or whether, as the wisest men have thought, it will affect some portion of my spirit, at all events, I am at present delighted with some such idea and hope.

Preserve then, O judges, a man of such virtue as that of Archias, which you see testified to you not only by the worth of his friends, but by the length of time during which they have been such to him; and of such genius as you ought to think is his, when you see that it has been sought by most illustrious men. And his cause is one which is approved of by the benevolence of the law, by the authority of his municipality, by the testimony of Lucullus, and by the documentary evidence of Metellus. And as this is the case, we do entreat you, O judges, if there may be any weight attached, I will not say to human, but even to divine recommendation in such important matters, to receive under your protection that man who has at all times done honor to your generals and to the exploits of the Roman people,—who even in these recent perils of our own, and in your domestic dangers, promises to give an eternal testimony of praise in our favor, and who forms one of that band of poets who have at all times and in all nations been considered and called holy, so that he may seem relieved by your humanity, rather than overwhelmed by your severity.

III. THE ORATIONS AGAINST CATILINE. Among the orations of Cicero none have been more generally read or are better known than the four which he delivered against Catiline. They are used in every school that boasts a course in Latin, and have found their way by quotation or allusion into the literatures of all countries. To pass them by without mention is impossible, and even at the risk of being trite and commonplace it seems worth while to recite their story and give a few extracts.

1. *The First Oration.* Lucius Catiline, a man of noble birth and already a praetor, had been a competitor of Cicero for the consulship. Sallust thus describes his character:

> Lucius Catiline was a man of noble birth, and of eminent mental and personal endowments; but of a vicious and depraved disposition. His delight, from his youth, had been in civil commotions, bloodshed, robbery, and sedition; and in such scenes he had spent his early years. His constitution could endure hunger, want of sleep, and cold, to a degree surpassing belief. His mind was daring, subtle, and versatile, capable of pretending or dissembling whatever he wished. He was covetous of other men's property, and prodigal of his own. He had abundance of eloquence, though but little wisdom. His insatiable ambition was always pursuing objects extravagant, romantic, and unattainable.
>
> Since the time of Sulla's dictatorship, a strong desire of seizing the government possessed him, nor did he at all care, provided that he secured power for himself, by what means he might arrive at it. His violent spirit was daily more and more hurried on by the diminution of his patrimony, and by his consciousness of guilt; both which evils he had increased by those practices which I

have mentioned above. The corrupt morals of the state, too, which extravagance and selfishness, pernicious and contending vices, rendered thoroughly depraved, furnished him with additional incentives to action.

The year following Cicero's election, Catiline again presented himself for election, and practiced such open bribery that Cicero secured the passage of a new law which increased the penalty for bribery to ten years of exile and prohibited persons from providing gladiatorial shows and other public entertainments for two years before an election in which they were candidates. Catiline, knowing this law to be aimed chiefly at himself, plotted the murder of Cicero and some other leaders in the Senate on the day of the election, which was fixed for the twentieth of October. Having learned of the plans, Cicero laid them before the Senate, who deferred the election that they might have time to consider the charges. What happened on the day following, Sallust tells us:

> The Senate, accordingly, as is usual in any perilous emergency, decreed that *the consuls should make it their care that the commonwealth should receive no injury.* This is the greatest power which, according to the practice at Rome, is granted by the Senate to the magistrate, and which authorizes him to raise troops; to make war; to assume unlimited control over the allies and the citizens; to take the chief command and jurisdiction at home and in the field; rights which, without an order of the people, the consul is not permitted to exercise.

Having been given this power, Cicero doubled his guards, increased the number of troops in the city, and when the election came on, protected himself by wearing a breastplate under his robe. In this manner the plans of Catiline were foiled, and Silanus and Murena were elected consuls. Rendered desperate by this second defeat, Catiline, placing his hopes on Sulla's desperate soldiers, then scattered about in different colonies of Italy, determined upon the rapid execution of all of his schemes. Accordingly, he gathered a small army, under the command of Manlius, and instigated several profligate senators, whose affairs were in a desperate condition, to join with him in a general conspiracy, to raise an insurrection throughout all Italy, to place Catiline at the head of the army of Manlius, to set Rome on fire in many places at once, and to massacre all the senators and chief men of the city who were enemies of the conspirators, sparing only the sons of Pompey, who was then in the East, because it was thought that with these as hostages Pompey's influence might be drawn on their side, or at least he might remain quiet.

Lentulus was chosen president of their councils, Cassius was to fire the city, and Cethegus was to lead in the massacre. The great obstacle to the success of the conspiracy appeared to be Cicero, and before he left the city to join the army Catiline wanted to know that Cicero was out of the way. Accordingly, Caius Cornelius and another knight were detailed to visit the orator early in the morning and slay him in his bed.

Through Fulvia, the mistress of one of the conspirators, Cicero learned of the plot to kill him, sent for some of the chief men of the city, informed them of the plan to murder him, gave them the names of the knights who were to perform the deed, and told them the hour at which it was to happen. Thus forewarned, Cicero was able to prevent the entrance of the knights and later to frustrate a plan by which Catiline intended to seize the town of Praeneste, which was strongly fortified and would have been of great value to him.

The conspirators had met on the sixth of November. On the eighth Cicero summoned the Senate to meet in the temple of Jupiter in the Capitol, a place which was used for this purpose only at times of extreme danger. In the Senate there had already been several debates on the charges against Catiline, but he had dissembled his purpose, offered to give security for good behavior, and had even declared his willingness to place himself in the charge of any man who was designated, even Cicero himself. Catiline's boldness seems incredible, for he even attended this special meeting of the Senate in the temple, though none of the senators would salute him, and the consular senators who sat near him left that part of the house. Cicero was so enraged at the audacity of the man that, without beginning any formal business, he addressed himself directly to Catiline, who was sitting in a sort of isolation on a bench.

From this, his first oration against Catiline, we make a few extracts. He began as follows:

When, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the nightly guards placed on the Palatine Hill—do not the watches posted throughout the city—does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men—does not the precaution taken of assembling the Senate in this most defensible place—do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before—where is it that you were—who was there that you summoned to meet you—what design was there which was adopted by you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted?

Shame on the age and on its principles! The Senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives! aye, he comes even into the Senate. He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every individual among us. And we, gallant men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the Republic if we keep out of the way of his frenzied attacks.

The following is a fine example of Cicero's use of direct address:

O ye immortal gods, where on earth are we? in what city are we living? what constitution is ours? There are here,—here in our body, O conscript fathers, in this the most holy and dignified assembly of the whole world, men who meditate my death, and the death of all of us, and the destruction of this city, and of the whole world.

I, the consul, see them; I ask them their opinion about the Republic, and I do not yet attack, even by words, those who ought to be put to death by the sword. You were, then, O Catiline, at Lecca's that night; you divided Italy into sections; you settled where every one was to go; you fixed whom you were to leave at Rome, whom you were to take with you; you portioned out the divisions of the city for conflagration; you undertook that you yourself would at once leave the city, and said that there was then only this to delay you, that I was still alive. Two Roman knights were found to deliver you from this anxiety, and to promise that very night, before daybreak, to slay me in my bed. All this I knew almost before your meeting had broken up. I strengthened and fortified my house with a stronger guard; I refused admittance, when they came, to those whom you sent in the morning to salute me, and of whom I had foretold to many eminent men that they would come to me at that time.

As, then, this is the case, O Catiline, continue as you have begun. Leave the city at last: the gates are open; depart. That Manlian camp of yours has been waiting too long for you as its general. And lead forth with you all your friends, or at least as many as you can; purge the city of your presence; you will deliver me from a great fear, when there is a wall between me and you. Among us you can dwell no longer—I will not bear it, I will not permit it, I will not tolerate it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and to this very Jupiter Stator, in whose temple we are, the most ancient protector of this city, that we have already so often escaped so foul, so horrible, and so deadly an enemy to the Republic. But the safety of the commonwealth must not be too often allowed to be risked on one man. As long as you, O Catiline, plotted against me while I was the consul elect, I defended myself not with a public guard, but by my own private diligence. When, in the next consular comitia, you wished to slay me when I was actually consul, and your competitors also, in the Campus

Martius, I checked your nefarious attempt by the assistance and resources of my own friends, without exciting any disturbance publicly. In short, as often as you attacked me, I by myself opposed you, and that, too, though I saw that my ruin was connected with great disaster to the Republic. But now you are openly attacking the entire Republic.

You are summoning to destruction and devastation the temples of the immortal gods, the houses of the city, the lives of all the citizens; in short, all Italy. Wherefore, since I do not yet venture to do that which is the best thing, and which belongs to my office and to the discipline of our ancestors, I will do that which is more merciful if we regard its rigor, and more expedient for the state. For if I order you to be put to death, the rest of the conspirators will still remain in the Republic; if, as I have long been exhorting you, you depart, your companions, those worthless dregs of the Republic, will be drawn off from the city too. What is the matter, Catiline? Do you hesitate to do that when I order you which you were already doing of your own accord? The consul orders an enemy to depart from the city. Do you ask me, Are you to go into banishment? I do not order it; but, if you consult me, I advise it.

For what is there, O Catiline, that can now afford you any pleasure in this city? for there is no one in it, except that band of profligate conspirators of yours, who does not fear you,—no one who does not hate you. What brand of domestic baseness is not stamped upon your life? What disgraceful circumstance is wanting to your infamy in your private affairs? From what licentiousness have your eyes, from what atrocity have your hands, from what iniquity has your whole body ever abstained? Is there one youth, when you have once entangled him in the temptations of your corruption, to whom you have not held out a sword for audacious crime, or a torch for licentious wickedness?

What? when lately by the death of your former wife you had made your house empty and ready for a new bridal, did you not even add another incredible wickedness to this wickedness? But I pass that over, and willingly allow it to be buried in silence, that so horrible a crime may not be seen to have existed in this city, and not to have been chastised. I pass over the ruin of your fortune, which you know is hanging over you against the ides of the very next month; I come to those things which relate not to the infamy of your private vices, not to your domestic difficulties and baseness, but to the welfare of the Republic and to the lives and safety of us all.

The following is his peroration:

We have now for a long time, O conscript fathers, lived among these dangers and machinations of conspiracy; but somehow or other, the ripeness of all wickedness, and of this long-standing madness and audacity, has come to a head at the time of my consulship. But if this man alone is removed from this piratical crew, we may appear, perhaps, for a short time relieved from fear and anxiety, but the danger will settle down and lie hid in the veins and bowels of the Republic. As it often happens that men afflicted with a severe disease, when they are tortured with heat and fever, if they drink cold water, seem at first to be relieved, but afterwards suffer more and more severely; so this disease which is in the Republic, if relieved by the punishment of this man, will only get worse and worse, as the rest will be still alive.

Wherefore, O conscript fathers, let the worthless begone,—let them separate themselves from the good,—let them collect in one place,—let them, as I have often said before, be separated from us by a wall; let them cease to plot against the consul in his own house,—to surround the tribunal of the city praetor,—to besiege the Senate-house with swords,—to prepare brands and torches to burn the city; let it, in short, be written on the brow of every citizen, what are his sentiments about the Republic. I promise you this, O conscript fathers, that there shall be so much diligence in us the consuls, so much authority in you, so much virtue in the Roman knights, so much unanimity in all good men, that you shall see everything made plain and manifest by the departure of Catiline,—everything checked and punished.

With these omens, O Catiline, begone to your impious and nefarious war, to the great safety of the Republic, to your own misfortune and injury, and to the destruction of those who have joined themselves to you in every wickedness and atrocity. Then do you, O Jupiter, who were consecrated by Romulus with the same auspices as this city, whom we rightly call the stay of this city and Empire, repel this man and his companions from your altars and from the other temples,—from the houses and walls of the city,—from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens; and overwhelm all the enemies of good men, the foes of the Republic, the robbers of Italy, men bound together by a treaty and infamous alliance of crimes, dead and alive, with eternal punishments.

2. *The Second Oration.* Of what happened at the end of the first speech, accounts differ. Cicero says in his *Orator,* "That most audacious of men, Catiline, when he was accused by me in the Senate, was dumb." Plutarch says that Catiline seemed desirous to address the Senate in defense of his proceedings, but that the senators refused to listen. Sallust's account is as follows:

When Cicero sat down, Catiline, being prepared to pretend ignorance of the whole matter, intreated, with downcast looks and suppliant voice, that "the conscript fathers would not too hastily believe anything against him;" saying "that he was sprung from such a family, and had so ordered his life from his youth, as to have every happiness in prospect; and that they were not to suppose that he, a patrician, whose services to the Roman people, as well as those of his ancestors, had been so numerous, should want to ruin the state, when Marcus

Tullius, a mere adopted citizen of Rome, was eager to preserve it.'' When he was proceeding to add other invectives, they all raised an outcry against him, and called him an enemy and a traitor. Being thus exasperated, ''Since I am encompassed by enemies,'' he exclaimed, ''and driven to desperation, I will extinguish the flame kindled around me in a general ruin.''

It is probable that the speech to which several writers allude was made not immediately in reply to Cicero's, but possibly a day or two later; however, there can be no doubt that he spoke sarcastically of Cicero's humble birth and threatened to overwhelm everything in common ruin. Immediately following this he rushed to his own home, held a brief conference with some of the conspirators, and at night, with a small retinue, hurried away to join the army of Manlius in Etruria. His friends stated that he had gone into voluntary banishment at Marseilles, hoping in this way to make the people think that Cicero had driven him out of the city without form of trial or proof of guilt.

Cicero was aware of all his movements, knew that he had taken with him a quantity of arms, military ensigns, and especially a silver eagle which was regarded with almost superstitious reverence, because it had been used by the great Marius against the Cimbri. Yet Catiline had many sympathizers among the corrupt and desperate men of Rome, and Cicero felt it desirable to counteract the report of voluntary exile. Accordingly, he summoned the people into the

Forum and delivered his second oration against Catiline. From it we make two extracts:

But there are men, O Romans, who say that Catiline has been driven by me into banishment. But if I could do so by a word, I would drive out those also who say so. Forsooth, that timid, that excessively bashful man could not bear the voice of the consul; as soon as he was ordered to go into banishment, he obeyed, he was quiet. Yesterday, when I had been all but murdered at my own house, I convoked the Senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator; I related the whole affair to the conscript fathers; and when Catiline came thither, what senator addressed him? who saluted him? who looked upon him not so much even as an abandoned citizen, as an implacable enemy? Nay, the chiefs of that body left that part of the benches to which he came naked and empty.

On this I, that violent consul, who drive citizens into exile by a word, asked of Catiline whether he had been at the nocturnal meeting at Marcus Lecca's, or not; when that most audacious man, convicted by his own conscience, was at first silent. I related all the other circumstances; I described what he had done that night, where he had been, what he had arranged for the next night, how the plan of the whole war had been laid down by him. When he hesitated, when he was convicted, I asked why he hesitated to go whither he had been long preparing to go; when I knew that arms, that the axes, the fasces, and trumpets, and military standards, and that silver eagle to which he had made a shrine in his own house, had been sent on, did I drive him into exile who I knew had already entered upon war? I suppose Manlius, that centurion who has pitched his camp in the Faesulan district, has proclaimed war against the Roman people in his own name; and that camp is not now waiting for Catiline as its general, and he, driven forsooth into exile, will go to Marseilles, as they say, and not to that camp.

O the hard lot of those, not only of those who govern, but even of those who save the republic. Now, if Lucius

Catiline, hemmed in and rendered powerless by my counsels, by my toils, by my dangers, should on a sudden become alarmed, should change his designs, should desert his friends, should abandon his design of making war, should change his path from this course of wickedness and war, and betake himself to flight and exile, he will not be said to have been deprived by me of the arms of his audacity, to have been astounded and terrified by my diligence, to have been driven from his hope and from his enterprise, but, uncondemned and innocent, to have been driven into banishment by the consul by threats and violence; and there will be some who will seek to have him thought not worthless but unfortunate, and me considered not a most active consul, but a most cruel tyrant. I am not unwilling, O Romans, to endure this storm of false and unjust unpopularity as long as the danger of this horrible and nefarious war is warded off from you. Let him be said to be banished by me as long as he goes into banishment; but, believe me, he will not go. I will never ask of the immortal gods, O Romans, for the sake of lightening my own unpopularity, for you to hear that Lucius Catiline is leading an army of enemies, and is hovering about in arms; but yet in three days you will hear it. And I much more fear that it will be objected to me some day or other, that I have let him escape, rather than that I have banished him. But when there are men who say he has been banished because he has gone away, what would these men say if he had been put to death?

. . . .

Array now, O Romans, against these splendid troops of Catiline, your guards and your armies; and first of all oppose to that worn-out and wounded gladiator your consuls and generals; then against that banished and enfeebled troop of ruined men lead out the flower and strength of all Italy: instantly the cities of the colonies and municipalities will match the rustic mounds of Catiline; and I will not condescend to compare the rest of your troops and equipments and guards with the want and destitution of that highwayman. But if, omitting all these things in which we are rich and of which he is destitute,—the Senate, the Roman knights, the people, the city, the treasury, the revenues, all Italy, all the provinces, foreign nations,—if, I say, omitting all these things, we choose to compare the causes themselves which are opposed to one another, we may understand from that alone how thoroughly prostrate they are. For on the one side are fighting modesty, on the other wantonness; on the one chastity, on the other uncleanness; on the one honesty, on the other fraud; on the one piety, on the other wickedness; on the one consistency, on the other insanity; on the one honor, on the other baseness; on the one continence, on the other lust; in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, all the virtues contend against iniquity with luxury, against indolence, against rashness, against all the vices; lastly, abundance contends against destitution, good plans against baffled designs, wisdom against madness, well-founded hope against universal despair. In a contest and war of this sort, even if the zeal of men were to fail, will not the immortal gods compel such numerous and excessive vices to be defeated by these most eminent virtues?

3. *The Third Oration.* While Cicero was delivering the speech to which we have just referred, and for a few days following, while the Senate was debating this same question, Catiline proceeded to the camp of Manlius and took command. When the news of this reached the Senate, they declared the two leaders public enemies, offered pardon to all their followers who should return on a certain day, and ordered the consuls to collect new armies, which Antonius should lead against Catiline, while Cicero with his full powers as consul remained behind to protect the city from the expected clash at arms.

Lentulus and the other conspirators in the city were not idle during this period, but were engaged in tampering with some ambassadors from the Allobroges who were at that time within the city. At first the conspirators appeared to be successful, but later the ambassadors made known the attempt to Cicero and were encouraged by him to continue in the plot, but to reveal everything as it transpired. They obeyed his request implicitly, secured documents proving the treachery of the conspirators, and made the plans by which they should leave the city to join Catiline.

Cicero, with all this information in his possession, gathered a force and met the ambassadors at night, after they had left the city and were crossing the Mulvian bridge, arrested them all, and took them back prisoners to the city and confined them in his own home until morning. Then he summoned the Senate, sent for the chief conspirators who had not left the city, all of whom came unaware of what had happened during the night. The house of Cethegus was searched and a great number of swords and daggers ready for use were seized. Taking the ambassadors and conspirators and all the evidence, Cicero hurried to the temple of Concord and met the Senate. Before the Senate, Vulturcius, who had been appointed to accompany the ambassadors to Catiline, confessed everything and declared that he had letters from Lentulus to Catiline, urging the latter to lead his army against the city, so that, when fire and massacre had done their work, he might intercept and kill the escaping stragglers. The ambassadors confirmed all that Vulturcius had said, showed the letters which the conspirators had written, and made so convincing a report that Lentulus even broke down and confessed the whole crime.

The Senate passed a resolution acknowledging their deep indebtedness to Cicero, voted that Lentulus should be deposed from his office of praetor, and that he, with the other conspirators, should be placed in safe custody. As soon as the Senate had adjourned, Cicero went again to the Forum and addressed the people, telling them of the conspiracy, its detection, the votes and resolutions of the Senate, and the action that had followed them. Then, copies were made of the papers and sent broadcast through Italy and the provinces.

A few extracts will show the character of the third oration:

> Therefore, yesterday I summoned Lucius Flaccus and C. Pomptinus, the praetors, brave men and well-affected to the Republic. I explained to them the whole matter, and showed them what I wished to have done. But they, full of noble and worthy sentiments towards the Republic, without hesitation, and without any delay, undertook the business, and when it was evening, went secretly to the Mulvian bridge, and there so distributed themselves in the nearest villas, that the Tiber and the bridge was between them. And they took to the same place, without any one having the least suspicion of it, many brave men, and I had sent many picked young men of the prefecture of Reate, whose assistance I constantly employ in the pro-

tection of the Republic, armed with swords. In the meantime, about the end of the third watch, when the ambassadors of the Allobroges, with a great retinue and Vulturcius with them, began to come upon the Mulvian bridge, an attack is made upon them; swords are drawn both by them and by our people; the matter was understood by the praetors alone, but was unknown to the rest.

. . . .

Now, since, O citizens, you have the nefarious leaders of this most wicked and dangerous war taken prisoners and in your grasp, you ought to think that all the resources of Catiline,—all his hopes and all his power, now that these dangers of the city are warded off, have fallen to pieces. And, indeed, when I drove him from the city, I foresaw in my mind, O citizens, that if Catiline were removed, I had no cause to fear either the drowsiness of Publius Lentulus, or the fat of Lucius Cassius, or the mad rashness of Cassius Cethegus. He alone was to be feared of all these men, and that, only as long as he was within the walls of the city. He knew everything, he had access to everybody. He had the skill and the audacity to address, to tempt, and to tamper with every one. He had acuteness suited to crime; and neither tongue nor hand ever failed to support that acuteness. Already he had men he could rely on, chosen and distributed for the execution of all other business; and when he had ordered anything to be done, he did not think it was done on that account. There was nothing to which he did not personally attend—for which he did not watch and toil.

. . . .

And for these exploits, important as they are, O Romans, I ask from you no reward of virtue, no badge of honor, no monument of my glory, beyond the everlasting recollection of this day. In your minds I wish all my triumphs, all my decorations of honor, the monuments of my glory, the badges of my renown, to be stored and laid up. Nothing voiceless can delight me, nothing silent, nothing, in short, such as even those who are less worthy can obtain. In your memory, O Romans, my name shall be cherished, in your discourses it shall grow, in the monuments of your letters it shall grow old and strengthen; and I feel assured that the same day which I hope will be for everlasting, will be remembered forever, so as to tend both to the safety of the city and the recollection of my consulship; and that it will be remembered that there existed in this city at the same time two citizens, one of whom limited the boundaries of your empire only by the regions of heaven, not by those of the earth, while the other preserved the abode and home of that same empire.

But since the fortune and condition of those exploits which I have performed is not the same with that of those men who have directed foreign wars—because I must live among those whom I have defeated and subdued, they have left their enemies either slain or crushed, —it is your business, O Romans, to take care, if their good deeds are a benefit to others, that mine shall never be an injury to me. For that the wicked and profligate designs of audacious men shall not be able to injure you, I have taken care; it is your business to take care that they do not injure me. Although, O Romans, no injury can be done to me by them,—for there is a great protection in the affection of all good men, which is procured for me forever; there is great dignity in the Republic, which will always silently defend me; there is great power in conscience, and those who neglect it, when they desire to attack me will destroy themselves.

There is moreover that disposition in me, O Romans, that I not only will yield to the audacity of no one, but that I always voluntarily attack the worthless. And if all the violence of domestic enemies being warded off from you turns itself upon me alone, you will have to take care, O Romans, in what condition you wish those men to be for the future, who for your safety have exposed themselves to unpopularity and to all sorts of dangers. As for me, myself, what is there which now can be gained by me for the enjoyment of life, especially when neither in credit among you, nor in the glory of virtue, do I see any higher point to which I can be desirous to climb?

That indeed I will take care of, O Romans, as a private man to uphold and embellish the exploits which I have performed in my consulship: so that, if there has been any unpopularity incurred in preserving the Republic, it may injure those who envy me, and may tend to my glory. Lastly, I will so behave myself in the Republic as always to remember what I have done, and to take care that they shall appear to have been done through virtue, and not by chance. Do you, O Romans, since it is now night, worship that Jupiter, the guardian of this city and of yourselves, and depart to your homes; and defend those homes, though the danger is now removed, with guard and watch as you did last night. That you shall not have to do so long, and that you shall enjoy perpetual tranquility, shall, O Romans, be my care.

4. *The Fourth Oration.* The night after the events which we have just narrated, Cicero's wife was performing mystic rites with the Vestal Virgins in her home, while Cicero was deliberating with certain senators on the best manner of punishing the conspirators. Suddenly Terentia came in among them to inform them that after the sacrifice was over the fire spontaneously revived, and the virgins, reading the prodigy, told her to go to Cicero and direct him to proceed in the plans he was proposing, as the gods were watching over him.

The next day the Senate publicly rewarded the ambassadors and Vulturcius and began to show great bitterness against the conspirators, when they were interrupted by rumors of a plot to free Lentulus and Cethegus. Cicero doubled the guards, and resolved to proceed at once to extreme measures in order to prevent a recurrence of such plots.

From Painting by N. Sichel

VESTAL VIRGIN

Accordingly, he summoned the Senate to meet the next morning, but he found great difficulty in carrying out his purpose. Capital punishments were unusual in Rome and much in disfavor; there was an old law which granted to all criminals condemned to death the right of an appeal to the people; and another law, more recent, prohibited the taking of a life of a citizen without a formal public hearing. These facts so disturbed some of the senators that they absented themselves from the debate that they might have no share in inflicting the death penalty upon prisoners of such high rank. Silanus, the consul-elect, argued the death penalty for all conspirators now in confinement and for all that should subsequently be taken, and it was apparent that those remaining in the Senate agreed with him.

However, Julius Caesar, the praetor-elect, who some asserted was at least privy to the conspiracy, rose and argued emphatically against the death penalty and in favor of confiscating estates and imposing perpetual confinement upon the owners. Cato opposed him with great earnestness, but some of Cicero's friends felt the prudent thing for the latter was to approve Caesar's motion. However, the great orator declined to accept their advice and discussed the opinions of Silanus and of Caesar in his fourth oration, which resulted in the condemnation of the conspirators. After the vote had been passed, Cicero went directly from the Senate house to the prison, took Lentulus from custody, and delivered him to the executioner. Cethegus and the other conspirators were taken by the praetors, and all were put to death, after which Cicero was conducted home in triumph by the senators, the knights, and the whole body of the people saluting him as their deliverer.

We quote from his last speech:

> But I have determined to refer the business to you as a fresh matter, O conscript fathers, both as to the fact, what you think of it, and as to the punishment, what you vote. I will state what it behoves the consul to state. I have seen for a long time great madness existing in the Republic, and new designs being formed, and evil passions being stirred up, but I never thought that so great, so destructive a conspiracy as this was being meditated by citizens. Now to whatever point your minds and opinions incline, you must decide before night. You see how great a crime has been made known to you; if you think that but few are implicated in it you are greatly mistaken; this evil has spread wider than you think; it has spread not only throughout Italy, but it has even crossed the Alps, and creeping stealthily on, it has already occupied many of the provinces; it can by no means be crushed by tolerating it, and by temporizing with it; however you determine on chastising it, you must act with promptitude.
>
> I see that as yet there are two opinions. One that of Decius Silanus, who thinks that those who have endeavored to destroy all these things should be punished with death; the other, that of Gaius Caesar, who objects to the punishment of death, but adopts the most extreme severity of all other punishment. Each acts in a manner suitable to his own dignity and to the magnitude of the business with the greatest severity. The one thinks that it is not right that those who have attempted to deprive all of us and the whole Roman people of life, to destroy the

empire, to extinguish the name of the Roman people, should enjoy life and the breath of heaven common to us all, for one moment; and he remembers that this sort of punishment has often been employed against worthless citizens in this Republic. The other feels that death was not appointed by the immortal gods for the sake of punishment, but that it is either a necessity of nature, or a rest from toils and miseries; therefore wise men have never met it unwillingly, brave men have often encountered it even voluntarily. But imprisonment, and that too, perpetual, was certainly invented for the extraordinary punishment of nefarious wickedness; therefore he proposes that they should be distributed among the municipal towns. This proposition seems to have in it injustice if you command it, difficulty if you request it; however let it be so decreed if you like.

For I will undertake, and, as I hope, I shall find one who will not think it suitable to his dignity to refuse what you decide on for the sake of the universal safety. He imposes besides a severe punishment on the burgesses of the municipal town if any of the prisoners escape; he surrounds them with the most terrible guard, and with everything worthy of the wickedness of abandoned men. And he proposes to establish a decree that no one shall be able to alleviate the punishment of those whom he is condemning by a vote of either the Senate or the people. He takes away even hope, which alone can comfort men in their miseries; besides this, he votes that their goods should be confiscated; he leaves life alone to these infamous men, and if he had taken that away, he would have relieved them by one pang of many tortures of mind and body, and of all the punishment of their crimes. Therefore, that there might be some dread in life to the wicked, men of old have believed that there were some punishments of that sort appointed for the wicked in the shades below; because in truth they perceived that if this were taken away death itself would not be terrible.

Now, O conscript fathers, I see what is my interest; if you follow the opinion of Gaius Caesar (since he has adopted this path in the Republic which is accounted the popular one), perhaps since he is the author and promoter of this opinion, the popular violence will be less to be dreaded by me; if you adopt the other opinion, I know not whether I am not likely to have more trouble; but still let the advantage of the Republic outweigh the consideration of my danger. For we have from Gaius Caesar, as his own dignity and as the illustrious character of his ancestors demanded, a vote as a hostage of his lasting good-will to the Republic; it has been clearly seen how great is the difference between the lenity of demagogues, and a disposition really attached to the interests of the people. I see that of those men who wish to be considered attached to the people one man is absent, that they may not seem forsooth to give a vote about the lives of Roman citizens. He only three days ago gave Roman citizens into custody, and decreed me a supplication, and voted most magnificent rewards to the witnesses only yesterday. It is not now doubtful to any one what he, who voted for the imprisonment of the criminals, congratulation to him who had detected them, and rewards to those who had proved the crime, thinks of the whole matter, and of the cause. But Gaius Caesar considers that the Sempronian law was passed about Roman citizens, but that he who is an enemy of the Republic can by no means be a citizen; and moreover that the very proposer of the Sempronian law suffered punishment by the command of the people. He also denies that Lentulus, a briber and a spendthrift, after he has formed such cruel and bitter plans about the destruction of the Roman people, and the ruin of this city, can be called a friend of the people. Therefore this most gentle and merciful man does not hesitate to commit Publius Lentulus to eternal darkness and imprisonment, and establishes a law to all posterity that no one shall be able to boast of alleviating his punishment, or hereafter to appear a friend of the people to the destruction of the Roman people. He adds also the confiscation of their goods, so that want also and beggary may be added to all the torments of mind and body.

Wherefore, if you decide on this you give me a companion in my address, dear and acceptable to the Roman people; or if you prefer to adopt the opinion of Silanus, you will easily defend me and yourselves from the reproach of cruelty, and I will prevail that it shall be much lighter. Although, O conscript fathers, what cruelty can there be in chastising the enormity of such excessive wickedness? For I decide from my own feeling. For so may I be allowed to enjoy the republic in safety in your company, as I am not moved to be somewhat vehement in this cause by any severity of disposition (for who is more merciful than I am?) but rather by a singular humanity and mercifulness. For I seem to myself to see this city, the light of the world, and the citadel of all nations, falling on a sudden by one conflagration. I see in my mind's eye miserable and unburied heaps of cities in my buried country; the sight of Cethegus and his madness raging amid your slaughter is ever present to my sight. But when I have set before myself Lentulus reigning, as he himself confesses that he had hoped was his destiny, and this Gabinius arrayed in the purple, and Catiline arrived with his army, then I shudder at the lamentation of matrons, and the flight of virgins and of boys, and the insults of the vestal virgins; and because these things appear to me exceedingly miserable and pitiable, therefore I show myself severe and rigorous to those who have wished to bring about this state of things. I ask, forsooth, if any father of a family, supposing his children had been slain by a slave, his wife murdered, his house burnt, were not to inflict on his slaves the severest possible punishment, would he appear clement and merciful, or most inhuman and cruel? To me he would seem unnatural and hard-hearted who did not soothe his own pain and anguish by the pain and torture of the criminal. And so we in the case of these men who desired to murder us, and our wives, and our children,—who endeavored to destroy the houses of every individual among us, and also the Republic, the home of all,—who designed to place the nation of the Allobroges on the relics of this city, and on the ashes of the empire destroyed by fire;—if we are very rigorous, we shall be considered merciful; if we choose to be lax, we must endure the character of the greatest cruelty, to the damage of our country and our fellow-citizens.

Unless, indeed, Lucius Caesar, a thoroughly brave man, and of the best disposition towards the Republic, seemed to any one to be too cruel three days ago, when he said that the husband of his own sister, a most excellent woman (in his presence and in his hearing), ought to be deprived of life,—when he said that his grandfather had been put to death by command of the consul, and his youthful son, sent as an ambassador by his father, had been put to death in prison. And what deed had they done like these men? Had they formed any plan for destroying the Republic? At that time great corruption was rife in the Republic, and there was the greatest strife between parties. And, at that time, the grandfather of this Lentulus, a most illustrious man, put on his armor and pursued Gracchus; he even received a severe wound that there might be no diminution of the great dignity of the Republic. But this man, his grandson, invited the Gauls to overthrow the foundations of the Republic; he stirred up the slaves, he summoned Catiline, he distributed us to Cethegus to be massacred, and the rest of the citizens to Gabinius to be assassinated; the city he allotted to Cassius to burn, and the plundering and devastating of all Italy he assigned to Catiline. You fear, I think, lest in the case of such unheard-of and abominable wickedness you should seem to decide anything with too great severity; when we ought much more to fear lest by being remiss in punishing we should appear cruel to our country, rather than appear by the severity of our irritation too rigorous to its most bitter enemies.

Although the conspirators were executed, Catiline was far from being overcome. He was still in Etruria with about twelve thousand men, of whom, however, only a quarter were well armed. Nevertheless, he managed to elude Antonius for some time, but when the fate of his fellow-conspirators became known, his friends began to desert him in large numbers. Attempting to escape into Gaul, he was intercepted by Metellus, whom Cicero had sent with three legions for this purpose. Antonius is thought to have favored the escape; at any rate, being ill of gout, he was not in the battle, and the command evolved on Petreius.

Sallust describes the final conflict as follows:

Catiline, when he saw that he was surrounded by mountains and by hostile forces, that his schemes in the city had been unsuccessful, and that there was no hope either of escape or of succor, thinking it best, in such circumstances, to try the fortune of a battle, resolved upon engaging, as speedily as possible, with Antonius. Having, therefore, assembled his troops, he addressed them in the following manner:

"I am well aware, soldiers, that words cannot inspire courage; and that a spiritless army cannot be rendered active, or a timid army valiant, by the speech of its commander. Whatever courage is in the heart of a man, whether from nature or from habit, so much will be shown by him in the field; and on him whom neither glory nor danger can move, exhortation is bestowed in vain; for the terror in his breast stops his ears.

"I have called you together, however, to give you a few instructions, and to explain to you, at the same time, my reasons for the course which I have adopted. You all know, soldiers, how severe a penalty the inactivity and cowardice of Lentulus has brought upon himself and us; and how, while waiting for reinforcements from the city, I was unable to march into Gaul. In what situation our affairs now are, you all understand as well as myself. Two armies of the enemy, one on the side of Rome, and the other on that of Gaul, oppose our progress; while the want of corn, and of other necessaries, prevents us from remaining, however strongly we may desire to remain, in our present position. Whithersoever we would go, we must open a passage with our swords. I conjure you, therefore, to maintain a brave and resolute spirit; and to remember, when you advance to battle, that on your own right hands depend riches, honor, and glory, with the enjoyment of your liberty and of your country. If we conquer, all will be safe; we shall have provisions in abundance; and the colonies and corporate towns will open their gates to us. But if we lose the victory through want of courage, those same places will turn against us; for neither place nor friend will protect him whom his arms have not protected. Besides, soldiers, the same exigency does not press upon our adversaries, as presses upon us; we fight for our country, for our liberty, for our life; they contend for what but little concerns them, the power of a small party. Attack them, therefore, with so much the greater confidence, and call to mind your achievements of old.

"We might, with the utmost ignominy, have passed the rest of our days in exile. Some of you, after losing your property, might have waited at Rome for assistance from others. But because such a life, to men of spirit, was disgusting and unendurable, you resolved upon your present course. If you wish to quit it, you must exert all your resolution, for none but conquerors have exchanged war for peace. To hope for safety in flight, when you have turned away from the enemy the arms by which the body is defended, is indeed madness. In battle, those who are most afraid are always in most danger; but courage is equivalent to a rampart.

"When I contemplate you, soldiers, and when I consider your past exploits, a strong hope of victory animates me. Your spirit, your age, your valor, give me confidence; to say nothing of necessity, which makes even cowards brave. To prevent the numbers of the enemy from surrounding us, our confined situation is sufficient.

But should Fortune be unjust to your valor, take care not to lose your lives unavenged; take care not to be taken and butchered like cattle, rather than, fighting like men, to leave to your enemies a bloody and mournful victory."

When he had thus spoken, he ordered, after a short delay, the signal for battle to be sounded, and led down his troops, in regular order, to the level ground. Having then sent away the horses of all the cavalry, in order to increase the men's courage by making their danger equal, he himself, on foot, drew up his troops suitably to their numbers and the nature of the ground. As a plain stretched between the mountains on the left, with a rugged rock on the right, he placed eight cohorts in front, and stationed the rest of his force, in close order, in the rear. From among these he removed all the ablest centurions, the veterans and the stoutest of the common soldiers that were regularly armed, into the foremost ranks. He ordered Caius Manlius to take the command on the right, and a certain officer of Faesulae on the left; while he himself, with his freedmen and the colonists, took his station by the eagle, which Caius Marius was said to have had in his army in the Cimbrian war.

On the other side, Caius Antonius, who, being lame, was unable to be present in the engagement, gave the command of the army to Marcus Petreius, his lieutenant-general. Petreius ranged the cohorts of veterans, which he had raised to meet the present insurrection, in front, and behind them the rest of his force in lines. Then, riding round among his troops, and addressing his men by name, he encouraged them, and bade them remember that they were to fight against unarmed marauders, in defense of their country, their children, their temples, and their homes. Being a military man, and having served with great reputation, for more than thirty years, as tribune, praefect, lieutenant, or praetor, he knew most of the soldiers and their honorable actions, and, by calling these to their remembrance, roused the spirits of the men.

When he had made a complete survey, he gave the signal with the trumpet, and ordered the cohorts to advance slowly. The army of the enemy followed his example; and when they approached so near that the action could be commenced by the light-armed troops, both sides, with a loud shout, rushed together in a furious charge. They threw aside their missiles, and fought only with their swords. The veterans, calling to mind their deeds of old, engaged fiercely in the closest combat. The enemy made an obstinate resistance; and both sides contended with the utmost fury. Catiline, during this time, was exerting himself with his light troops in the front, sustaining such as were pressed, substituting fresh men for the wounded, attending to every exigency, charging in person, wounding many an enemy, and performing at once the duties of a valiant soldier and a skillful general.

When Petreius, contrary to his expectation, found Catiline attacking him with such impetuosity, he led his praetorian cohort against the center of the enemy, amongst whom, being thus thrown into confusion, and offering but partial resistance, he made great slaughter, and ordered, at the same time, an assault on both flanks. Manlius and the Faesulan, sword in hand, were among the first that fell; and Catiline, when he saw his army routed, and himself left with but few supporters, remembering his birth and former dignity, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, where he was slain, fighting to the last.

When the battle was over, it was plainly seen what boldness, and what energy of spirit, had prevailed throughout the army of Catiline; for, almost everywhere, every soldier, after yielding up his breath, covered with his corpse the spot which he had occupied when alive. A few, indeed, whom the praetorian cohort had dispersed, had fallen somewhat differently, but all with wounds in front. Catiline himself was found, far in advance of his men, among the dead bodies of the enemy; he was not quite breathless, and still expressed in his countenance the fierceness of spirit which he had shown during his life. Of his whole army, neither in the battle, nor in flight, was any free-born citizen made prisoner, for they had spared their own lives no more than those of the enemy.

Nor did the army of the Roman people obtain a joyful or bloodless victory; for all their bravest men were either killed in the battle, or left the field severely wounded.

Of many who went from the camp to view the ground, or plunder the slain, some, in turning over the bodies of the enemy, discovered a friend, others an acquaintance, others a relative; some, too, recognized their enemies. Thus, gladness and sorrow, grief and joy, were variously felt throughout the whole army.

IV. CICERO'S RHETORICAL WORKS. A practical science like rhetoric, one whose principles are capable of being exactly stated and readily understood by all, was well calculated to attract Cicero, and as it was exactly in line with his greatest ambition, it is not surprising that he began early to write upon the subject. *De Inventione,* a work of rhetoric, is the product of his youth, and in later years he recognized its deficiencies. On the other hand, *De Oratore* is the work of his mature years, a fancied dialogue between some of the greatest orators of an earlier period, containing, Cicero himself said, a condensation of his entire knowledge of oratory. Antonius and Crassus are the principal speakers, and Cicero's views are embodied more especially in the words of Crassus. Several other books go to make up the series on oratory, but none is of more interest or importance than the one last mentioned. From it, as translated by C. D. Yonge, we make a few extracts.

The perfect orator has not yet appeared:

And I, in depicting a consummate orator, will draw a picture of such an one as perhaps never existed. For I am not asking who he was, but what that is than which nothing can be more excellent. And perhaps the perfection which I am looking for does not often shine forth (indeed I do not know whether it ever has been seen), but still in some degree it may at times be discoverable, among some nations more frequently, and among others more sparingly. But I lay down this position, that there is nothing of any kind so beautiful which has not something more beautiful still from which it is copied,—as a portrait is from a person's face,—though it can neither be perceived by the eyes or ears, or by any other of the senses; it is in the mind only, and by our thoughts, that we embrace it. Therefore, though we have never seen anything of any kind more beautiful than the statues of Phidias and than those pictures which I have named, still we can imagine something more beautiful. Nor did that great artist, when he was making the statue of Jupiter or of Minerva, keep in his mind any particular person of whom he was making a likeness; but there dwelt in his mind a certain perfect idea of beauty, which he looked upon, and fixed his eyes upon, and guided his art and his hand with reference to the likeness of that model.

As therefore there is in forms and figures something perfect and superexcellent, the appearance of which is stamped in our minds so that we imitate it, and refer to it everything which falls under our eyes; so we keep in our mind an idea of perfect eloquence, and seek for its resemblance with our ears.

Three kinds of oratory:

There are altogether three different kinds of speaking, in each of which there have been some eminent men; but very few (though that is what we are now looking for) who have been equally eminent in all. For some have been grandiloquent men (if I may use such an expression), with an abundant dignity of sentiments and majesty of language,—vehement, various, copious, authoritative; well adapted and prepared to make an impression on and effect a change in men's feelings: an effect which some have endeavored to produce by a rough, morose, uncivilized sort of speaking, not elaborated or wrought up with any care; and others employ a smooth, carefully prepared, and well rounded off style.

On the other hand, there are men neat, acute, explaining everything, and making matters clearer, not nobler, polished up with a certain subtle and compressed style of oratory; and in the same class there are others, shrewd, but unpolished, and designedly resembling rough and unskillful speakers; and some who, with the same barrenness and simplicity, are still more elegant, that is to say, are facetious, flowery, and even slightly embellished.

But there is another class, half-way between these two, and as it were compounded of both of them, endowed neither with the acuteness of the last-mentioned orators, nor with the thunder of the former; as a sort of mixture of both, excelling in neither style; partaking of both, or rather indeed (if we would adhere to the exact truth) destitute of all the qualifications of either. Those men go on, as they say, in one uniform tenor of speaking, bringing nothing except their facility and equalness of language; or else they add something, like reliefs on a pedestal, and so they embellish their whole oration with trifling ornaments of words and ideas.

Gestures and voice:

But the way in which it is said depends on two things, —on action and on elocution. For action is a sort of eloquence of the body, consisting as it does of voice and motion. Now there are as many changes of voice as there are of minds, which are above all things influenced by the voice. Therefore, that perfect orator which our oration has just been describing, will employ a certain tone of voice regulated by the way in which he wishes to appear affected himself, and by the manner also in which he desires the mind of his hearer to be influenced. And concerning this I would say more if this was the proper time for laying down rules concerning it, or if this was what you were inquiring about. I would speak also of gesture, with which expression of countenance is combined. And it is hardly possible to express of what importance these things are, and what use the orator makes of them. For even people without speaking, by the mere dignity of their action, have often produced all the effect of eloquence; and many really eloquent men, by their ungainly delivery have been thought ineloquent. So that it was not without reason that Demosthenes attributed the first, and second, and third rank to action. For if eloquence without action is nothing, but action without eloquence is of such great power, then certainly it is the most important part of speaking.

He, then, who aims at the highest rank in eloquence, will endeavor with his voice on the stretch to speak energetically; with a low voice, gently; with a sustained voice, gravely; and with a modulated voice, in a manner calculated to excite compassion.

For the nature of the voice is something marvelous; for all its great power is derived from three sounds only, the grave sound, the sharp sound, and the moderate sound; and from these comes all that sweet variety which is brought to perfection in songs. But there is also in speaking a sort of concealed singing, not like the peroration of rhetoricians from Phrygia or Caria, which is nearly a chant, but that sort which Demosthenes and Aeschines mean when the one reproaches the other with the affected modulation of his voice. Demosthenes says even more; and often declares that Aeschines had a very sweet and clear voice. And in this that point appears to me worth noting, with reference to the study of aiming at sweetness in the voice. For nature of herself, as if she were modulating the voices of men, has placed in every one one acute tone, and not more than one, and that not more than two syllables back from the last; so that industry may be guided by nature when pursuing the object of delighting the ears. A good voice also is a thing to be desired; for it is not naturally implanted in us, but practice and use give it to us. Therefore, the consummate orator will vary and change his voice; and sometimes straining it, sometimes lowering it, he will go through every degree of tone.

And he will use action in such a way that there shall be nothing superfluous in his gestures. His attitude will be erect and lofty; the motion of the feet rare, and very moderate; he will only move across the tribune in a very moderate manner, and even then rarely; there will be no bending of the neck, no clenching of the fingers, no rise or fall of the fingers in regular time; he will rather sway his whole body gently, and employ a manly inclination of his side, throwing out his arm in the energetic parts of his speech, and drawing it back in the moderate ones. As to his countenance, which is of the greatest influence possible next to the voice, what dignity and what beauty will be derived from its expression! And when you have accomplished this, then the eyes too must be kept under strict command, that there may not appear to be anything unsuitable, or like grimace. For as the countenance is the image of the mind, so are the eyes the informers as to what is going on within it. And their hilarity or sadness will be regulated by the circumstances which are under discussion.

The sublime speaker:

The third kind of orator is the sublime, copious, dignified, ornate speaker, in whom there is the greatest amount of grace. For he it is, out of admiration for whose ornamented style and copiousness of language nations have allowed eloquence to obtain so much influence in states; but it was only this eloquence, which is borne along in an impetuous course, and with a mighty noise, which all men looked up to, and admired, and had no idea that they themselves could possibly attain to. It belongs to this eloquence to deal with men's minds, and to influence them in every imaginable way. This is the style which sometimes forces its way into and sometimes steals into the senses; which implants new opinions in men, and eradicates others which have been long established. But there is a vast difference between this kind of orator and the preceding ones. A man who has labored at the subtle and acute style, in order to be able to speak cunningly and cleverly, and who has had no higher aim, if he has entirely attained his object, is a great orator, if not a very great one; he is far from standing on slippery ground, and if he once gets a firm footing, is in no danger of falling. But the middle kind of orator, whom I have called moderate and temperate, if he has only arranged all his own forces to his satisfaction, will have no fear of any doubtful or uncertain chances of oratory; and even if at any time he should not be completely successful, which may often be the case, still he will be in no great danger, for he cannot fall far. But this orator of ours, whom we consider the first of orators, dignified, vehement, and earnest, if this is the only thing for which he appears born, or if this is the only kind of oratory to which he applies himself, and if he does not combine his copiousness of diction with those other two kinds of oratory, is very much to be despised. For the one who speaks simply, inasmuch as he speaks with shrewdness and sense, is a wise man; the one who employs the middle style is agreeable; but this most copious speaker, if he is nothing else, appears scarcely in his senses. For a man who can say nothing with calmness, nothing with gentleness; who seems ignorant of all arrangement and definition and distinctness, and regardless of wit, especially when some of his causes require to be treated in that manner entirely, and others in a great degree; if he does not prepare the ears of his hearers before he begins to work up the case in an inflammatory style, he seems like a madman among people in their senses, or like a drunken man among sober men.

Briefly, then, he defines his ideal orator thus:

Wherefore, if one wishes to define and embrace the proper power of an orator in all its extent, that man will be, in my opinion, an orator worthy of this great name, who can speak wisely, in an orderly and polished manner, from memory, and even with some dignity of action, upon whatever subject arises that needs to be set forth in speech.

V. CICERO AS A PHILOSOPHER. The philosophy of Cicero was not a part of his real life as statesman, orator and friendly man. It was something to which he turned his mind when inactivity was forced upon him by those turns of fortune which placed him in banishment or exile, as was demonstrated by the quickness with which he threw aside his philosophy when he found it possible to return to the arena of law and politics. His speculations, moreover, were not convincing enough to himself to save him from fear or to preserve his equanimity in the face of misfortune. Nevertheless, he was the greatest teacher Rome ever developed, and through the stormy Middle Ages his influence was transmitted unaffected to us.

Philosophical ideas were to Cicero food for his oratory, and his purpose was not to invent systems and stimulate thought in great minds, but rather to present to the people in eloquent terms the lofty problems of life and soul and thus make himself useful to his fellow men. He says: "As I sought and pondered much and long by what means I could be of use to as many men as possible, that I might never cease to care for the welfare of the Republic, nothing greater occurred to me than if I should make accessible to my fellow citizens the paths of the noblest learning."

Following this plan, he studied the Greek philosophers of the Epicurean, Stoic and Academic schools, and selecting from each the doctrines that appealed most strongly to his own reason and sympathy, he wrote his views on life, duty, the nature of the gods, and the means of securing happiness, laying stress upon the divine government of the world, high morality, and the hope, if not the belief, in the immortality of the soul. Not always consistent, perhaps, yet always eloquent, his writings are full of inspiration to better living and nobler thinking. Usually in the form of dialogues, he gives his notions through the mouth of some great man whose reputation was already established and whose fame was universal, as in *De Senectute* he makes Cato give utterance to his ideas.

We have space here for quotations from but three of his philosophical works.

1. *"De Officiis." The Offices* is a long moral treatise, in three books, on the duties and responsibilities of man, addressed to his son Marcus. It is full of good advice on a wide range of subjects, written in a familiar, attractive style, and illustrated by historic incidents and anecdotes of great men. The selection we have made is from the third book in the translation of Thomas Cockman, published first in 1699:

To this purpose Plato brings in that remarkable story of Gyges. A gaping in the earth being made by reason of some violent showers, as the story tells us, Gyges went down into the hollow of it, and found there lying a brazen horse, with a door in his side. This he opened; and looking in, discovered a dead man's body, of an unusual bulk, with a ring of gold on one of his fingers. This he pulls off, and puts on his own finger; and then coming up, goes and joins himself to the rest of the shepherds; for he was shepherd to the King at that time. Here he observed, that on turning the stone towards the palm of his hand, he became invisible to everybody else, though others did not become so to him; and that on turning it to its proper place, he immediately became visible again, as before: making use therefore of this lucky opportunity, he found out a way to seduce the Queen, and by her assistance to murder the King, his lord and master, and to make away those who might prove any hinderance or stop to his designs; nor could any one possibly see or discover him in any of these villainies; so that he quickly, by the help of this ring, from a simple shepherd became King of Lydia. Now had a truly wise man had the keeping of this ring, he would not have thought himself ever the more privileged to be guilty of any action that is wicked or detestable; for good men desire to be virtuous and honest, and not to be secret, that so they may sin without danger. And here some philosophers, men of more honesty than acuteness or subtilty, cry out that this story of Plato is a mere fiction; as though he had said either that it really was, or indeed could be done. No; the meaning and design of this example of Gyges and the ring, is this:—Suppose you could do any dishonest action, for the gratifying a lustful, covetous, or ambitious desire, so as that no one living could either know or suspect it, but both gods and men must be kept perfectly in ignorance; whether in such case would you do it or no? Ah, but, say they, this is an impossible case; though it is not so impossible neither: but that which I ask them is, what they would do, supposing that possible which they deny now to be so. The manner of their arguing is somewhat odd and illiterate; for they still deny the possibility of it, and that they will stand to; not, it seems, understanding what the force and true import of this supposition is: for when we put the question to them, whether they would do such an action or not, supposing they could conceal it, we do not ask them, whether they can conceal it or not, but put them, as it were, to the rack or inquisition; that so, if they say they would gratify such desires on assurance of impunity, we may know them to be villains by their own confession; but if they deny it, they may be forced to grant that every base and dishonest action is barely as such to be shunned and detested.

2. *"De Amicitia."* The essay *On Friendship* is addressed to T. Pomponius Atticus, and takes the form of a dialogue between Scaevola, Fannius and Laelius, in which the last answers at length the queries propounded by the other two. The essay is long; our selection is brief, from the translation by W. Melmoth, published in 1773:

As to the loss I have myself sustained by the death of Scipio, who was so suddenly and unexpectedly snatched from me, he is still present in my mind's eye, and present he will ever remain; for it was his virtues that endeared him to my heart, and his virtues can never die. But not by me only, who had the happiness to enjoy a daily intercourse with them, will they be held in perpetual remembrance; his name will be mentioned with honor to the latest posterity, and no man will hereafter either meditate or execute any great and laudable achievement without proposing to himself the conduct of Scipio as his brightest and most animating exemplar. For myself, among all the blessings for which I am indebted either to nature or to fortune, there is not one upon which I set so high a value as the friendship in which I lived with Scipio. In him I found a constant associate in public affairs, a faithful counselor in private life, and upon all occasions the confidential friend from whom my soul received her truest and most solid satisfactions. I am not conscious of ever having given him even the slightest cause of offense; and sure I am that I never heard a word proceed from his lips which I had reason to be sorry he had uttered. We not only lived under the same roof, and ate at the same frugal table, but advanced together through the several military services; and even in our travels, as well as during our recess into the country, we were constant and inseparable companions—not to mention that we were equally animated with the same ardent love of science, and jointly passed every hour of our privacy and leisure in one common pursuit of useful knowledge. If the power of recollecting these pleasing circumstances had become extinct in me at the same time that he expired, it would have been impossible that I could have supported the loss of a man whom I so tenderly loved, and with whom I was intimately united; but they are indelibly stamped upon my mind, and the oftener they recur to my thoughts the more lively is the impression they leave behind them. But, were I totally deprived of these soothing reflections, my age, however, would afford me great consolation, as I cannot, by the common course of nature, long be separated from him, and short pains, how severe soever they may prove, may well be endured.

3. *"De Senectute."* The essay *On Old Age* is a beautiful dialogue addressed to Atticus, in which Cicero declares his own sentiments through the mouth of Cato. We quote from the translation of W. Melmoth, published in 1777:

But to resume the principal point we were discussing. Every event agreeable to the course of nature ought to be looked upon as a real good, and surely none can be more natural than for an old man to die. It is true, youth likewise stands exposed to the same dissolution, but it is a dissolution contrary to Nature's evident intentions, and in direct opposition to her strongest efforts. In the latter instance, the privation of life may be resembled to a fire forcibly extinguished by a deluge of water; in the former, to a fire spontaneously and gradually going out from a total consumption of its fuel. Or to have recourse to another illustration, as fruit before it is ripe cannot, without some degree of force, be separated from the stalk, but drops of itself when perfectly mature, so the disunion of the soul and body is effected in the young by dint of violence, but is wrought in the old by a mere fullness and completion of years. This ripeness for death I perceive in myself, with much satisfaction; and I look forward to my dissolution as to a secure haven, where I shall at length find a happy repose from the fatigues of a long voyage.

Every stage of human life, except the last, is marked out by certain and defined limits; old age alone has no precise and determinate boundary. It may well therefore be sustained to any period, how far soever it may be extended, provided a man is capable of performing those offices which are suited to this season of life, and preserves at the same time a perfect indifference with respect to its continuance. Old age under these circumstances, and with these sentiments, may be animated with more courage and fortitude than is usually found even in the prime of life. Accordingly Solon, it is said, being questioned by the tyrant Pisistratus, what it was that inspired him with the boldness to oppose his measures, bravely replied, "My old age." Nevertheless, the most desirable manner of yielding up our lives is when Nature herself, while our understanding and our other senses still remain unimpaired, thinks proper to destroy the work of her own hand, as the artist who constructed the machine is best qualified to take it to pieces. In short, an old man should neither be anxious to preserve the small portion of life which remains to him, nor forward to resign it without a just cause. It was one of the prohibitions of Pythagoras "not to quit our post of life without being authorized by the Commander who placed us in it," that is, not without the permission of the Supreme Being.

The epitaph which the wise Solon ordered to be inscribed on his monument, expresses his wish that his death might not pass undistinguished by the sorrowful exclamations of his surviving friends. It was natural, I confess, to desire to be remembered with regret by those with whom he had been intimately and tenderly connected; yet I am inclined to give the preference to the sentiment of Ennius, in those famous lines—

"Nor loud lament nor silent tear deplore
The fate of Ennius when he breathes no more."

In this poet's estimation, death, which opens the way to immortality, is by no means a subject of reasonable lamentation. The act of dying may indeed be attended with a sense of pain; but a pain, however, which cannot be of long continuance, especially to a man greatly advanced in years. And as to the consequence of death, it must either be a state of total insensibility, or of sensations much to be desired. This is a truth upon which we ought continually to meditate from our earliest youth, if we would be impressed with a just and firm contempt of death; as without this impression it is impossible to enjoy tranquillity. For as death is a change which, sooner or later, perhaps even this very moment, we must inevitably undergo, is it possible that he who lives in the perpetual dread of an event with which he is every instant threatened, should know the satisfaction of possessing an undisturbed repose and serenity of mind?

When I reflect on the conduct of Junius Brutus, who lost his life in the support of the liberties of his country; on the two Decii, who rushed to certain death from the same patriotic principle; on Marcus Attilius, who delivered himself up to the torture of a most cruel execution, that be might not forfeit his word of honor which he had pledged to the enemy; on the two Scipios, who, if it had been possible, would willingly have formed a rampart with their own bodies against the invasion of the Carthaginians; on Lucius Paulus, your illustrious grandfather, who by his heroic death expiated the ignominy we sustained by the temerity of his colleague at the battle of Cannae; on Marcus Marcellus, whose magnanimity was so universally respected that even the most cruel of our enemies would not suffer his dead body to be deprived of funeral honors—when I reflect, I say, not only on the generous contempt of life which these heroic personages exhibited, but that whole legions of our troops (particular instances of which I have produced in my treatise on Roman Antiquities) have frequently marched, with undaunted courage and even alacrity, to attacks from which they were well persuaded not one of them could live to return, it should seem there is little occasion to enlarge upon the contempt of death. For if the very common soldiers of our armies, who are frequently raw, illiterate young peasants, are thus capable of despising its imaginary terrors, shall old age, with all the superior advantages of reason and philosophy, tremble at the thoughts of its near approach?

The distaste with which, in passing through the several stages of our present being, we leave behind us the respective enjoyments peculiar to each, must necessarily, I should think, in the close of its latest period, render life itself no longer desirable. Infancy and youth, manhood and old age, have each of them their peculiar and appropriate pursuits. But does youth regret the toys of infancy, or manhood lament that it has no longer a taste for the amusements of youth? The season of manhood has also its suitable objects, that are exchanged for others in old age; and these, too, like all the preceding, become languid and insipid in their turn. Now when this state of absolute satiety is at length arrived, when we have enjoyed the satisfactions peculiar to old age, till we have no longer any relish remaining for them, it is then that death may justly be considered as a mature and seasonable event.

And now, among the different sentiments of the philosophers concerning the consequence of our final dissolution, may I not venture to declare my own? and the rather, as the nearer death advances towards me, the more clearly I seem to discern its real nature.

I am well convinced, then, that my dear departed friends, your two illustrious fathers, are so far from having ceased to live, that the state they now enjoy can alone with propriety be called life. The soul, during her confinement within this prison of the body, is doomed by fate to undergo a severe penance. For her native seat is in heaven; and it is with reluctance that she is forced down from those celestial mansions into these lower regions, where all is foreign and repugnant to her divine nature. But the gods, I am persuaded, have thus widely disseminated immortal spirits, and clothed them with human bodies, that there might be a race of intelligent creatures, not only to have dominion over this our earth, but to contemplate the host of heaven, and imitate in their moral conduct the same beautiful order and uniformity so conspicuous in those splendid orbs. This opinion I am induced to embrace, not only as agreeable to the best deductions of reason, but in just deference also to the authority of the noblest and most distinguished philosophers. Accordingly, Pythagoras and his followers (who were formerly distinguished by the name of the Italic Sect) firmly maintained that the human soul is a detached part, or emanation, from the great universal soul of the world. I am further confirmed in my belief of the soul's immortality, by the discourse which Socrates, whom the oracle of Apollo pronounced to be the wisest of men, held upon this subject just before his death. In a word, when I consider the faculties with which the human mind is endowed; its amazing celerity; its wonderful power in recollecting past events, and sagacity in discerning future; together with its numberless discoveries in the several arts and sciences—I feel a conscious conviction that this active comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature.

And as this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows (as it is absurd to suppose the soul would desert itself) that its activity must continue for ever. But farther: as the soul is evidently a simple uncompounded substance, without any dissimilar parts or heterogeneous mixture, it cannot therefore be divided, consequently it cannot perish. I might add that the facility and expedition with which youth are taught to acquire numberless very difficult arts, is a strong presumption that the soul possessed a considerable portion of knowledge before it entered into the human form; and that what seems to be received from instruction is, in fact, no other than a reminiscence, or recollection, of its former ideas. This, at least, is the opinion of Plato.

Xenophon, likewise, represents the elder Cyrus, in his last moments, as expressing his belief in the soul's immortality in the following terms: "Oh, my sons, do not imagine when death shall have separated me from you that I shall cease to exist. You beheld not my soul whilst I continued amongst you, yet you concluded that I had one, from the actions you saw me perform; infer the same when you shall see me no more. If the souls of departed worthies did not watch over and guard their surviving fame, the renown of their illustrious actions would soon be worn out of the memory of men. For my own part, I never could be persuaded that the soul could properly be said to live whilst it remained in this mortal body, or that it ceased to live when death had dissolved the vital union. I never could believe either that it became void of sense when it escaped from its connection with senseless matter, or that its intellectual powers were not enlarged and improved when it was discharged and refined from all corporeal admixture. When death has disunited the human frame, we clearly see what becomes of its material parts, as they apparently return to the several elements out of which they were originally composed; but the soul continues to remain invisible, both when she is present in the body, and when she departs out of it. Nothing so nearly resembles death as sleep, and nothing so strongly intimates the divinity of the soul as what passes in the mind upon that occasion. For the intellectual principle in man, during this state of relaxation and freedom from external impressions, frequently looks forward into futurity, and discerns events ere time has yet brought them forth—a plain indication this what the powers of the soul will hereafter be, when she shall be delivered from the restraints of her present bondage. If I should not therefore be mistaken in this my firm persuasion, you will have reason, my sons, when death shall have removed me from your view, to revere me as a sacred and celestial spirit. But although the soul should perish with the body, I recommend it to you, nevertheless, to honor my memory with a pious and inviolable regard, in obedience to the immortal gods, by whose power and providence this beautiful fabric of the universe is sustained and governed.'' Such were the sentiments of the dying Cyrus; permit me now to express my own.

Never, Scipio, can I believe that your illustrious ancestors, together with many other excellent personages, whom I need not particularly name, would have so ardently endeavored to merit the honorable remembrance of posterity, had they not been persuaded that they had a real interest in the opinion which future generations might entertain concerning them. And do you imagine, my noble friends (if I may be indulged in an old man's privilege to boast of himself), do you imagine I would have undergone those labors I have sustained, both in my civil and military employments, if I had supposed that the conscious satisfaction I received from the glory of my actions was to terminate with my present existence? If such had been my persuasion, would it not have been far better and more rational to have passed my days in an undisturbed and indolent repose, without labor and without contention? But my mind, by I know not what secret impulse, was ever raising its views into future ages, strongly persuaded that I should then only begin to live when I ceased to exist in the present world. Indeed, if the soul were not naturally immortal, never, surely, would the desire of immortal glory be a passion which always exerts itself with the greatest force in the noblest and most exalted bosoms.

Tell me, my friends, whence it is that those men who have made the greatest advances in true wisdom and genuine philosophy are observed to meet death with the most perfect equanimity; while the ignorant and unimproved part of our species generally see its approach with the utmost discomposure and reluctance? Is it not because the more enlightened the mind is, and the farther it extends its view, the more clearly it discerns in the hour of its dissolution (what narrow and vulgar souls are too short-sighted to discover) that it is taking its flight into some happier region?

For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers, whose characters I greatly respected, and whose persons I sincerely loved. Nor is this, my earnest desire, confined to those excellent persons alone with whom I was formerly connected; I ardently wish to visit also those celebrated worthies, of whose honorable conduct I have heard and read much, or whose virtues I have myself commemorated in some of my writings. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing; and I would not be turned back in my journey, even upon the assured condition that my youth, like that of Pelias, should again be restored. The sincere truth is, if some divinity would confer upon me a new grant of my life, and replace me once more in the cradle, I would utterly, and without the least hesitation, reject the offer; having well-nigh finished my race, I have no inclination to return to the goal. For what has life to recommend it? Or rather, indeed, to what evils does it not expose us? But admit that its satisfactions are many, yet surely there is a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast; for I mean not, in imitation of some very considerable philosophers, to represent the condition of human nature as a subject of just lamentation. On the contrary, I am far from regretting that life was bestowed upon me, as I have the satisfaction to think that I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which nature never designed for my permanent abode, and I look upon my departure out of it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as leaving my inn.

O, glorious day, when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assembly of departed spirits, and not with those only whom I just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, that best of sons and most valuable of men. It was my sad fate to lay his body on the funeral pile, when by the course of nature I had reason to hope he would have performed the same last office to mine. His soul, however, did not desert me, but still looked back upon me in its flight to those happy mansions, to which he was assured I should one day follow him. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained; it was because I supported myself with the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated.

Thus to think and thus to act has enabled me, Scipio, to bear up under a load of years with that ease and complacency which both you and Laelius have so frequently, it seems, remarked with admiration; as indeed it has rendered my old age not only no inconvenient state to me, but even an agreeable one. And after all, should this my firm persuasion of the soul's immortality prove to be a mere delusion, it is at least a pleasing delusion, and I will cherish it to my latest breath. I have the satisfaction in the meantime to be assured that if death should utterly extinguish my existence, as some minute philosophers assert, the groundless hope I entertained of an after-life in some better state cannot expose me to the derision of these wonderful sages, when they and I shall be no more. In all events, and even admitting that our expectations of immortality are utterly vain, there is a certain period, nevertheless, when death would be a consummation most earnestly to be desired. For Nature has appointed to the days of man, as to all things else, their proper limits, beyond which they are no longer of any value. In fine, old age may be considered as the last scene in the great drama of life, and one would not, surely, wish to lengthen out his part till he sank down sated with repetition and exhausted with fatigue.

VI. CICERO'S LETTERS. In ancient days when newspapers were unknown, the only means of written communication was by letters, and a provincial governor must depend upon them for information from the capital, and only through them could he convey his ideas to his family, friends and constituents at home. Many of the old Romans were great letter writers, but we have no collection from that period of the world's history to compare with that of Cicero, who wrote so freely, gracefully and naturally to his friends and political associates.

Generally letters were engraved on waxen tablets with a *stylus,* that is, an instrument, usually of bone or ivory, with one end pointed and the other flattened and rounded to smooth out the wax in making erasures; rarely, however, they were written upon parchment with a reed dipped in ink. Tablets were carried everywhere, and letters were dashed off in a hurry, whenever the writer had a moment to spare. When Cicero wrote, his hand could scarce keep pace with his ideas, and it is said that his brother often complained of the illegibility of his writing.

As a general thing the Romans wrote little with their own hands, preferring to delegate this mechanical process to a slave, who in many cases went nearly everywhere with his master, carrying tablets and *stylus*. This plan made forgery a simple matter, unless the letters were enclosed in a packet, tied and sealed with a personal stamp. Many letters were written expressly for public use, and were copied and sold broadcast or were distributed as political documents. That there were so many slaves competent to do this work is probably one of the reasons why the Romans never devised a running handwriting or invented anything approximating our newspaper. The perishable nature of the material usually employed will account for the dearth of epistolary material in the literary remains of that early period.

The letters of Cicero, of which so many exist, cover a wide variety of subjects. Some are political pamphlets, others are philosophical treatises, others are merely friendly, and more are affectionate epistles to his family. The most important were written to Atticus, but there are others addressed to Lentulus, to Brutus, to his brother and to others. To Atticus, Cicero wrote with the greatest freedom upon all sorts of subjects, and the former, cold and prudent though he seems to have been, gave good advice to his confiding friend. But

Cicero's most communicative letters are to his own family, for whom he had the greatest affection: even his freedman Tiro receiving his share of friendly notice, an evidence of the kindly relation between master and servant.

The only letter for which we have space was written during the author's exile, and speaks volumes for Cicero's weakness and dismay under misfortunes. Terentia is the wife from whom he was later estranged and divorced; Tullia was his daughter, at that time married to Gaius Piso Frugi, a young nobleman of an excellent family, to whom Cicero alludes by the name of Piso. The translation was made by W. Melmoth and published in 1753.

To Terentia, to my Dearest Tullia, and to my Son:

If you do not hear from me so frequently as you might, it is because I can neither write to you, nor read your letters, without falling into a greater passion of tears than I am able to support: for though I am at all times, indeed, completely miserable, yet I feel my misfortunes with a particular sensibility upon those tender occasions.

Oh! that I had been more indifferent to life! Our days would then have been, if not wholly unacquainted with sorrow, yet by no means thus wretched. However, if any hopes are still reserved to us of recovering some part at least of what we have lost, I shall not think that I have made altogether so imprudent a choice. But if our present fate is unalterably fixed—Ah! my dearest Terentia, if we are utterly and for ever abandoned by those gods whom you have so religiously adored, and by those men whom I have so faithfully served; let me see you as soon as possible, that I may have the satisfaction of breathing out my last departing sigh in your arms.

I have spent about a fortnight at this place, with my friend Marcus Flaccus. This worthy man did not scruple to exercise the rites of friendship and hospitality towards me, notwithstanding the severe penalties of that iniquitous law against those who should venture to give me reception. May I one day have it in my power to make him a return to those generous services, which I shall ever most gratefully remember.

I am just going to embark, and purpose to pass through Macedonia in my way to Cyzicum. And now, my Terentia, thus wretched and ruined as I am, can I entreat you, under all that weight of pain and sorrow with which, I too well know, you are oppressed, can I entreat you to be the partner and companion of my exile? But must I then live without you? I know not how to reconcile myself to that hard condition; unless your presence at Rome may be a mean of forwarding my return; if any hopes of that kind should indeed subsist. But should there, as I sadly suspect, be absolutely none, come to me, I conjure you, if it be possible: for never can I think myself completely ruined, whilst I shall enjoy my Terentia's company. But how will my dearest daughter dispose of herself? A question which you yourselves must consider: for, as to my own part, I am utterly at a loss what to advise. At all events, however, that dear unhappy girl must not take any measures that may injure her conjugal repose, or affect her in the good opinion of the world. As for my son—let me not at least be deprived of the consolation of folding him for ever in my arms. But I must lay down my pen a few moments: my tears flow too fast to suffer me to proceed.

I am under the utmost solicitude, as I know not whether you have been able to preserve any part of your estate, or (what I sadly fear) are cruelly robbed of your whole fortune. I hope Piso will always continue, what you represent him to be, entirely ours. As to the manumission of the slaves; I think you have no occasion to be uneasy. For with regard to your own, you only promised them their liberty as they should deserve it; but, excepting Orpheus, there are none of them that have any great claim to this favor. As to mine, I told them, if my estate should be forfeited, I would give them their freedom, provided I could obtain the confirmation of that grant: but if I preserved my estate, that they should all of them, excepting only a few whom I particularly named, remain in their present condition. But this is a matter of little consequence.

With regard to the advice you give me of keeping up my spirits, in the belief that I shall again be restored to my country; I only wish that I may have reason to encourage so desirable an expectation. In the meantime, I am greatly miserable, in the uncertainty when I shall hear from you, or what hand you will find to convey your letters. I would have waited for them at this place, but the master of the ship on which I am going to embark, could not be prevailed upon to lose the present opportunity of sailing.

For the rest, let me conjure you in my turn to bear up under the pressure of our afflictions with as much resolution as possible. Remember that my days have all been honorable; and that I now suffer, not for my crimes, but my virtues. No, my Terentia, nothing can justly be imputed to me, but that I survived the loss of my dignities. However, if it was more agreeable to our children that I should thus live, let that reflection teach us to submit to our misfortunes with cheerfulness; insupportable as upon all other considerations they would undoubtedly be. But alas, whilst I am endeavoring to keep up your spirits, I am utterly unable to preserve my own!

I have sent back the faithful Philetaerus: as the weakness of his eyes made him incapable of rendering me any service. Nothing can equal the good offices I receive from Sallustius. Pescennius likewise has given me strong marks of his affection: and I hope he will not fail in his respect also to you. Sicca promised to attend me in exile; but he changed his mind, and has left me at this place.

I entreat you to take all possible care of your health: and be assured, your misfortunes more sensibly affect me than my own. Adieu, my Terentia, thou most faithful and best of wives! adieu. And thou my dearest daughter, together with that other consolation of my life, my dear son, I bid you both most tenderly farewell.

BRUNDISIUM, *April the 30th.*

VII. CICERO'S SON. Although it is not strictly in line with our reading at this time, yet so much of Cicero's writing was addressed to his son that it may be interesting to know what kind of a man came from such careful training, what developed from this "son most lovable and dear." The young Marcus Cicero was educated with his cousin Quintus, who was of almost the same age and of similar tastes. Cicero writes to his brother: "Your boy, who is the very image of you, my Cicero loves like a brother, and respects as an elder brother." So the cousins lived together, had the same tutor and kept pace with each other in learning. When the two boys were fifteen, Cicero wrote: "They are fond of each other, they study together and take their exercise together; but one of them, like Isocrates in Ephorus and Theopompus, needs the curb; the other, the spur."

On the seventeenth of March, in 49 B. C., young Marcus donned the toga and was ready to enter upon the profession of arms and abandon philosophy and law, if he so desired; and desire it he did, for at that time he enlisted under the banner of Pompey and gained praise from his general and the army for his skill in riding, throwing the lance and power of endurance. Cicero was proud of his son's accomplishments, but he could not forbear to add to his praise: "Successes which we win by the use of our intellect and reasoning power are more gratifying than those which come from physical excellence."

The young man appears to have been deeply grieved by his father's divorce and subsequent marriage to his ward, for immediately he demanded a separate residence or an opportunity to go to Spain and carve out his own career. He seems to have been a big fellow, very much of an athlete, and able to drink all his companions under the table.

In 45 B. C. Cicero's daughter Tullia died. It was a long period of misfortune with him: the divorce of his wife, the separation from his second wife, his quarrel with Quintus and the alienation of his son followed in quick succession. No wonder that he wrote: "Deprived as I am of my political honors and of my home life, what hope has the future left for me? Would that I were dead!" Can you imagine the self-control it took for him to consent to his son going to Athens, and to make arrangements for it within a few weeks of his daughter's death?

Life at a university in those days has been thus described: "Most of the young enthusiasts for learning, noble and low-born alike, become mad partisans of their professors. As those who have a passionate love of racing can hardly contain themselves, but copy all the gestures of the jockeys, or bet upon the horses entered for the prize, although they hardly have the wherewithal to live themselves; so the students show their eagerness for their teachers and the masters of their favorite studies; they are all anxiety to make their audience larger, and to have their fees increased. And this is carried to portentous lengths. They post themselves over the city, on the highways, about the harbor, on the tops of the hills, nay, in lonely spots; they win over the inhabitants to join their faction. As each newcomer disembarks, he falls into their hands; they carry him off at once to the house of some countryman or friend who is bent on trumpeting the praises of his own professor, and by that means gaining his favor or exemption from his fees."

One of the professors in such a school has written: "I send my slave out to all my scholars to summon them to lecture, and he starts off at a run to do my bidding. But they are in no mood, like him, to hurry, though they ought to be even more in haste. They stay, some of them, to sing their songs, which we have all heard till we are tired, or else they amuse themselves with foolish merriment and jesting. If their friends or bystanders remark on their delay, and at last they make their minds up to be off, they talk about their sweethearts as they go, or on the skill of some dancer at the circus, and they gossip even when they get inside, to the annoyance of real students. This they do until the lecture has begun. And even when the subject is being discussed, and explanation is going on, they keep whispering to each other about jockeys and the races, or some comedians and opera dancers; or about some scuffle, past or future. Meantime, some of them stand like statues, with their arms folded on each other; others go on blowing their noses with both hands; others sit stock still, unmoved by any of my strokes of brilliancy or wit. Some try to interrupt those who do feel stirred. Others vacantly cast up the numbers in the room or stare at the trees that grow outside. . . . . I had a different set of pupils once. . . . . Each of them used to carry away something in his memory of what I said, and then they would put their heads together and compare notes and write my speech out fair. They were quite distressed if they lost any of the heads, although that seldom happened. . . . . But as for you, you can only tell inquirers that I have been lecturing, but cannot repeat a word of what was said."

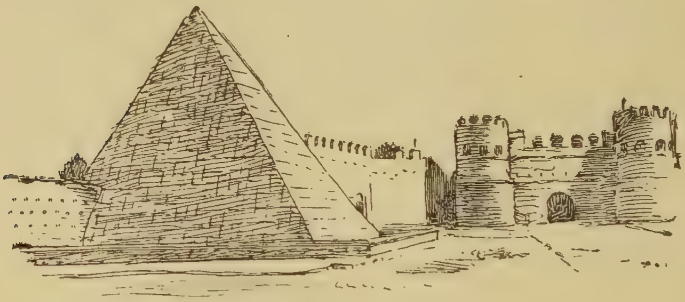
Cicero had set aside the income of property in Rome to support his son, but it proved insufficient for the extravagant tastes of the young Marcus, who wrote home for money, much as a twentieth-century college student in America might have done. Cicero yielded generously, for he says: "I shall take care that neither Bibulus nor Acidinus nor Nessalla, who I understand will be at Athens, shall have more money to spend than he (Marcus) gets from these rentals."

Finally, in December of 44 B. C. the young man wrote to Tiro, the honest freedman of Cicero, a letter which Abbott condenses as follows:

> It is a long time, I confess, since I have written to you, but I have really been waiting for a letter from you, which has only just reached me after having been forty-six days on the way. The delight which both your letter and my father's gave me more than repaid me for waiting. I have no doubt that the better reports concerning me were gratifying to you. I assure you that you may become the champion of my reputation with a clear conscience. The errors of my past conduct cause me so much sorrow, that not only do I now shudder at the thought of such things, but my very ears burn at the mention of them. I have become not merely the pupil but the son of Cratippus. I spend whole days and nights with him. As for Bruttius, I do not let him depart from me. I have, in fact, hired apartments for him next door, and help him out as far as I can from my scanty means. Besides that, I have lessons in Greek declamation with Cassius, and in Latin with Bruttius. My most intimate friends are the learned men whom Cratippus brought with him from Mytilene. I found Gorgias useful for declamation, but as my father asked me to dismiss him, I did so at once. So you have bought a farm. I am very glad to hear it. I can imagine you buying farming tools, and talking with the overseer. By the way, I wish you would send me a secretary—a Greek, I prefer; I lose much time in copying lectures. Take good care of your health, so that we may have literary discussions together by and by.

After the death of Caesar, Marcus junior allied himself enthusiastically to Brutus, who wrote to the father these gratifying words: "Your son, Cicero, by his activity, his painstaking care, his devotion to work, and his broad-mindedness, indeed, by the manifestation of every good quality, makes such a favorable impression on me that in point of fact he never seems to forget whose son he is."

But we have already given too much space to the career of the son of the great orator, and history affords us little information after the death of his father. He was allied to Octavianus rather than to Antony, and in his thirty-fifth year we find him associated with the former as consul, in which position he presided over the Senate when it took revenge for the elder Cicero's death by removing the statues erected to Antony, depriving him of his titles and declaring that none of his descendants should bear the name of Marcus. As Plutarch puts it: "So fate intrusted to the household of Cicero the last act in the punishment of Antony."



PYRAMID AT GATE OF SAN PAOLO, ROME

CHAPTER XI

CICERONIAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONTINUED)

84 B. C.—43 B. C.

CAESAR

INTRODUCTION. The stormy years covered by this era turned the attention of every one to the growth of those political ideas which culminated in the overthrow of the Republic, and in consequence literary activity took the form of oratory, history or political treatises, in preference to any other. We have considered oratory in the preceding chapter and must now turn our attention to history, in which department the names of Caesar, Sallust and Nepos stand preëminent.

Cicero is known to have contemplated the writing of history, but he was peculiarly unfitted for the task, and it is fortunate for his reputation that he abandoned it, for he might have failed. Some indication of his notion of what constituted history may be gathered from the message he sent to Lucceius when the latter announced his intention to write an account of the Catiline conspiracy: "You must grant something to our friendship; let me pray you to delineate my exploits in a way that shall reflect the greatest possible glory of myself." Even Quintilian was not much above Cicero in his conception of history: "History is closely akin to poetry, and is written for purposes of narration, not of proof; being composed with the motive of transmitting our fame to posterity, it avoids the dullness of continuous narrative by the use of rarer words and freer paraphrases."

Although Tacitus had a more exalted idea of the matter, yet the conception given above was the popular one, and no writer was given credit as a great historian unless he had a clear, forcible and somewhat ornate style. Accuracy, information, observation and personal experience were all subservient to qualities of style, and were heeded only as they enabled the writer to improve and perfect them. Such being the facts, no one can expect from this period, when perfection in Latin was so strong a desideratum, such broad and profound treatises as those of Herodotus and Thucydides, but must content himself if he can find a fairly truthful account of leading episodes in the history of Rome, with a sprinkling of sympathetic and not flagrantly unfair biographies. These are to be found in the historical essays of Caesar, and to a less extent in the works of Sallust and Nepos.

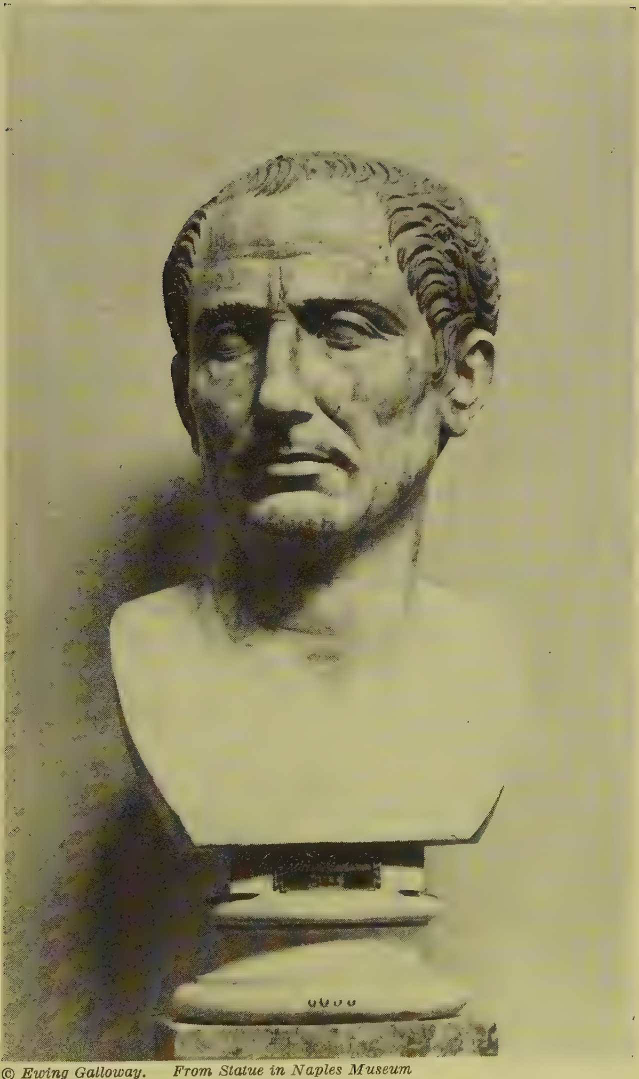
II. BIOGRAPHY OF CAESAR. The life of Caesar was so much a part of the history of Rome during the period of which we are writing that we are already familiar with it in its larger aspects. Our concern with him now is in his character as literary man, but a brief epitome of his career may aid us in understanding his accomplishments more thoroughly.

1. *Early Life.* Gaius (or Caius) Julius Caesar was born on the twelfth of July, in the year 100 (or 102) B. C., of a patrician family who had long been associated with the senatorial party. There had been famous men in the family, but the thing upon which the young Caesar most prided himself was the marriage of his aunt Julia with the famous Marius, and at the early age of seventeen he married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, at that time the absolute master of Rome, and thereby espoused the cause of the popular party. When Sulla, the leader of the aristocrats, returned to Rome, he demanded that Caesar repudiate his wife, but this the latter refused to do, and therefore he found himself compelled to flee from Rome, and in fact saved his life only by skulking in the mountains. In time Sulla was induced to

pardon him, though he seems to have acted against his own judgment, for he warned the nobles to "beware of that dissolute boy."

2. *The Beginnings of his Career.* By 69 B. C. Caesar had so distinguished himself as a democratic leader that he was reckoned as a friend of Pompey and was appointed as questor to Spain, after which he returned to Rome. At this point Pompey departed for the East, while Caesar remained at home, indulging his vices and extravagant habits to the utmost; but in spite of this he was laying the foundation for his future greatness, and even in these apparently wasted years he established the beginnings of his great career. In 65 B. C. he was curule aedile and found means of increasing his popularity by giving wonderful gladiatorial combats and unusually magnificent games. His colleague carried most of the expense, and complained that while he bore the burdens Caesar got all the credit. Prior to this time he had found the opportunity to establish himself as a popular orator of great power and had received much credit for the elaborate panegyric he delivered over the body of his aunt Julia and the funeral oration which he pronounced on the death of his wife Cornelia. In 63 B. C. he became *Pontifex Maximus.*

3. *Caesar and Catiline.* It was at this time that Cicero disclosed and overthrew the conspiracy of Catiline, and Caesar's name was freely bandied about as being one of the conspirators, though ultimately he escaped detec-



© *Ewing Galloway.* *From Statue in Naples Museum*

JULIUS CAESAR

tion, if he really was tangled with them; or, perhaps, it would be safer to say he was saved by Cicero, who declared publicly that Caesar had been one of the factors in the capture of the conspirators. The people, at any rate, were willing to believe this, but at the present time critics are unwilling to free Caesar from blame.

4. *The First Triumvirate.* After a year's residence in Spain, Caesar returned to Rome in the year 60 B. C., and succeeded in becoming consul and in reconciling the two great rivals, Crassus and Pompey, who with himself formed what is known in history as the First Triumvirate. Crassus and Pompey united in assisting Caesar to pass his agrarian law; Pompey's acts in the East were ratified; Caesar gave his daughter to Pompey in marriage, although she had been promised to M. Brutus; and he himself married Calpurnia, the daughter of L. Piso, who succeeded him as consul.

5. *Caesar in Gaul.* Caesar was wise enough to see that his highest ambitions could be gained only with the aid of an army, and accordingly he secured the appointment to the command of Cisalpine Gaul and Illyria, to which the Senate also added Transalpine Gaul, in order to anticipate the action of the popular party. The next nine years of Caesar's life were devoted to those campaigns in Gaul, from which he was to emerge the hero of the Roman populace, dictator of Rome and the real founder of the Roman Empire. In his *Commentaries*

he has given us an account of the campaigns of those same years.

While Caesar was increasing his fame in Gaul, Pompey was becoming jealous of him and veering toward the leadership of the aristocracy. In 54 B. C. also, Crassus had died and thereby dissolved the First Triumvirate; and Pompey felt no responsibility to the agreement of the triumvirate nor any personal obligation to Caesar, after his wife Julia had also died.

6. *Caesar and Pompey.* Pompey's dread of the new conqueror in Gaul kept rapidly increasing, and after much political engineering he succeeded in getting through the Senate a resolution "that Caesar should disband his army by a certain day; that if he did not do so, he should be regarded as an enemy to the state." The tribunes, Mark Antony and Quintus Cassius, were driven violently from the Senate chamber and fled for their lives to Caesar's camp. The Senate became so terrified at the growing popularity of Caesar that they declared war against him, placed the campaign in the hands of Pompey, and awaited results. Pompey himself seems to have had no doubt of his ability to destroy his rival, but he reckoned without his host, for Caesar took matters into his own hands, entered Italy at the head of his victorious troops, and moved swiftly toward Rome. Pompey was soon defeated, but escaped through Brundisium to the East, though closely pursued by Caesar. The Italian states everywhere received their

new ruler with joy, and in three months' time Caesar found himself the master of all Italy. By a campaign in Spain he subdued Pompey's legates there and returned to learn that he had been appointed dictator of the Republic. Operations against Pompey resulted in the utter defeat of that great leader at Pharsalus, in 48 B. C., but again Pompey escaped and made his way to Egypt, where he fell a victim to a murderous plot.

7. *Caesar as Dictator.* Caesar's career as dictator was one continued success, and resulted in bringing under his control the whole Roman domain. He went to Egypt and fell in love with Cleopatra, brought the Alexandrian war to a successful termination, overthrew the son of Mithridates in Pontus, conquered Scipio and Cato, generals of Pompey in Africa, quelled an uprising in Spain, and returned to Rome.

Caesar had in his nature none of the revengeful qualities which marked the career of such men as Marius and Sulla, and when he found himself at the head of the state he magnificently declared that he no longer had any enemies, that all the followers of his opponents were now his friends, and he began upon a series of political reforms, which indicated that he had the mind of a statesman and the ability to carry out his projects. The Senate responded to his popularity, called him "The Father of his Country" and "Imperator," made him dictator for life and consul for ten years. They declared his person sacred and even divine; gave him a bodyguard of knights and senators; placed his statue in the temples; put his portrait upon coins; changed the name of the month Quintilis to Julius in his honor, and permitted him on all public occasions to wear the triumphal robe. But in the midst of his activities, when everything seemed most favorable to the successful carrying out of all his designs for the betterment of Rome, his enemies formed a conspiracy which drew into its net some of the greatest men in Rome, a conspiracy which proved successful, for on the Ides of March (the fifteenth), 44 B. C., Caesar was stabbed to death in the Senate house and fell at the base of Pompey's statue.

Of the sixty aristocrats who were in the conspiracy, many had accepted the benefits of Caesar's generosity, and all had profited more or less by his clemency. A few of them, like Brutus, were actuated, perhaps, by an honest desire to prevent the complete destruction of the Republic and the formation of an empire, but most of them, like Cassius, were jealous of his fame and desirous only of regaining control of the government.

8. *Character.* Caesar at fifty-six, when he was murdered, was still of a noble and commanding presence, tall of stature, and bearing a countenance from which always shone the keen brilliancy of his eyes, though his face might be pale and thin and set with the firm lines of care. Naturally, he was of a rather

delicate constitution and, it is said, afflicted by epilepsy, but he was strikingly handsome, had an attractive personality, and in maturity had attained vigorous health. He had a versatile intellect and excelled in everything he undertook. Not only was he the first general and first statesman of his age, but probably of all Rome; moreover, as a historian he had rarely been excelled in the simplicity and vigor of his style, as well as in the truthfulness with which he narrated the events of which he was an eye witness. But this was not all: he was, excepting Cicero, the greatest orator of his age; he was a mathematician, a philologist, a jurist and an architect, and in none of these was he mediocre.

III. CAESAR'S WRITINGS. The *Commentaries on the Gallic War,* in seven books, covering the years 58–52 B. C., and *Commentaries on the Civil War,* in three books, covering the years 49–48 B. C., are practically all we have now of Caesar's writings, although we know that he wrote a few poems, some grammatical and rhetorical essays, two books against Cato, and his remarkable orations, all of which are lost. A few of his letters were preserved in the correspondence of Cicero, but the collection that was made in his time has been irretrievably lost.

IV. "COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR." The *Commentaries,* or notes, were written for the double purpose of showing Rome's debt to Caesar and to quiet his detractors by proving that his conquest of Gaul was not a series of aggressions, but that it had been forced on him by necessity. Caesar's facts were drawn probably from official army records and supplemented by his own recollections and perhaps also by private journals. While his narrative claims to be wholly impartial, yet the careful reader will see that Caesar's victories are given at least all the prominence they deserve, that everything is set out in as favorable a light as possible, and that reverses are passed over with a light touch; and yet, there is none of that aggressive conceit and transparent vanity which characterizes the writings of Cicero, for Caesar always kept his personality in the background and wrote in the third person as though the chief actor was some other man. Although his work was rapidly done and accordingly might be full of imperfections, we find, on the other hand, that the style is clear, simple, unaffected, and free from bombast or excessive rhetorical ornament. Nevertheless, it is not dry and uninteresting, for he intersperses his narrative with interesting descriptive passages, eloquent speeches, dialogues, all kinds of entertaining details, and often pauses to compliment some of his soldiers for skill and bravery. Thus, in the account of the siege of Gergovia, he describes the heroic death of one of his centurions as follows:

> Marcus Petronius, a centurion of the same legion, in trying to break down the gate, was overwhelmed by numbers and despaired of his life. When he had already been

wounded many times, he said to his comrades, who had followed him: ''Since I can not save myself together with you, I will at least provide for your safety, since through my greed for glory I have led you into danger. When an opportunity is given you, do you look out for yourselves.'' At once he rushed into the midst of the enemy, and after killing two, drove the rest a little away from the gate. When his comrades tried to succor him, ''In vain,'' he said, ''do you try to save my life, since my blood and my strength are ebbing away. So go away, while you have the opportunity, and retreat to the legion.'' Thus fighting, he soon fell and saved his comrades.

Hirtius, who was asked by Caesar to write an eighth book for his work, and who wrote other histories, has this to say of the *Gallic War* and Caesar's methods:

I wish that those who will read my book could know how unwillingly I took it in hand, that I might acquit myself of folly and arrogance in completing what Caesar had begun. For all agree that the elegance of these commentaries surpasses the most laborious efforts of other writers. They were edited to prevent historians being ignorant of matters of such high importance. But so highly are they approved by the universal verdict that the power of amplifying them has been rather taken away than bestowed by their publication. And yet I have a right to marvel at this even more than others. For while others know how faultlessly they are written, I know with what ease and rapidity he dashed them off. For Caesar, besides the highest conceivable literary gift, possessed the most perfect skill in explaining his designs.

We may safely give to the style of the *Commentaries on the Gallic War* the same high rating that Cicero places upon them in his *Brutus:*

> They are worthy of all praise: they are unadorned, straightforward, and elegant, every ornament being stripped off as it were a garment. While he desired to give others the material out of which to create a history, he may perhaps have done a kindness to conceited writers who wish to trick them out with meretricious graces; but he had deterred all men of sound taste from touching them. For in history a pure and brilliant conciseness of style is the highest attainable beauty.

It is doubtful if any other Latin historian has the same perfection of style that characterized the writings of Caesar; from his time on a marked decay in purity of language and beauty of style is seen, not only among the historians, but among other prose writers. The language of perfection, as it ceased to be practiced daily, gave way gradually to the common tongue of the people, and while in the Augustan Era we shall find many great writers of still classical Latin, yet we are conscious all the time that decay has set in.

V. "COMMENTARIES ON THE CIVIL WAR." The three books of the *Civil War* partake of many of the qualities of Caesar's other and greater work, but it is throughout less admirable. While it treats of even more interesting events, it is not written in so excellent a style and is said by critics to be much less accurate. It would seem that Caesar had his former work more at heart, had been more interested in it, and had revised and finished it more critically. It is quite possible that he passed the *Civil War* over to some of his officers for final review, and that they did not perform the labor as he himself would have done. In the *Gallic War* Caesar devotes a book to each of his campaigns, while the first year of the Civil War occupies two of the three books which are now extant.

Aulus Hirtius, one of Caesar's lieutenants in Gaul and his trusted agent, was praetor, then in 43 B. C. was consul, and was killed while fighting against Antony in the battle of Mutina. The condensation of the *Commentaries on the Gallic War,* forming the eighth book, is ascribed to him with certainty, while the authorship of the *Alexandrian War,* the *African War* and the *Spanish War,* which has quite generally been attributed to him, probably belongs to some other of Caesar's officers.

VI. EXTRACTS FROM THE "GALLIC WAR." *De Bello Gallico* is so well known everywhere that Latin is studied, as the first book which the beginner reads, that extracts from it seem almost superfluous, yet perhaps that is the greater reason for attempting to give a notion of some of its excellencies as they appear when literally translated into our language by W. A. M'Devitte and W. S. Bohn.

The following account of the campaign against the Nervii is taken from the second book:

Upon their territories bordered the Nervii, concerning whose character and customs when Caesar inquired he received the following information:—That "there was no access for merchants to them; that they suffered no wine and other things tending to luxury to be imported;

because they thought that by their use the mind is enervated and the courage impaired, that they were a savage people and of great bravery; that they upbraided and condemned the rest of the Belgae who had surrendered themselves to the Roman people and thrown aside their national courage; that they openly declared they would neither send ambassadors, nor accept any condition of peace."

After he had made three days' march through their territories, he discovered from some prisoners, that the river Sambre was not more than ten miles from his camp; that all the Nervii had stationed themselves on the other side of that river, and together with the Atrebates and the Veromandui, their neighbors, were there awaiting the arrival of the Romans; for they had persuaded both these nations to try the same fortune of war as themselves; that the forces of the Aduatuci were also expected by them, and were on their march; that they had put their women, and those who through age appeared useless for war, in a place to which there was no approach for an army, on account of the marshes.

Having learned these things, he sends forward scouts and centurions to choose a convenient place for the camp. And as a great many of the surrounding Belgae and other Gauls, following Caesar, marched with him; some of these, as was afterwards learned from the prisoners, having accurately observed, during those days, the army's method of marching, went by night to the Nervii, and informed them that a great number of baggage-trains passed between the several legions, and that there would be no difficulty, when the first legion had come into the camp, and the other legions were at a great distance, to attack that legion while under baggage, which being routed, and the baggage-train seized, it would come to pass that the other legions would not dare to stand their ground. It added weight also to the advice of those who reported that circumstance, that the Nervii, from early times, because they were weak in cavalry (for not even at this time do they attend to it, but accomplish by their infantry whatever they can), in order that they might the more easily obstruct the cavalry of their neighbors if they came upon them for the purpose of plundering, having cut young trees, and bent them, by means of their numerous branches extending on to the sides, and the quick-briars and thorns springing up between them, had made these hedges present a fortification like a wall, through which it was not only impossible to enter, but even to penetrate with the eye. Since, therefore, the march of our army would be obstructed by these things, the Nervii thought that the advice ought not to be neglected by them.

The nature of the ground which our men had chosen for the camp was this: A hill, declining evenly from the top, extended to the river Sambre, which we have mentioned above; from this river there arose a second hill of like ascent, on the other side and opposite to the former, and open for about 200 paces at the lower part; but in the upper part, woody (so much so) that it was not easy to see through it into the interior. Within those woods the enemy kept themselves in concealment; a few troops of horse-soldiers appeared on the open ground, along the river. The depth of the river was about three feet.

Caesar, having sent his cavalry on before, followed close after them with all his forces; but the plan and order of the march was different from that which the Belgae had reported to the Nervii. For as he was approaching the enemy, Caesar, according to his custom, led on as the van six legions unencumbered by baggage; behind them he had placed the baggage-trains of the whole army; then the two legions which had been last raised closed the rear, and were a guard for the baggage-train. Our horse, with the slingers and archers, having passed the river, commenced action with the cavalry of the enemy. While they from time to time betook themselves into the woods to their companions, and again made an assault out of the wood upon our men, who did not dare to follow them in their retreat further than the limit to which the plain and open parts extended, in the meantime the six legions which had arrived first, having measured out the work, began to fortify the camp. When the first part of the baggage-train of our army was seen by those who lay hid in the woods, which had been agreed on among them as the time for commencing action, as soon as they had arranged their line of battle and formed their ranks within the woods, and had encouraged one another, they rushed out suddenly with all their forces and made an attack upon our horse. The latter being easily routed and thrown into confusion, the Nervii ran down to the river with such incredible speed that they seemed to be in the woods, the river, and close upon us almost at the same time. And with the same speed they hastened up the hill to our camp and to those who were employed in the works.

Caesar had everything to do at one time: the standard to be displayed, which was the sign when it was necessary to run to arms; the signal to be given by the trumpet; the soldiers to be called off from the works; those who had proceeded some distance for the purpose of seeking materials for the rampart, to be summoned; the order of battle to be formed; the soldiers to be encouraged; the watchword to be given. A great part of these arrangements was prevented by the shortness of time and the sudden approach and charge of the enemy. Under these difficulties two things proved of advantage; first, the skill and experience of the soldiers, because, having been trained by former engagements, they could suggest to themselves what ought to be done, as conveniently as receive information from others; and, secondly, that Caesar had forbidden his several lieutenants to depart from the works and their respective legions, before the camp was fortified. These, on account of the near approach and the speed of the enemy, did not then wait for any command from Caesar, but of themselves executed whatever appeared proper.

Caesar, having given the necessary orders, hastened to and fro into whatever quarter fortune carried him, to animate the troops, and came to the tenth legion. Having encouraged the soldiers with no further speech than that "they should keep up the remembrance of their wonted valor, and not be confused in mind, but valiantly sustain the assault of the enemy;" as the latter were not farther from them than the distance to which a dart could be cast, he gave the signal for commencing battle. And having gone to another quarter for the purpose of encouraging the soldiers, he finds them fighting. Such was the shortness of the time, and so determined was the mind of the enemy on fighting, that time was wanting not only for affixing the military insignia, but even for putting on the helmets and drawing off the covers from the shields. To whatever part any one by chance came from the works (in which he had been employed), and whatever standards he saw first, at these he stood, lest in seeking his own company he should lose the time for fighting.

The army having been marshaled, rather as the nature of the ground and the declivity of the hill and the exigency of the time, than as the method and order of military matters required; whilst the legions in the different places were withstanding the enemy, some in one quarter, some in another, and the view was obstructed by the very thick hedges intervening, as we have before remarked, neither could proper reserves be posted, nor could the necessary measures be taken in each part, nor could all the commands be issued by one person. Therefore, in such an unfavorable state of affairs, various events of fortune followed.

The soldiers of the ninth and tenth legions, as they had been stationed on the left part of the army, casting their weapons, speedily drove the Atrebates (for that division had been opposed to them), who were breathless with running and fatigue, and worn out with wounds, from the higher ground into the river; and following them as they were endeavoring to pass it, slew with their swords a great part of them while impeded therein. They themselves did not hesitate to pass the river; and having advanced to a disadvantageous place, when the battle was renewed, they nevertheless again put to flight the enemy, who had returned and were opposing them. In like manner, in another quarter two different legions, the eleventh and the eighth, having routed the Veromandui, with whom they had engaged, were fighting from the higher ground upon the very banks of the river. But, almost the whole camp on the front and on the left side being then exposed, since the twelfth legion was posted in the right wing, and the seventh at no great distance from it, all the Nervii, in a very close body, with Boduognatus, who held the chief command, as their leader, hastened towards that place; and part of them began to surround the legions on their unprotected flank, part to make for the highest point of the encampment.

At the same time our horsemen, and light armed infantry, who had been with those, who, as I have related, were routed by the first assault of the enemy, as they were betaking themselves into the camp, met the enemy face to face, and again sought flight into another quarter; and the camp-followers who from the Decuman Gate, and from the highest ridge of the hill had seen our men pass the river as victors, when, after going out for the purposes of plundering, they looked back and saw the enemy parading in our camp, committed themselves precipitately to flight; at the same time there arose the cry and shout off those who came with the baggage-train; and they, affrighted, were carried some one way, some another. By all these circumstances the cavalry of the Treviri were much alarmed (whose reputation for courage is extraordinary among the Gauls, and who had come to Caesar, being sent by their state as auxiliaries), and, when they saw our camp filled with a large number of the enemy, the legions hard pressed and almost held surrounded, the camp-retainers, horsemen, slingers, and Numidians fleeing on all sides divided and scattered, they, despairing of our affairs, hastened home, and related to their state that the Romans were routed and conquered, and that the enemy were in possession of their camp and baggage-train.

Caesar proceeded, after encouraging the tenth legion, to the right wing; where he perceived that his men were hard pressed, and that in consequence of the standards of the twelfth legion being collected together in one place, the crowded soldiers were a hindrance to themselves in the fight; that all the centurions of the fourth cohort were slain, and the standard bearer killed, the standard itself lost, almost all the centurions of the other cohorts either wounded or slain, and among them the chief centurion of the legion, P. Sextius Baculus, a very valiant man, who was so exhausted by many and severe wounds, that he was already unable to support himself; he likewise perceived that the rest were slackening their efforts, and that some, deserted by those in the rear, were retiring from the battle and avoiding the weapons; that the enemy, on the other hand, though advancing from the lower ground, were not relaxing in front, and were at the same time pressing hard on both flanks; he also perceived that the affair was at a crisis, and that there was not any reserve which could be brought up; having therefore snatched a shield from one of the soldiers in the rear (for he himself had come without a shield), he advanced to the front of the line, and addressing the centurions by name, and encouraging the rest of the soldiers, he ordered them to carry forward the standards, and extend the companies, that they might the more easily use their swords. On his arrival, as hope was brought to the soldiers and their courage restored, whilst every one for his own part, in the sight of his general, desired to exert his utmost energy, the impetuosity of the enemy was a little checked.

Caesar, when he perceived that the seventh legion, which stood close by him, was also hard pressed by the enemy, directed the tribunes of the soldiers to effect a junction of the legions gradually, and make their charge upon the enemy with a double front; which having been done since they brought assistance the one to the other, nor feared lest their rear should be surrounded by the enemy, they began to stand their ground more boldly, and to fight more courageously. In the meantime, the soldiers of the two legions which had been in the rear of the army, as a guard for the baggage-train, upon the battle being reported to them, quickened their pace, and were seen by the enemy on the top of the hill; and Titus Labienus, having gained possession of the camp of the enemy, and observed from the higher ground what was going on in our camp, sent the tenth legion as a relief to our men, who, when they had learned from the flight of the horse and the sutlers in what position the affair was, and in how great danger the camp and the legion and the commander were involved, left undone nothing which tended to despatch.

By their arrival, so great a change of matters was made, that our men, even those who had fallen down exhausted with wounds, leaned on their shields, and renewed the fight: then the camp-retainers, though unarmed, seeing the enemy completely dismayed, attacked them though armed; the horsemen too, that they might by their valor blot out the disgrace of their flight, thrust themselves before the legionary soldiers in all parts of the battle. But the enemy, even in the last hope of safety, displayed such great courage, that when the foremost of them had fallen, the next stood upon them prostrate, and fought from their bodies; when these were overthrown, and their corpses heaped up together, those who survived cast their weapons against our men thence, as from a mound, and returned our darts which had fallen short between the armies; so that it ought not to be concluded, that men of such great courage had injudiciously dared to pass a very broad river, ascend very high banks, and come up to a very disadvantageous place; since their greatness of spirit had rendered these actions easy, although in themselves very difficult.

This battle being ended, and the nation and name of the Nervii being almost reduced to annihilation, their old men, whom together with the boys and women we have stated to have been collected together in the fenny places and marshes, on this battle having been reported to them, since they were convinced that nothing was an obstacle to the conquerors, and nothing safe to the conquered, sent ambassadors to Caesar by the consent of all who remained, and surrendered themselves to him; and in recounting the calamity of their state, said that their senators were reduced from 600 to three; that from 60,000 men they were reduced to scarcely 500 who could bear arms; whom Caesar, that he might appear to use compassion towards the wretched and the suppliant, most carefully spared; and ordered them to enjoy their own territories and towns, and commanded their neighbors that they should restrain themselves and their dependents from offering injury or outrage to them.

Caesar's account of the invasion of Britain is as follows:

During the short part of summer which remained, Caesar, although in these countries, as all Gaul lies towards the north, the winters are early, nevertheless resolved to proceed into Britain, because he discovered that in almost all the wars with the Gauls succors had been furnished to our enemy from that country; and even if the time of year should be insufficient for carrying on the war, yet he thought it would be of great service to him if he only entered the island, and saw into the character of the people, and got knowledge of their localities, harbors, and landing-places, all which were for the most part unknown to the Gauls. For neither does any one except merchants generally go thither, nor even to them was any portion of it known, except the sea-coast and those parts which are opposite to Gaul. Therefore, after having called up to him the merchants from all parts, he could learn neither what was the size of the island, nor what or how numerous were the nations which inhabited it, nor what system of war they followed, nor what customs they used, nor what harbors were convenient for a great number of large ships.

He sends before him Caius Volusenus with a ship of war, to acquire a knowledge of these particulars before he in person should make a descent into the island, as he was convinced that this was a judicious measure. He commissioned him to thoroughly examine into all matters, and then return to him as soon as possible. He himself proceeds to the Morini with all his forces. He orders ships from all parts of the neighboring countries, and the fleet which the preceding summer he had built for the war with the Veneti, to assemble in this place. In the meantime, his purpose having been discovered, and reported to the Britons by merchants, ambassadors come to him from several states of the island, to promise that they will give hostages, and submit to the government of the Roman people. Having given them an audience, he after promising liberally, and exhorting them to continue in that purpose, sends them back to their own country, and despatches with them Commius, whom, upon subduing the Atrebates, he had created king there, a man whose courage and conduct he esteemed, and who he thought would be faithful to him, and whose influence ranked highly in those countries. He orders him to visit as many states as he could, and persuade them to embrace the protection of the Roman people, and apprize them that he would shortly come thither. Volusenus, having viewed the localities as far as means could be afforded one who dared not leave his ship and trust himself to barbarians, returns to Caesar on the fifth day, and reports what he had there observed.

. . . .

Having collected together, and provided about eighty transport ships, as many as he thought necessary for conveying over two legions, he assigned such ships of war as he had besides to the quaestor, his lieutenants, and officers of cavalry. There were in addition to these eighteen ships of burden which were prevented, eight miles from that place, by winds, from being able to reach the same port.

. . . .

These matters being arranged, finding the weather favorable for his voyage, he set sail about the third watch, and ordered the horse to march forward to the farther port, and there embark and follow him. As this was performed rather tardily by them, he himself reached Britain with the first squadron of ships, about the fourth hour of the day, and there saw the forces of the enemy drawn up in arms on all the hills. The nature of the place was this: the sea was confined by mountains so close to it that a dart could be thrown from their summit upon the shore. Considering this by no means a fit place for disembarking, he remained at anchor till the ninth hour, for the other ships to arrive there. Having in the meantime assembled the lieutenants and military tribunes, he told them both what he had learned from Volusenus, and what he wished to be done; and enjoined them (as the principle of military matters, and especially as maritime affairs, which have a precipitate and uncertain action, required) that all things should be performed by them at a nod and at the instant. Having dismissed them, meeting both with wind and tide favorable at the same time, the signal being given and the anchor weighed, he advanced about seven miles from that place, and stationed his fleet over against an open and level shore.

But the barbarians, upon perceiving the design of the Romans, sent forward their cavalry and charioteers, a class of warriors of whom it is their practice to make great use in their battles, and following with the rest of their forces, endeavored to prevent our men landing. In this was the greatest difficulty, for the following reasons, namely, because our ships, on account of their great size, could be stationed only in deep water; and our soldiers, in places unknown to them, with their hands embarrassed, oppressed with a large and heavy weight of armor, had at the same time to leap from the ships, stand amidst the waves, and encounter the enemy; whereas they, either on dry ground, or advancing a little way into the water, free in all their limbs, in places thoroughly known to them, could confidently throw their weapons and spur on their horses, which were accustomed to this kind of service. Dismayed by these circumstances and altogether untrained in this mode of battle, our men did not all exert the same vigor and eagerness which they had been wont to exert in engagements on dry ground.

When Caesar observed this, he ordered the ships of war, the appearance of which was somewhat strange to the barbarians and the motion more ready for service, to be withdrawn a little from the transport vessels, and to be propelled by their oars, and be stationed towards the open flank of the enemy, and the enemy to be beaten off and driven away, with slings, arrows, and engines: which plan was of great service to our men; for the barbarians being startled by the form of our ships and the motions of our oars and the nature of our engines, which was strange to them, stopped, and shortly after retreated a little. And while our men were hesitating whether they should advance to the shore, chiefly on account of the depth of the sea, he who carried the eagle of the tenth legion, after supplicating the gods that the matter might turn out favorably to the legion, exclaimed, "Leap, fellow soldiers, unless you wish to betray your eagle to the enemy. I, for my part, will perform my duty to the commonwealth and my general." When he had said this with a loud voice, he leaped from the ship and proceeded to bear the eagle toward the enemy. Then our men, exhorting one another that so great a disgrace should not be incurred, all leaped from the ship. When those in the nearest vessels saw them, they speedily followed and approached the enemy.

The battle was maintained vigorously on both sides. Our men, however, as they could neither keep their ranks, nor get firm footing, nor follow their standards, and as one from one ship and another from another assembled around whatever standards they met, were thrown into great confusion. But the enemy, who were acquainted with all the shallows, when from the shore they saw any coming from a ship one by one spurred on their horses, and attacked them while embarrassed, many surrounded a few, others threw their weapons upon our collected forces on their exposed flank. When Caesar observed this, he ordered the boats of the ships of war and the spy sloops to be filled with soldiers, and sent them up to the succor of those whom he had observed in distress. Our men, as soon as they made good their footing on dry ground, and all their comrades had joined them, made an attack upon the enemy, and put them to flight, but could not pursue them very far, because the horse had not been able to maintain their course at sea and reach the island. This alone was wanting to Caesar's accustomed success.

The enemy being thus vanquished in battle, as soon as they recovered after their flight, instantly sent ambassadors to Caesar to negotiate about peace. They promised to give hostages and perform what he should command. Together with these ambassadors came Commius the Atrebatian, who, as I have above said, had been sent by Caesar into Britain. Him they had seized upon when leaving his ship, although in the character of ambassador he bore the general's commission to them, and thrown into chains: then after the battle was fought, they sent him back, and in suing for peace cast the blame of that act upon the common people, and entreated that it might be pardoned on account of their indiscretion. Caesar, complaining, that after they had sued for peace, and had voluntarily sent ambassadors into the continent for that purpose, they had made war without a reason, said that he would pardon their indiscretion, and imposed hostages, a part of whom they gave immediately; the rest they said they would give in a few days, since they were sent for from remote places. In the meantime they ordered their people to return to the country parts, and the chiefs assembled from all quarters, and proceeded to surrender themselves and their states to Caesar.

A peace being established by these proceedings four days after we had come into Britain, the eighteen ships, to which reference has been made above, and which conveyed the cavalry, set sail from the upper port with a gentle gale; when, however, they were approaching Britain and were seen from the camp, so great a storm suddenly arose that none of them could maintain their course at sea; and some were taken back to the same port from which they had started;—others, to their great danger, were driven to the lower part of the island, nearer to the west; which, however, after having cast anchor, as they were getting filled with water, put out to sea through necessity in a stormy night, and made for the continent.

It happened that night to be full moon, which usually occasions very high tides in that ocean; and that circumstance was unknown to our men. Thus, at the same time, the tide began to fill the ships of war which Caesar had provided to convey over his army, and which he had drawn up on the strand; and the storm began to dash the ships of burden which were riding at anchor against each other; nor was any means afforded our men of either managing them or of rendering any service. A great many ships having been wrecked, inasmuch as the rest, having lost their cables, anchors, and other tackling, were unfit for sailing, a great confusion, as would necessarily happen, arose throughout the army; for there were no other ships in which they could be conveyed back, and all things which are of service in repairing vessels were wanting, and, corn for the winter had not been provided in those places, because it was understood by all that they would certainly winter in Gaul.

On discovering these things the chiefs of Britain, who had come up after the battle was fought to perform those conditions which Caesar had imposed, held a conference, when they perceived that cavalry, and ships, and corn were wanting to the Romans, and discovered the small number of our soldiers from the small extent of the camp (which, too, was on this account more limited than ordinary, because Caesar had conveyed over his legions without baggage), and thought that the best plan was to renew the war, and cut off our men from corn and provisions and protract the affair till winter; because they felt confident, that, if they were vanquished or cut off from a return, no one would afterwards pass over into

Britain for the purpose of making war. Therefore, again entering into a conspiracy, they began to depart from the camp by degrees and secretly bring up their people from the country parts.

But Caesar, although he had not as yet discovered their measures, yet, both from what had occurred to his ships, and from the circumstance that they had neglected to give the promised hostages, suspected that the thing would come to pass which really did happen. He therefore provided remedies against all contingencies; for he daily conveyed corn from the country parts into the camp, used the timber and brass of such ships as were most seriously damaged for repairing the rest, and ordered whatever things besides were necessary for this object to be brought to him from the continent. And thus, since that business was executed by the soldiers with the greatest energy, he effected that, after the loss of twelve ships, a voyage could be made well enough in the rest.

While these things are being transacted, one legion had been sent to forage, according to custom, and no suspicion of war had arisen as yet, and some of the people remained in the country parts, others went backwards and forwards to the camp, they who were on duty at the gates of the camp reported to Caesar that a greater dust than was usual was seen in that direction in which the legion had marched. Caesar, suspecting that some new enterprise was undertaken by the barbarians, ordered the two cohorts which were on duty, to march into that quarter with him, and two other cohorts to relieve them on duty; the rest to be armed and follow him immediately. When he had advanced some little way from the camp, he saw that his men were overpowered by the enemy and scarcely able to stand their ground, and that, the legion being crowded together, weapons were being cast on them from all sides. For as all the corn was reaped in every part with the exception of one, the enemy, suspecting that our men would repair to that, had concealed themselves in the woods during the night. Then attacking them suddenly, scattered as they were, and when they had laid aside their arms, and were engaged in reaping, they killed a small number, threw the rest into confusion, and surrounded them with their cavalry and chariots.

Their mode of fighting with their chariots is this: firstly, they drive about in all directions and throw their weapons and generally break the ranks of the enemy with the very dread of their horses and the noise of their wheels; and when they have worked themselves in between the troops of horse, leap from their chariots and engage on foot. The charioteers in the meantime withdraw some little distance from the battle, and so place themselves with the chariots that, if their masters are overpowered by the number of the enemy, they may have a ready retreat to their own troops. Thus they display in battle the speed of horse, together with the firmness of infantry; and by daily practice and exercise attain to such expertness that they are accustomed, even on a declining and steep place, to check their horses at full speed, and manage and turn them in an instant and run along the pole, and stand on the yoke, and thence betake themselves with the greatest celerity to their chariots again.

Under these circumstances, our men being dismayed by the novelty of this mode of battle, Caesar most seasonably brought assistance; for upon his arrival the enemy paused, and our men recovered from their fear; upon which, thinking the time unfavorable for provoking the enemy and coming to an action, he kept himself in his own quarter, and, a short time having intervened, drew back the legions into the camp. While these things are going on, and all our men engaged, the rest of the Britons, who were in the fields, departed. Storms then set in for several successive days, which both confined our men to camp and hindered the enemy from attacking us. In the meantime the barbarians despatched messengers to all parts, and reported to their people the small number of our soldiers, and how good an opportunity was given for obtaining spoil and for liberating themselves forever, if they should only drive the Romans from their camp. Having by these means speedily got together a large force of infantry and of cavalry, they came up to the camp.

Although Caesar anticipated that the same thing which had happened on former occasions would then occur—that, if the enemy were routed, they would escape from danger by their speed; still, having got about thirty horse, which Commius the Atrebatian, of whom mention has been made, had brought over with him from Gaul, he drew up the legions in order of battle before the camp. When the action commenced, the enemy were unable to sustain the attack of our men long, and turned their backs; our men pursued them as far as their speed and strength permitted, and slew a great number of them; then, having destroyed and burnt everything far and wide, they retreated to their camp.

The same day, ambassadors sent by the enemy came to Caesar to negotiate a peace. Caesar doubled the number of hostages which he had before demanded; and ordered that they should be brought over to the continent, because, since the time of the equinox was near, he did not consider that, with his ships out of repair, the voyage ought to be deferred till winter. Having met with favorable weather, he set sail a little after midnight, and all his fleet arrived safe at the continent, except two of the ships of burden which could not make the same port which the other ships did, and were carried a little lower down.

VII. EXTRACTS FROM THE "CIVIL WAR."

The speech attributed to Curio, in which he pleads for the allegiance of his soldiers, when he found them on the eve of defection, may well be called eloquent:

Having broken up the council, he called the soldiers together, and reminded them "what advantage Caesar had derived from their zeal at Corfinium; how by their good offices and influence he had brought over a great part of Italy to his interest. For, says he, all the municipal towns afterwards imitated you and your conduct; nor was it without reason that Caesar judged so favorably, and the enemy so harshly of you. For Pompey, though beaten in no engagement, yet was obliged to shift his ground, and leave Italy, from the precedent established by your conduct. Caesar committed me, whom he considered his dearest friend, and the provinces of Sicily and Africa, without which he was not able to protect Rome or Italy, to your protection. There are some here present who encourage you to revolt from us; for what can they wish for more, than at once to ruin us, and to involve you in a heinous crime? Or what baser opinions could they in their resentment entertain of you, than that you would betray those who acknowledged themselves indebted to you for everything, and put yourselves in the power of those, who think they have been ruined by you? Have you not heard of Caesar's exploits in Spain? that he routed two armies, conquered two generals, recovered two provinces, and effected all this within forty days after he came in sight of the enemy? Can those who were not able to stand against him whilst they were uninjured, resist him when they are ruined? Will you, who took part with Caesar whilst victory was uncertain, take part with the conquered enemy when the fortune of the war is decided, and when you ought to reap the reward of your services? For they say that they have been deserted and betrayed by you, and remind you of a former oath. But did you desert Lucius Domitius, or did Lucius Domitius desert you? Did he not, when you were ready to submit to the greatest difficulties, cast you off? Did he not, without your privacy, endeavor to effect his own escape? When you were betrayed by him, were you not preserved by Caesar's generosity? And how could he think you bound by your oath to him, when, after having thrown up the ensigns of power, and abdicated his government, he became a private person, and a captive in another's power? A new obligation is left upon you, that you should disregard the oath, by which you are at present bound; and have respect only to that which was invalidated by the surrender of your general, and his diminution of rank. But I suppose, although you are pleased with Caesar, you are offended with me; however, I shall not boast of my services to you, which still are inferior to my own wishes or your expectations. But, however, soldiers have ever looked for the rewards of labor at the conclusion of a war; and what the issue of it is likely to be, not even you can doubt. But why should I omit to mention my own diligence and good fortune, and to what a happy crisis affairs are now arrived? Are you sorry that I transported the army safe and entire, without the loss of a single ship? That on my arrival, in the very first attack, I routed the enemy's fleet? That twice in two days I defeated the enemy's horse? That I carried out of the very harbor and bay, two hundred of the enemy's victualers, and reduced them to that situation that they can receive no supplies either by land or sea? Will you divorce yourselves from this fortune and these generals; and prefer the disgrace of Corfinium, the defeat of Italy, the surrender of both Spains, and the prestige of the African war? I, for my part, wished to be called a soldier of Caesar's; you honored me with the title of Imperator. If you repent your bounty, I give it back to you; restore to me my former name, that you may not appear to have conferred the honor on me as a reproach."

The description in the third book of the siege of Salona is a brilliantly-brief narrative:

But after the departure of the Liburnian fleet, Marcus Octavius sailed from Illyricum with what ships he had to Salona; and having spirited up the Dalmatians, and other barbarous nations, he drew Issa off from its connection with Caesar; but not being able to prevail with the council of Salona, either by promises or menaces, he resolved to storm the town. But it was well fortified by its natural situation, and a hill. The Roman citizens built wooden towers, the better to secure it; but when they were unable to resist, on account of the smallness of their numbers, being weakened by several wounds, they stooped to the last resource, and set at liberty all the slaves old enough to bear arms; and cutting the hair off the women's heads, made ropes for their engines. Octavius, being informed of their determination, surrounded the town with five encampments, and began to press them at once with a siege and storm. They were determined to endure every hardship, and their greatest distress was the want of corn. They, therefore, sent deputies to Caesar, and begged a supply from him; all other inconveniences they bore by their own resources, as well as they could: and after a long interval, when the length of the siege had made Octavius's troops more remiss than usual, having got an opportunity at noon, when the enemy were dispersed, they disposed their wives and children on the walls, to keep up the appearance of their usual attention; and forming themselves into one body, with the slaves whom they had lately enfranchised, they made an attack on Octavius's nearest camp, and having forced that, attacked the second with the same fury; and then the third and the fourth, and then the other, and beat them from them all; and having killed a great number, obliged the rest and Octavius himself to fly for refuge to their ships. This put an end to the blockade.

The defeat of Pompey is thus described in the third book:

When Caesar had approached near Pompey's camp, he observed that his army was drawn up in the following manner: On the left wing were the two legions, delivered over by Caesar at the beginning of the disputes in compliance with the Senate's decree, one of which was called the first, the other the third. Here Pompey commanded in person. Scipio with the Syrian legions commanded the center. The Cilician legion in conjunction with the Spanish cohorts, which we said were brought over by Afranius, were disposed on the right wing.

These Pompey considered his steadiest troops. The rest he had interspersed between the center and the wing, and he had a hundred and ten complete cohorts; these amounted to forty-five thousand men. He had besides two cohorts of volunteers, who having received favors from him in former wars, flocked to his standard; these were dispersed through his whole army. The seven remaining cohorts he had disposed to protect his camp, and the neighboring forts. His right wing was secured by a river with steep banks; for which reason he placed all his cavalry, archers, and slingers, on his left wing.

Caesar, observing his former custom, had placed the tenth legion on the right, the ninth on the left, although it was very much weakened by the battles at Dyrrachium. He placed the eighth legion so close to the ninth, as to almost make one of the two, and ordered them to support one another. He drew up on the field eighty cohorts, making a total of twenty-two thousand men. He left two cohorts to guard the camp. He gave the command of the left wing to Antonius, of the right to P. Sulla, and of the center to Cn. Domitius; he himself took his post opposite Pompey. At the same time, fearing, from the disposition of the enemy which we have previously mentioned, lest his right wing might be surrounded by their numerous cavalry, he rapidly drafted a single cohort from each of the legions composing the third line, formed of them a fourth line, and opposed them to Pompey's cavalry, and, acquainting them with his wishes, admonished them that the success of that day depended on their courage. At the same time he ordered the third line, and the entire army not to charge without his command: that he would give the signal whenever he wished them to do so.

When he was exhorting his army to battle, according to the military custom, and spoke to them of the favors that they had constantly received from him, he took especial care to remind them that he could call his soldiers to witness the earnestness with which he had sought peace; the efforts that he had made by Vatinius to gain a conference with Labienus, and likewise by Claudius to treat with Scipio; in what manner he had exerted himself at Oricum, to gain permission from Libo to send ambassadors; that he had been always reluctant to shed the blood of his soldiers, and did not wish to deprive the Republic of one or other of her armies. After delivering this speech, he gave by a trumpet the signal to his soldiers, who were eagerly demanding it, and were very impatient for the onset.

There was in Caesar's army, a volunteer of the name of Crastinus, who the year before had been first centurion of the tenth legion, a man of preëminent bravery. He, when the signal was given, says, "Follow me, my old comrades, and display such exertions in behalf of your general as you have determined to do; this is our last battle, and when it shall be won, he will recover his dignity, and we our liberty." At the same time he looked back to Caesar, and said, "General, I will act in such a manner to-day, that you will feel grateful to me living or dead." After uttering these words he charged first on the right wing, and about one hundred and twenty chosen volunteers of the same century followed.

There was so much space left between the two lines, as sufficed for the onset of the hostile armies: but Pompey had ordered his soldiers to await Caesar's attack, and not to advance from their position, or suffer their line to be put into disorder. And he is said to have done this by the advice of Gaius Triarius, that the impetuosity of the charge of Caesar's soldiers might be checked, and their line broken, and that Pompey's troops remaining in their ranks, might attack them while in disorder; and he thought that the javelins would fall with less force if the soldiers were kept in their ground, than if they met them in their course; at the same time he trusted that Caesar's soldiers, after running over double the usual ground, would become weary and exhausted by the fatigue. But to me Pompey seems to have acted without sufficient reason: for there is a certain impetuosity of spirit and an alacrity implanted by nature in the hearts of all men, which is inflamed by a desire to meet the foe. This a general should endeavor not to repress, but to increase; nor was it a vain institution of our ancestors, that the trumpets should sound on all sides, and a general shout be raised; by which they imagined that the enemy were struck with terror, and their own army inspired with courage.

But our men, when the signal was given, rushed forward with their javelins ready to be launched, but perceiving that Pompey's men did not run to meet their charge, having acquired experience by custom, and being practiced in former battles, they of their own accord repressed their speed, and halted almost midway, that they might not come up with the enemy when their strength was exhausted, and after a short respite they again renewed their course, and threw their javelins, and instantly drew their swords, as Caesar had ordered them. Nor did Pompey's men fail in this crisis, for they received our javelins, stood our charge, and maintained their ranks; and having launched their javelins, had recourse to their swords. At the same time Pompey's horse, according to their orders, rushed out at once from his left wing, and his whole host of archers poured after them. Our cavalry did not withstand their charge; but gave ground a little, upon which Pompey's horse pressed them more vigorously, and began to file off in troops, and flank our army. When Caesar perceived this, he gave the signal to his fourth line, which he had formed of the six cohorts. They instantly rushed forward and charged Pompey's horse with such fury, that not a man of them stood; but all wheeling about, not only quitted their post, but galloped forward to seek a refuge in the highest mountains. By their retreat the archers and slingers, being left destitute and defenseless, were all cut to pieces. The cohorts, pursuing their success, wheeled about upon Pompey's left wing, whilst his infantry still continued to make battle, and attacked them in the rear.

At the same time Caesar ordered his third line to advance, which till then had not been engaged, but had kept their post. Thus, new and fresh troops having come to the assistance of the fatigued, and others having made an attack on their rear, Pompey's men were not able to maintain their ground, but all fled, nor was Caesar deceived in his opinion, that the victory, as he had declared in his speech to his soldiers, must have its beginning from those six cohorts, which he had placed as a fourth line to oppose the horse. For by them the cavalry were routed; by them the archers and slingers were cut to pieces; by them the left wing of Pompey's army was surrounded, and obliged to be the first to flee. But when Pompey saw his cavalry routed, and that part of his army on which he reposed his greatest hopes thrown into confusion, despairing of the rest, he quitted the field, and retreated straightway on horseback to his camp, and calling to the centurions, whom he had placed to guard the praetorian gate, with a loud voice, that the soldiers might hear: "Secure the camp," says he, "defend it with diligence, if any danger should threaten it; I will visit the other gates, and encourage the guards of the camp." Having thus said, he retired into his tent in utter despair, yet anxiously waiting the issue.

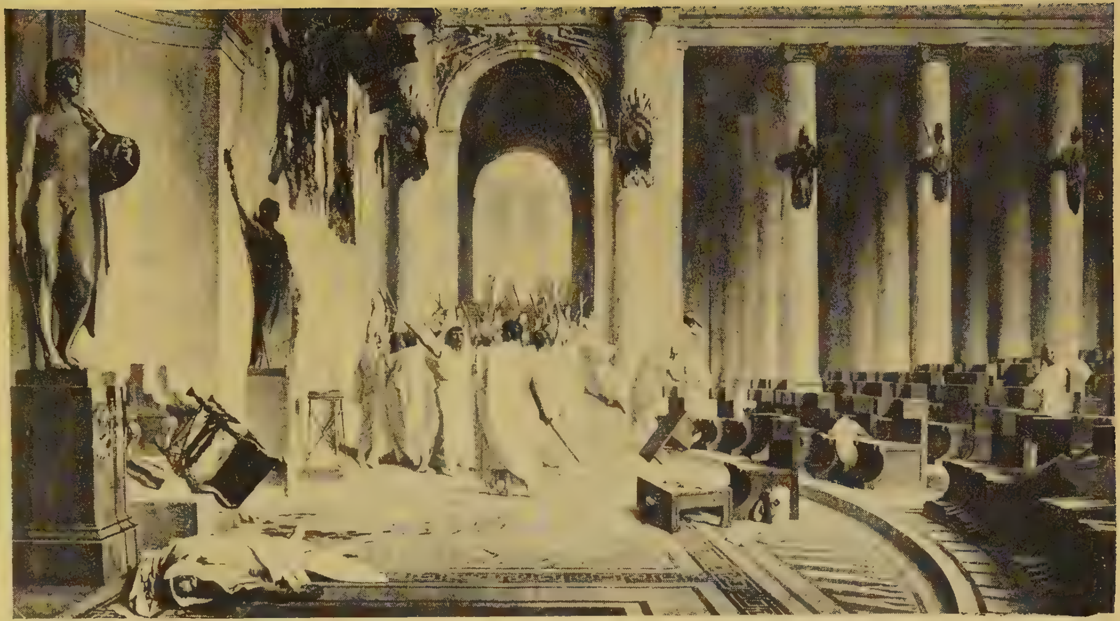
Caesar having forced the Pompeians to flee into their entrenchment, and thinking that he ought not to allow them any respite to recover from their fright, exhorted his soldiers to take advantage of fortune's kindness, and to attack the camp. Though they were fatigued by the intense heat, for the battle had continued till mid-day, yet, being prepared to undergo any labor, they cheerfully obeyed his command. The camp was bravely defended by the cohorts which had been left to guard it, but with much more spirit by the Thracians and foreign auxiliaries. For the soldiers who had fled for refuge to it from the field of battle, affrighted and exhausted by fatigue, having thrown away their arms and military standards, had their thoughts more engaged on their further escape than on the defense of the camp. Nor could the troops who were posted on the battlements, long withstand the immense number of our darts, but fainting under their wounds, quitted the place, and under the conduct of their centurions and tribunes, fled, without stopping, to the high mountains which joined the camp.

In Pompey's camp you might see arbors in which tables were laid, a large quantity of plate set out, the floors of the tents covered with fresh sods, the tents of Lucius Lentulus and others shaded with ivy, and many other things which were proofs of excessive luxury, and a confidence of victory, so that it might readily be inferred, that they had no apprehensions of the issue of the day, as they indulged themselves in unnecessary pleasures, and yet upbraided with luxury Caesar's army, distressed and suffering troops, who had always been in want of common necessaries. Pompey, as soon as our men had forced the trenches, mounting his horse, and stripping off his general's habit, went hastily out of the back gate of the camp, and galloped with all speed to Larissa. Nor did he stop there, but with the same despatch, collecting a few of his flying troops, and halting neither day nor night, he arrived at the sea-side, attended by only thirty horse, and went on board a victualing barque, often complaining, as we have been told, that he had been so deceived in his expectation, that he was almost persuaded that he had been betrayed by those from whom he had expected victory, as they began the flight.

Caesar having possessed himself of Pompey's camp, urged his soldiers not to be too intent on plunder, and lose the opportunity of completing their conquest. Having obtained their consent, he began to draw lines round the mountain. The Pompeians distrusting the position, as there was no water on the mountain, abandoned it, and all began to retreat towards Larissa; which Caesar perceiving, divided his troops, and ordering part of his legions to remain in Pompey's camp, sent back a part to his own camp, and taking four legions with him, went by a shorter road to intercept the enemy: and having marched six miles, drew up his army. But the Pompeians observing this, took post on a mountain, whose foot was washed by a river. Caesar having encouraged his troops, though they were greatly exhausted by incessant labor the whole day, and night was now approaching, by throwing up works cut off the communication between the river and the mountain, that the enemy might not get water in the night. As soon as the work was finished, they sent ambassadors to treat about a capitulation. A few senators who had espoused that party, made their escape by night.

At break of day, Caesar ordered all those who had taken post on the mountain, to come down from the higher grounds into the plain, and pile their arms. When they did this without refusal, and with outstretched arms, prostrating themselves on the ground, with tears, implored his mercy: he comforted them and bade them rise, and having spoken a few words of his own clemency to alleviate their fears, he pardoned them all, and gave orders to his soldiers, that no injury should be done to them, and nothing taken from them. Having used this diligence, he ordered the legions in his camp to come and meet him, and those which were with him to take their turn of rest, and go back to the camp: and the same day went to Larissa.

In that battle, no more than two hundred privates were missing, but Caesar lost about thirty centurions, valiant officers. Crastinus, also, of whom mention was made before, fighting most courageously, lost his life by the wound of a sword in the mouth; nor was that false which he declared when marching to battle: for Caesar entertained the highest opinion of his behavior in that battle, and thought him highly deserving of his approbation. Of Pompey's army there fell about fifteen thousand; but upwards of twenty-four thousand were made prisoners: for even the cohorts which were stationed in the forts, surrendered to Sulla. Several others took shelter in the neighboring states. One hundred and eighty stands of colors, and nine eagles, were brought to Caesar. Lucius Domitius, fleeing from the camp to the mountains, was killed by the horse.



From Painting by Gérôme

DEATH OF CAESAR

VIII. A Roman Friendship. Gaius Matius was one of the numerous young men who followed Caesar into Gaul, and while witnessing his remarkable achievements formed a living friendship for him. Matius was his orderly, shared his rations, rode by his side, fought for him and with him, and at the end of the day lay in his tent with him. At the siege of Alesia and at the final scene with Vercingetorix, Matius stood by the side of Caesar and was one to live to see him enter Rome in triumph; but even then he entered as a friend and not as a suppliant for favor, for he neither asked nor accepted the offices that his friend willingly would have given. In all the selfishness, self-seeking and treachery of the period that followed he stood almost the only faithful adherent that Caesar had, and when Matius learned that Cicero, who had been a friend from youth, was one of the accusers of the dictator, he gave vent to his disappointment and expressed his sorrow for what he considered a betrayal. Cicero gave his explanation and made his defense in the letter which follows:

Cicero to Matius, greeting:

I am not quite clear in my own mind whether our friend Trebatius, who is as loyal as he is devoted to both of us, has brought me more sorrow or pleasure: for I reached my Tusculan villa in the evening, and the next day, early in the morning, he came to see me, though he had not yet recovered his strength. When I reproved him for giving too little heed to his health, he said that nothing was nearer his heart than seeing me. "There's nothing new," say I? He told me of your grievance against me, yet before I make any reply in regard to it, let me state a few facts.

As far back as I can recall the past I have no friend of longer standing than you are; but long duration is a thing characteristic of many friendships, while love is not. I loved you on the day I met you, and I believed myself loved by you. Your subsequent departure, and that too for a long time, my electoral canvass, and our different modes of life did not allow our inclination toward one another to be strengthened by intimacy; still I saw your feeling toward me many years before the Civil War, while Caesar was in Gaul; for the result which you thought would be of great advantage to me and not of disadvantage to Caesar himself you accomplished: I mean in bringing him to love me, to honor me, to regard me as one of his friends. Of the many confidential communications which passed between us in those days, by word of mouth, by letter, by message, I say nothing, for sterner times followed.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, when you were on your way toward Brundisium to join Caesar, you came to me at my Formian villa. In the first place, how much did that very fact mean, especially at those times! Furthermore, do you think I have forgotten your counsel, your words, the kindness you showed? I remember that Trebatius was there. Nor indeed have I forgotten the letter which you sent to me after meeting Caesar, in the district near Trebula, as I remember it. Next came that ill-fated moment when either my regard for public opinion, or my sense of duty, or chance, call it what you will, compelled me to go to Pompey. What act of kindness or thoughtfulness either toward me in my absence or toward my dear ones in Rome did you neglect? In fact, whom have all my friends thought more devoted to me and to themselves than you are? I came to Brundisium. Do you think I have forgotten in what haste, as soon as you heard of it, you came hurrying to me from Tarentum? How much your presence meant to me, your words of cheer to a courage broken by the fear of universal disaster! Finally, our life at Rome began. What element did our friendship lack? In most important matters I followed your advice with reference to my relations toward Caesar; in other matters I followed my own sense of duty. With whom but myself, if Caesar be excepted, have you gone so far as to visit his house again and again, and to spend there many hours, oftentimes in the most delightful discourse? It was then, too, if you remember, that you persuaded me to write those philosophical essays of mine. After his return, what purpose was more in your thoughts than to have me as good a friend of Caesar as possible? This you accomplished at once.

What is the point, then, of this discourse, which is longer than I had intended it should be? This is the point, that I have been surprised that you, who ought to see these things, have believed that I have taken any step which is out of harmony with our friendly relations, for beside these facts which I have mentioned, which are undisputed and self-evident facts, there are many more intimate ties of friendship which I can scarcely put in words. Everything about you charms me, but most of all, on the one hand, your perfect loyalty in matters of friendship, your wisdom, dignity, steadfastness; on the other hand, your wit, refinement, and literary tastes.

Wherefore—now I come back to the grievance—in the first place, I did not think that you had voted for that law; in the second place, if I had thought so, I should never have thought that you had done it without some sufficient reason. Your position makes whatever you do noticeable; furthermore, envy puts some of your acts in a worse light than the facts warrant. If you do not hear these rumors I do not know what to say. So far as I am concerned, if I ever hear them I defend you as I know that *I* am always defended by *you* against *my* detractors. And my defense follows two lines: there are some things which I always deny *in toto,* as, for instance, the statement in regard to that very vote; there are other acts of yours which I maintain were dictated by considerations of affection and kindness, as, for instance, your action with reference to the management of the games. But it does not escape you, with all your wisdom, that, if Caesar was a king—which seems to me at any rate to have been the case—with respect of your duty two positions may be maintained, either the one which I am in the habit of taking, that your loyalty and friendship to Caesar are to be praised, or the one which some people take, that the freedom of one's fatherland is to be esteemed more than the life of one's friend. I wish that my discussions springing out of these conversations had been repeated to you.

Indeed, who mentions either more gladly or more frequently than I the two following facts, which are especially to your honor? The fact that you were the most influential opponent of the Civil War, and that you were the most earnest advocate of temperance in the moment of victory, and in this matter I have found no one to disagree with me. Wherefore I am grateful to our friend Trebatius for giving me an opportunity to write this letter, and if you are not convinced by it, you will think me destitute of all sense of duty and kindness; and nothing more serious to me than that or more foreign to your own nature can happen.

What an artful and artistic letter! How forceful and delicate, and yet how far from the true point at issue. Note the reply of Matius:

Matius to Cicero, greeting:

I derived great pleasure from your letter, because I saw that you held such an opinion about me as I had hoped you would hold, and wished you to hold; and although, in regard to that opinion, I had no misgivings, still, inasmuch as I considered it a matter of the greatest importance, I was anxious that it should continue unchanged. And then I was conscious of having done nothing to offend any good citizen; therefore I was the less inclined to believe that you, endowed as you are with so many excellent qualities, could be influenced by any idle rumors, especially as my friendship toward you had been and was sincere and unbroken. Since I know that matters stand in this respect as I have wished them to stand, I will reply to the charges, which you have often refuted in my behalf in such a way as one would expect from that kindness of heart characteristic of you and from our friendship.

It is true that what men said against me after the death of Caesar was known to me. They call it a sin of mine that I sorrow over the death of a man dear to me, and because I grieve that he whom I loved is no more, for they say that ''fatherland should be above friendship,'' just as if they had proved already that his death has been of service to the state. But I will make no subtle plea. I confess that I have not attained to your high philosophic planes; for, on the one hand, in the Civil War I did not follow a Caesar, but a friend, and although I was grieved at the state of things, still I did not desert him; nor, on the other hand, did I at any time approve of the Civil War, nor even of the reason for strife, which I most earnestly sought to extinguish when it was kindling. Therefore, in the moment of victory for one bound to me by the closest ties, I was not captivated by the charm either of public office or of gold, while his other friends, although they had less influence with him than I, misused these rewards in no small degree. Nay, even my own property was impaired by a law of Caesar's, thanks to which very law many who rejoice at the death of Caesar have remained at Rome. I have worked as for my own welfare that conquered citizens might be spared.

Then may not I, who have desired the welfare of all, be indignant that he, from whom this favor came, is dead? especially since the very men who were forgiven have brought him both unpopularity and death. You shall be punished, then, they say, ''since you dare to disapprove of our deed.'' Unheard-of arrogance, that some men glory in their crime, that others may not even sorrow over it without punishment! But it has always been the unquestioned right, even of slaves, to fear, to rejoice, to grieve according to the dictates of their own feelings rather than at the bidding of another man; of these rights, as things stand now, to judge from what these champions of freedom keep saying, they are trying to deprive us by intimidation; but their efforts are useless. I shall never be driven by the terrors of any danger from the path of duty or from the claims of friendship, for I have never thought that a man should shrink from an honorable death; nay, I have often thought that he should seek it. But why are they angry at me, if I wish them to repent of their deed? for I desire to have Caesar's death a bitter thing to all men.

"But I ought as a citizen to desire the welfare of the state." Unless my life in the past and my hope for the future, without words from me, prove that I desire that very end, I do not seek to establish the fact by words. Wherefore I beg you the more earnestly to consider deeds more than words, and to believe, if you feel that it is well for the right to prevail, that I can have no intercourse with dishonorable men. For am I now, in my declining years, to change that course of action which I maintained in my youth, when I might even have gone astray with hope of indulgence, and am I to undo my life's work? I will not do so. Yet I shall take no step which may be displeasing to any man, except to grieve at the cruel fate of one most closely bound to me, of one who was a most illustrious man. But if I were otherwise minded, I would never deny what I was doing lest I should be regarded as shameless in doing wrong, a coward and a hypocrite in concealing it.

"Yet the games which the young Caesar gave in memory of Caesar's victory I superintended." But that has to do with my private obligation and not with the condition of the state; a duty, however, which I owed to the memory and the distinguished position of a dear friend, even though he was dead, a duty which I could not decline when asked by a young man of most excellent promise and most worthy of Caesar. "I even went frequently to the house of the consul Antony to pay my respects!'' To whom you will find that those who think that I am lacking in devotion to my country kept coming in throngs to ask some favor forsooth, or secure some reward. But what arrogance this is that, while Caesar never interfered with my cultivating the friendship of men whom I pleased, even when he himself did not like them, these men who have taken my friend from me should try to prevent me by their slander from loving those whom I will.

But I am not afraid lest the moderation of my life may prove too weak to withstand false reports, or that even those who do not love me because of my loyalty to Caesar may not prefer to have friends like me rather than like themselves. So far as I myself am concerned, if what I prefer shall be my lot, the life which is left me I shall spend in retirement at Rhodes; but if some untoward circumstance shall prevent it, I shall live at Rome in such a wise as to desire always that right be done. Our friend Trebatius I thank heartily in that he has disclosed your sincere and friendly feeling toward me, and has shown me that him whom I have always loved of my own free will I ought with the more reason to esteem and honor.

HEAD OF CAESAR

CHAPTER XII

CICERONIAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONTINUED)

84 B. C.—43 B. C.

PROSE WRITERS OTHER THAN CICERO AND CAESAR

SALLUST'S LIFE. Gaius Sallustius Crispus (Sallust) was born of a plebeian family in the Sabine country, in 86 B. C., and died at Rome, at the age of fifty-one or fifty-two. He was a dissolute man, particularly in his youth, and it is said that his dissipations caused the death of his father, though possibly they have been exaggerated. When he was thirty-four, he was tribune, but two years later he was expelled from the Senate because of some of his immoralities of a much earlier period. The disgrace was keenly felt by Sallust, more especially perhaps because it was merely a political move, and not one prompted by a high sense of morality. He was a warm partisan of Caesar, and in 47 B. C. was restored to his rank and a year later made pro-consul of the province of Numidia, where he amassed a large fortune in the customary plundering manner of most other Roman politicians.

Sallust was in no sense a statesman, and when he had secured the means to supply himself with the comfort and luxury in which he wished to live, he gave up politics, built himself a beautiful palace in the suburbs of Rome, surrounded it by wonderful pleasure grounds, which have since been famous as the "gardens of Sallust." The spot was so attractive that successive emperors chose it as a residence; Augustus made it the scene of his most sumptuous entertainments; Vespasian preferred it to the palace of the Caesars; Nerva and Aurelian lived there constantly when not in the field. Sallust, however, had found no happiness in his wealth, his vices appeared to have sapped his strength, and his career as a writer in the luxurious retirement of his beautiful home was brief.

II. SALLUST'S WORKS. *The Conspiracy of Catiline, The Jugurthine War* and the *Histories* are the works of Sallust; only the first two are preserved entire, and of the last there are but a few fragments.

In his writings, Sallust appears as the champion of the popular party and always allied against the nobility, as we might expect from his birth and character. He praises the old

Roman virtue, but appears to regard it as a thing of the past, extinct, with no hope of revival. The corruption and greed of the Senate are depicted in brilliant colors and set against the virtues and successes of the popular hero, Marius; but among his contemporaries he finds honor for sale in the market, ambition merely another term for avarice, and in place of public spirit nothing but envy.

His writings are not always truthful, and yet they have great historical value. Not content with giving the bare facts, he depicts the feelings and motives of the prominent men whose careers he describes, elaborates speeches for them with great care and eloquence, and introduces philosophical reflections which are sometimes not at all relevant to the subject in hand. There are frequent aphoristic passages in his writings, and some of his sayings are still in existence as proverbs. Of the latter, the two following from the *Catiline* are good examples:

> Little things become great through harmony.
>
> To like the same thing, to dislike the same thing, this, then, is real friendship.

His style is in imitation of that of Thucydides, but withal is peculiar to himself and lacking the deep insight of the Greek historian. He descends to a more popular style of rhetoric, yet his writings have a peculiar charm which has been much admired by many critics, who give to him the palm among the Latin historians. His style is a cultured one, marred now and then by such imperfections as the use of archaisms, too poetical expressions and rough periods, but there are indications that he was struggling after an excellence which he himself felt was beyond his powers.

An example of his philosophical reflections may be found in the opening words of the *Catiline:*

> All men, who desire to excel the other animals, ought to strive with all their power not to pass their lives in silence, like the cattle, which nature has made prone and obedient to their appetite. But all our power is situated in the spirit and the body; our spirit is more for command, our body for obedience; the one we have in common with the gods, the other with the beasts; wherefore it seems to me more fitting to seek glory by the resources of the mind than by physical strength, and, since the life which we enjoy is itself brief, to make the memory of us as lasting as possible.

His descriptive power the following brief extract will indicate:

> By these things the state was deeply moved, and the face of the city was changed. From the greatest gayety and wantonness, which long peace had brought forth, suddenly utter sadness came in; people hurried, ran trembling about, had no confidence in any place or man, neither waged war, nor were at peace; each one measured the danger by his own fear.

Sallust's strong liking for rhetorical style, antithetical phrases and descriptive epithets are all exhibited in the following speech, which he puts into the mouth of Marius:

> I know, Quirites, that not by the same conduct do most men seek power from you and use it after they

have obtained it, that at first they are industrious, humble, and moderate, but afterward pass their lives in sloth and haughtiness. But to me the opposite seems right, for by as much as the entire state is more important than the consulship or the praetorship, with so much greater care ought the former to be administered than these latter to be sought. Nor am I ignorant how much trouble I am taking upon myself at the same time with the greatest honor from you. To make ready for war, and at the same time spare the treasury, to force to military service those whom one does not wish to offend, to care for everything at home and abroad, and to do this among envious, opposing, seditious men, is harder, Quirites, than you think.

III. EXTRACT FROM "THE CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE." We have already given a few brief extracts from the *Catiline* in our chapter on Cicero and in the extract above. One of the best passages in it, however, is the following, in which he compares the characters of Cato and Caesar:

After reading and hearing of the many glorious achievements which the Roman people had performed at home and in the field, by sea as well as by land, I happened to be led to consider what had been the great foundation of such illustrious deeds. I knew that the Romans had frequently, with small bodies of men, encountered vast armies of the enemy; I was aware that they had carried on wars with limited forces against powerful sovereigns; that they had often sustained, too, the violence of adverse fortune; yet that, while the Greeks excelled them in eloquence, the Gauls surpassed them in military glory. After much reflection, I felt convinced that the eminent virtue of a few citizens had been the cause of all these successes; and hence it had happened that poverty had triumphed over riches, and a few over a multitude. And even in later times, when the state had become corrupted by luxury and indolence, the Republic still supported itself, by its own strength, under the misconduct of its generals and magistrates; when, as if the parent stock were exhausted, there was certainly not produced at Rome, for many years, a single citizen of eminent ability. Within my recollection, however, there arose two men of remarkable powers, though of very different character, Marcus Cato and Caius Caesar, whom, since the subject has brought them before me, it is not my intention to pass in silence, but to describe, to the best of my ability, the disposition and manners of each.

Their birth, age, and eloquence, were merely on an equality; their greatness of mind similar, as was also their reputation, though attained by different means. Caesar grew eminent by generosity and munificence; Cato by the integrity of his life. Caesar was esteemed for his humanity and benevolence; austereness had given dignity to Cato. Caesar acquired renown by giving, relieving, and pardoning; Cato by bestowing nothing. In Caesar, there was a refuge for the unfortunate; in Cato, destruction for the bad. In Caesar, his easiness of temper was admired; in Cato, his firmness. Caesar, in fine, had applied himself to a life of energy and activity; intent upon the interests of his friends, he was neglectful of his own; he refused nothing to others that was worthy of acceptance, while for himself he desired great power, the command of an army, and a new war in which his talents might be displayed. But Cato's ambition was that of temperance, discretion, and, above all, of austerity; he did not contend in splendor with the rich, or in faction with the seditious, but with the brave in fortitude, with the modest in simplicity, with the temperate in abstinence; he was more desirous to be, than to appear, virtuous; and thus, the less he courted popularity, the more it pursued him.

IV. EXTRACT FROM "THE JUGURTHINE WAR." Of the two histories, *The Jugurthine*

War is considered the inferior, although it contains passages of great merit, and much of it is an interesting narrative. Historians are agreed that Sallust was less careful in his investigations and that he produced a much less accurate work in this case than in *The Conspiracy of Catiline.*

The machinations by which Jugurtha secured control of the inheritance of his two cousins are well described in the following narrative, condensed from the translation by John Selby Watson:

When Numantia, however, was destroyed, and Scipio had determined to dismiss the auxiliary troops, and to return to Rome, he led Jugurtha, after having honored him, in a public assembly, with the noblest presents and applauses, into his own tent; where he privately admonished him to court the friendship of the Romans rather by attention to them as a body, than by practicing on individuals; to bribe no one, as what belonged to many could not without danger be bought from a few; and adding that, if he would but trust to his own merits, glory and regal power would spontaneously fall to his lot; but, should he proceed too rashly, he would only, by the influence of his money, hasten his own ruin.

Having thus spoken, he took leave of him, giving him a letter, which he was to present to Micipsa, and of which the following was the purport: "The merit of your nephew Jugurtha, in the war against Numantia, has been eminently distinguished; a fact which I am sure will afford you pleasure. He is dear to us for his services, and we shall strive, with our utmost efforts, to make him equally dear to the Senate and people of Rome. As a friend, I sincerely congratulate you; you have a kinsman worthy of yourself, and of his grandfather Masinissa."

Micipsa, when he found, from the letter of the general, that what he had already heard reported was true, being moved, both by the merit of the youth and by the interest felt for him by Scipio, altered his purpose, and endeavored to win Jugurtha by kindnesses. He accordingly, in a short time, adopted him as his son, and made him, by his will, joint-heir with his own children.

A few years afterwards, when, being debilitated by age and disease, he perceived that the end of his life was at hand, he is said, in the presence of his friends and relations, and of Adherbal and Hiempsal his sons, to have spoken with Jugurtha in the following manner:

"I received you, Jugurtha, at a very early age, into my kingdom, at a time when you had lost your father, and were without prospects or resources, expecting that, in return for my kindness, I should not be less loved by you than by my own children, if I should have any. Nor have my anticipations deceived me; for, to say nothing of your other great and noble deeds, you have lately, on your return from Numantia, brought honor and glory both to me and my kingdom; by your bravery, you have rendered the Romans, from being previously our friends, more friendly to us than ever; the name of our family is revived in Spain; and, finally, what is most difficult among mankind, you have suppressed envy by preeminent merit.

"And now, since nature is putting a period to my life, I exhort and conjure you, by this right hand, and by the fidelity which you owe to my kingdom, to regard these princes, who are your cousins by birth, and your brothers by my generosity, with sincere affection; and not to be more anxious to attach to yourself strangers, than to retain the love of those connected with you by blood. It is not armies, or treasures, that form the defenses of a kingdom, but friends, whom you can neither command by force nor purchase with gold; for they are acquired only by good offices and integrity. And who can be a greater friend than one brother to another? Or what stranger will you find faithful, if you are at enmity with your own family? I leave you a kingdom, which will be strong if you act honorably, but weak, if you are ill-affected to each other; for by concord even small states are increased, but by discord, even the greatest fall to nothing.

"But on you, Jugurtha, who are superior in age and wisdom, it is incumbent, more than on your brothers, to be cautious that nothing of a contrary tendency may arise; for, in all disputes, he that is the stronger, even though he receive the injury, appears, because his power is greater, to have inflicted it. And do you, Adherbal and Hiempsal, respect and regard a kinsman of such a character; imitate his virtues, and make it your endeavor to show that I have not adopted a better son than those whom I have begotten."

To this address, Jugurtha, though he knew that the King had spoken insincerely, and though he was himself revolving thoughts of a far different nature, yet replied with good feeling, suitable to the occasion. A few days afterwards Micipsa died.

When the princes had performed his funeral with due magnificence, they met together to hold a discussion on the general condition of their affairs. Hiempsal, the youngest, who was naturally violent, and who had previously shown contempt for the mean birth of Jugurtha, as being inferior on his mother's side, sat down on the right hand of Adherbal, in order to prevent Jugurtha from being the middle one of the three, which is regarded by the Numidians as the seat of honor. Being urged by his brother, however, to yield to superior age, he at length removed, but with reluctance, to the other seat.

In the course of this conference, after a long debate about the administration of the kingdom, Jugurtha suggested, among other measures, that all the acts and decrees made in the last five years should be annulled, as Micipsa, during that period, had been enfeebled by age, and scarcely sound in intellect. Hiempsal replied, that he was exceedingly pleased with the proposal, since Jugurtha himself, within the last three years, had been adopted as joint-heir to the throne. This repartee sunk deeper into the mind of Jugurtha than any one imagined. From that very time, accordingly, being agitated with resentment and jealousy, he began to meditate and concert schemes, and to think of nothing but projects for secretly cutting off Hiempsal. But his plans proving slow in operation, and his angry feelings remaining unabated, he resolved to execute his purpose by any means whatsoever.

At the first meeting of the princes, of which I have just spoken, it had been resolved, in consequence of their disagreement, that the treasures should be divided among them, and that limits should be set to the jurisdiction of each. Days were accordingly appointed for both these purposes, but the earlier of the two for the division of the money. The princes, in the meantime, retired into separate places of abode in the neighborhood of the treasury. Hiempsal, residing in the town of Thirmida, happened to occupy the house of a man, who, being Jugurtha's chief lictor, had always been liked and favored by his master. This man, thus opportunely presented as an instrument, Jugurtha loaded with promises, and induced him to go to his house, as if for the purpose of looking over it, and provide himself with false keys to the gates; for the true ones used to be given to Hiempsal; adding, that he himself, when circumstances should call for his presence, would be at the place with a large body of men. This commission the Numidian speedily executed, and, according to his instructions, admitted Jugurtha's men in the night, who, as soon as they had entered the house, went different ways in quest of the Prince; some of his attendants they killed while asleep, and others as they met them; they searched into secret places, broke open those that were shut, and filled the whole premises with uproar and tumult. Hiempsal, after a time, was found concealed in the hut of a maid-servant, where, in his alarm and ignorance of the locality, he had at first taken refuge. The Numidians, as they had been ordered, brought his head to Jugurtha.

The report of so atrocious an outrage was soon spread throughout Africa. Fear seized on Adherbal, and on all who had been subject to Micipsa. The Numidians divided into two parties, the greater number following Adherbal, but the more warlike, Jugurtha; who, accordingly, armed as large a force as he could, brought several cities, partly by force and partly by their own consent, under his power, and prepared to make himself sovereign of the whole of Numidia. Adherbal, though he had sent ambassadors to Rome, to inform the Senate of his brother's murder and his own circumstances, yet, relying on the number of his troops, prepared for an armed resistance. When the matter, however, came to a contest, he was defeated, and fled from the field of battle into our province, and from thence hastened to Rome.

Adherbal, in his visit to Rome, appealed eloquently to the conscript fathers for protection against the rapacity of his cousin, but the latter's resort to bribery had been so extravagant and convincing that Adherbal was listened to by an uninterested Senate:

When the Prince had concluded his speech, the ambassadors of Jugurtha, depending more on their money than their cause, replied, in a few words, that Hiempsal had been put to death by the Numidians for his cruelty; that Adherbal, commencing war of his own accord, complained, after he was defeated, of being unable to do injury; and that Jugurtha entreated the Senate not to consider him a different person from what he had been known to be at Numantia, nor to set the assertions of his enemy above his own conduct.

Both parties then withdrew from the Senate-house, and the Senate immediately proceeded to deliberate. The partisans of the ambassadors, with a great many others, corrupted by their influence, expressed contempt for the statements of Adherbal, extolled with the highest encomiums the merits of Jugurtha, and exerted themselves as strenuously, with their interest and eloquence, in defense of the guilt and infamy of another, as they would have striven for their own honor. A few, however, on the other hand, to whom right and justice were of more estimation than wealth, gave their opinion that Adherbal should be assisted, and the murder of Hiempsal severely avenged. Of all these the most forward was Aemilius Scaurus, a man of noble birth and great energy, but factious, and ambitious of power, honor, and wealth; yet an artful concealer of his own vices. He, seeing that the bribery of Jugurtha was notorious and shameless, and fearing that, as in such cases often happens, its scandalous profusion might excite public odium, restrained himself from the indulgence of his ruling passion.

Yet that party gained the superiority in the Senate, which preferred money and interest to justice. A decree was made, that ten commissioners should divide the kingdom, which Micipsa had possessed, between Jugurtha and Adherbal.

. . . .

When the commissioners, after dividing the kingdom, had left Africa, and Jugurtha saw that, contrary to his apprehensions, he had obtained the object of his crimes; he then, being convinced of the truth of what he had heard from his friends at Numantia, that all things were purchasable at Rome, and being also encouraged by the promises of those whom he had recently loaded with presents, directed his views to the domain of Adherbal. He was himself bold and warlike, while the other, at whose destruction he aimed, was quiet, unfit for arms, of a mild temper, a fit subject for injustice, and a prey to fear rather than an object of it. Jugurtha, accordingly, with a powerful force, made a sudden irruption into his dominions, took several prisoners, with cattle and other booty, set fire to the buildings, and made hostile demonstrations against several places with his cavalry. He then retreated, with all his followers, into his own kingdom, expecting that Adherbal, roused by such provocation, would avenge his wrongs by force, and thus furnish a pretext for war. But Adherbal, thinking himself unable to meet Jugurtha in the field, and relying on the friendship of the Romans more than on the Numidians, merely sent ambassadors to Jugurtha to complain of the outrage; and, although they brought back but an insolent reply, yet he resolved to endure anything rather than have recourse to war, which, when he attempted it before, had ended in his defeat. By such conduct the eagerness of Jugurtha was not at all allayed; for he had now, indeed, in imagination, possessed himself of all Adherbal's dominions. He therefore renewed hostilities, not, as before, with a predatory band, but at the head of a large army which he had collected, and openly aspired to the sovereignty of all Numidia. Wherever he marched, he ravaged the towns and the fields, drove off booty, and raised confidence in his own men and dismay among the enemy.

Adherbal, when he found that matters had arrived at such a point, that he must either abandon his dominions, or defend them by force of arms, collected an army from necessity, and advanced to meet Jugurtha. Both armies took up their position near the town of Cirta, at no great distance from the sea; but, as evening was approaching, encamped without coming to an engagement. But when the night was far advanced, and twilight was beginning to appear, the troops of Jugurtha, at a given signal, rushed into the camp of the enemy, whom they routed and put to flight, some half asleep, and others resuming their arms. Adherbal, with a few of his cavalry, fled to Cirta; and, had there not been a number of Romans in the town, who repulsed his Numidian pursuers from the walls, the war between the two princes would have been begun and ended on the same day.

Jugurtha proceeded to invest the town, and attempted to storm it with the aid of mantelets, towers, and every kind of machines; being anxious, above all things, to take it before the ambassadors could arrive at Rome, who, he was informed, had been despatched thither by Adherbal before the battle was fought. But as soon as the Senate heard of their contention, three young men were sent as deputies into Africa, with directions to go to both of the princes, and to announce to them, in the words of the Senate and people of Rome, that it was their will and resolution that they should lay down their arms, and settle their disputes rather by arbitration than by the sword; since to act thus would be to the honor both of the Romans and themselves.

These deputies soon arrived in Africa, using the greater despatch, because, whilst they were preparing for their journey, a report was spread at Rome of the battle which had been fought, and of the siege of Cirta; but this report told much less than the truth. Jugurtha, having given them an audience, replied, that nothing was of greater weight with him, nothing more respected, than the authority of the Senate; that it had been his endeavor, from his youth, to deserve the esteem of all men of worth; that he had gained the favor of Publius Scipio, a man of the highest eminence, not by dishonorable practices, but by merit; that, for the same good qualities, and not from want of heirs to the throne, he had been adopted by Micipsa; but that, the more honorable and spirited his conduct had been, the less could his feelings endure injustice; that Adherbal had formed designs against his life, on discovering which, he had counteracted his malice; that the Romans would act neither justly nor reasonably, if they withheld from him the common right of nations; and, in conclusion, that he would soon send ambassadors to Rome to explain the whole of his proceedings. On this understanding, both parties separated. Of addressing Adherbal the deputies had no opportunity.

Jugurtha, as soon as he thought that they had quitted Africa, surrounded the walls of Cirta, which, from the nature of its situation, he was unable to take by assault, with a rampart and a trench; he also erected towers, and manned them with soldiers; he made attempts on the place, by force or by stratagem, day and night; he held out bribes, and sometimes menaces, to the besieged; he roused his men, by exhortations, to efforts of valor, and resorted, with the utmost perseverance, to every possible expedient.

Adherbal, on the other hand, seeing that his affairs were in a desperate condition, that his enemy was determined on his ruin, that there was no hope of succor, and that the siege, from want of provisions, could not long be protracted, selected, from among those who had fled with him to Cirta, two of his most resolute supporters, whom he induced, by numerous promises, and an affecting representation of his distress, to make their way in the night, through the enemy's lines, to the nearest point of the coast, and from thence to Rome.

Adherbal's adherents succeeded in bringing an embassy from Rome, who on their arrival in Africa sent a message to Jugurtha desiring him "to come to the province as quickly as possible, as they were deputed by the Senate to meet him:"

Jugurtha, when he found that men of eminence, whose influence at Rome he knew to be powerful, were come to put a stop to his proceedings, was at first perplexed, and distracted between fear and cupidity. He dreaded the displeasure of the Senate, if he should disobey the ambassadors; while his eager spirit, blinded by the lust of power, hurried him on to complete the injustice which he had begun. At length the evil incitements of ambition prevailed. He accordingly drew his army round the city of Cirta, and endeavored, with his utmost efforts, to force an entrance; having the strongest hopes, that, by dividing the attention of the enemy's troops, he should be able, by force or artifice, to secure an opportunity of success. When his attempts, however, were unavailing, and he found himself unable, as he had designed, to get Adherbal into his power before he met the ambassadors, fearing that, by further delay, he might irritate Scaurus, of whom he stood in great dread, he proceeded with a small body of cavalry into the province. Yet, though serious menaces were repeated to him in the name of the Senate, because he had not desisted from the siege, nevertheless, after spending a long time in conference, the ambassadors departed without making any impression upon him.

When news of this result was brought to Cirta, the Italians, by whose exertions the city had been defended, and who trusted that, if a surrender were made, they would be able, from respect to the greatness of the Roman power, to escape without personal injury, advised Adherbal to deliver himself and the city to Jugurtha, stipulating only that his life should be spared, and leaving all other matters to the care of the Senate. Adherbal, though he thought nothing less trustworthy than the honor of Jugurtha, yet, knowing that those who advised could also compel him if he resisted, surrendered the place according to their desire. Jugurtha immediately proceeded to put Adherbal to death with torture, and massacred all the inhabitants that were of age, whether Numidians or Italians, as each fell in the way of his troops.

V. NEPOS. Cornelius Nepos, who came into Rome from the north, was born probably at Ticinum, in 74 B. C., or a little earlier, and lived until about 24 B. C. Little is known of his life except that he was the friend of many great men, who paid tribute to him as a learned and eloquent author. The surviving portions of his work do not justify the esteem in which he was held, and it is probable that the friendly, complimentary, not to say flattering, habits of the author had much to do with his popularity.

His latest publication appeared somewhere between 35 B. C. and 33 B. C., and consisted of a large collection of biographies, called *On Illustrious Men,* and it is of this that a considerable fragment remains. The remainder of his works were historical, geographical or biographical, with the exception of a few love poems.

De Viris Illustribus was dedicated to Atticus, the friend of Cicero, and contained at least sixteen books, grouped in pairs, so that each pair contained one book on Romans and one on foreigners, while the biographies were classified under the heads: kings, generals, statesmen, orators, poets, philosophers, historians and grammarians. Our fragment contains the lives of one Persian and nineteen Greek generals, biographies of Hamilcar and Hannibal, and the lives of Cato the Elder and Atticus, with a few lesser fragments.

Nepos was not a student of original sources, and while he compiled his biographies from good writers, such as Thucydides and Xenophon, he was careless and uncritical, making mistakes in history and geography, arranging his matter poorly, and giving too much space and importance to trivial matters. Mr. Oscar Browning says: "He is most untrustworthy. It is often difficult to disentangle the willful complications of his chronology; and he tries to enhance the value of what he is relating by foolish exaggeration, which is only too transparent to deceive."

That his writings have been used so much as textbooks for students of Latin is owing to the clearness and simplicity of his style rather than to its elegance, and to the interesting nature of his material. Compared with Sallust, he will be found much inferior.

VI. Extracts from Nepos. The following extracts are taken from the translation by John Selby Watson. The first, which is from the life of Hannibal, describes the early years and first victories of the valiant Carthaginian and the manner of his death:

Hannibal was the son of Hamilcar, and a native of Carthage. If it be true, as no one doubts, that the Roman people excelled all other nations in warlike merit, it is not to be disputed that Hannibal surpassed other commanders in ability as much as the Romans surpassed all other people in valor, for as often as he engaged with the Romans in Italy, he always came off with the advantage; and, had not his efforts been paralyzed by the envy of his countrymen at home, he would appear to have been capable of getting the mastery over the Romans. But the jealous opposition of many prevailed against the ability of one. He, however, so cherished in his mind the hatred which his father had borne the Romans, and which was left him, as it were, by bequest, that he laid down his life before he would abate it; for even when he was exiled from his country, and stood in need of support from others, he never ceased in thought to make war with the Romans.

To saying nothing of Philip, whom he rendered an enemy to the Romans, though at a distance from him, Antiochus was the most powerful of all kings at that period; and him he so inflamed with a desire for war, that he endeavored to bring troops against Italy even from the Red Sea. As some ambassadors from Rome were sent to that Prince, in order to gain information respecting his intentions, and to endeavor, by underhand contrivances, to render Hannibal an object of suspicion to the King (as if, being bribed by them, he entertained other sentiments than before); and as they were not unsuccessful in their attempts, and Hannibal became aware of that fact, and found himself excluded from the privy council, he went at a time appointed to the King himself, and, after having said much concerning his attachment to him and his hatred to the Romans, he added the following statement: "My father Hamilcar," said he, "when I was a very little boy, being not more than nine years old, offered sacrifices at Carthage, when he was going as commander into Spain, to Jupiter, the best and greatest of the gods; and while this religious ceremony was being performed, he asked me whether I should like to go with him to the camp. As I willingly expressed my consent, and proceeded to beg him not to hesitate to take me, he replied, 'I will do so, if you will give me the promise which I ask of you.' At the same time he led me to the altar at which he had begun to sacrifice, and, sending the rest of the company away, required me, taking hold of the altar, to swear that I would never be in friendship with the Romans. This oath, thus taken before my father, I have so strictly kept even to this day, that no man ought to doubt but that I shall be of the same mind for the rest of my life. If, therefore, you entertain any friendly thoughts towards the Romans, you will not act imprudently if you conceal them from me; but whenever you prepare war, you will disappoint yourself unless you constitute me leader in it."

At this age, accordingly, he accompanied his father into Spain. After his father's death, when Hasdrubal was made general-in-chief, he had the command of all the cavalry. When Hasdrubal also was killed, the army conferred upon him the supreme command, and this act, when reported at Carthage, received public approbation.

Hannibal being thus made commander-in-chief, at the age of five-and-twenty, subdued in war, during the next three years, all the nations of Spain, took Saguntum, a city in alliance with the Romans, by storm, and collected three vast armies, of which he sent one into Africa, left another with his brother Hasdrubal in Spain, and took the third with him into Italy. He made his way through the forests of the Pyrenees, he engaged, wherever he directed his course, with all the inhabitants of the country, and let none go unconquered. On arriving at the Alps, which separate Italy from Gaul, and which no one had ever crossed with an army before him (except Hercules the Greek, from which achievement the forest there is now called the Grecian forest), he cut to pieces the people of the Alps who endeavored to prevent his passage, laid open those parts, made roads, and put things in such a state, that an elephant fully equipped could walk where previously one unarmed man could scarcely crawl. Along this track he led his army, and arrived in Italy.

On the banks of the Rhone he engaged with the consul Publius Cornelius Scipio, and put him to flight. At the Po he fought with the same consul for the possession of Clastidium, and expelled him from that place wounded and defeated. The same Scipio, with his colleague Tiberius Longus, came against him a third time at the Trebia; he came to battle with them, and put both of them to flight. He then passed through the country of the Ligurians over the chain of the Apennines, directing his course towards Etruria. During this march he was afflicted with so violent a distemper in his eyes, that he never had the use of his right eye so well afterwards. But even when he was troubled with this malady, and carried in a litter, he cut off Caius Flaminius the consul at the lake Trasimenus, being caught with his army in an ambush; and not long after he killed the praetor Caius Centenius, who was occupying the forest with a choice body of troops. He then proceeded into Apulia, where the two consuls, Caius Terentius Varro, and Paulus Aemilius, met him, both of whose armies he routed in one battle; the consul Paulus he killed, with several others of consular dignity, and among them Cnaeus Servilius Geminus, who had been consul the year before.

After fighting this battle, he marched towards Rome, nobody opposing him, and halted on the hills near the city. When he had lain encamped there some days, and was turning back towards Capua, Quintus Fabius Maximus, the Roman dictator, threw himself in his way in the Falernian territory. Here, though enclosed in a confined space, he extricated himself without any loss to his army. He deceived Fabius, a most skillful commander; for, when night had come on, he set fire to some bundles of twigs tied upon the horns of oxen, and drove forward a vast number of those cattle, scattering themselves hither and thither. By presenting this object suddenly to their view, he struck such terror into the army of the Romans, that nobody ventured to stir beyond the rampart. Not many days after this success, he put to flight Marcus Minucius Rufus, master of the horse, who was equal in power with the dictator, and who had been drawn into an engagement by a stratagem. While he was at a distance, too, he cut off Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, consul for the second time, in the country of the Lucanians, after he had been inveigled into an ambush. In like manner he caused the death of Marcus Claudius Marcellus, consul for the fifth time, at Venusia. To enumerate his battles would occupy too much time; and this one observation, accordingly (from which it will be understood how great a general he was), will be sufficient, that, as long as he continued in Italy, none made a stand against him in a regular engagement, none, after the battle of Cannae, pitched a camp against him in the field.

Being recalled, without having suffered any defeat, to defend his country, he maintained a war with the son of that Publius Scipio whom he had routed first on the Rhone, again on the Po, and a third time on the Trebia. As the resources of his country were now exhausted, he wished, by a treaty with him, to put a stop to the war for a time, in order that he might engage in it afterwards with greater vigor. He came to a conference with him, but the conditions were not agreed upon. A few days after this meeting, he came to battle with Scipio at Zama;

and being defeated (incredible to relate!) he made his way to Adrumetum, which is about three hundred miles from Zama, in two days and two nights. In the course of his retreat, some Numidians, who had left the field in his company, formed a conspiracy against him; however he not only escaped them, but deprived them of life. At Adrumetum he assembled those who had survived the defeat, and, with the aid of new levies, drew together, in a few days, a numerous force.

While these transactions were taking place in Asia, it happened accidentally at Rome that certain ambassadors from Prusias took supper at the house of Lucius Quintius Flamininus, one of the consuls; and there, as mention was made of Hannibal, one of them observed that he was in the dominions of Prusias. This information Flamininus communicated the next day to the Senate. The conscript fathers, who thought that they would never be free from plots as long as Hannibal was alive, sent ambassadors to Bithynia, and among them Flamininus, to request the King not to keep their bitterest enemy with him, but to deliver him up to them. To this embassy Prusias did not dare to give a refusal; he made some opposition, however, to one point, begging them not to require of him what was contrary to the rights of hospitality, saying that they themselves might make Hannibal prisoner, if they could, as they would easily find out the place where he was. Hannibal indeed confined himself to one place, living in a fortress which had been given him by the King; and this he had so constructed that it had outlets on every side of the building, always fearing lest that should happen which eventually came to pass. When the Roman ambassadors had gone thither, and had surrounded his house with a number of men, a slave, looking out at a gate, told Hannibal that several armed men were to be seen, contrary to what was usual. Hannibal desired him to go round to all the gates of the castle, and bring him word immediately whether it was beset in the same way on all sides. The slave having soon reported how it was, and informed him that all the passages were secured, he felt certain that it was no accidental occurrence, but that his person was menaced, and that his life was no longer to be preserved. That he might not part with it, however, at the pleasure of another, and dwelling on the remembrance of his past honors, he took poison, which he had been accustomed always to carry with him.

Thus this bravest of men, after having gone through many and various labors, found repose in the seventieth year of his age.

The biography of Titus Pomponius Atticus is the only one which has any real historical value, and that is marked by too great a favoritism for the good-natured banker. Of the character of Atticus, Nepos says:

He would neither utter a falsehood himself, nor could he endure it in others. His courtesies, accordingly, were paid with a strict regard to veracity, just as his gravity was mingled with affability; so that it is hard to determine whether his friends' reverence or love for him were the greater. Whatever he was asked to do, he did not promise without solemnity, for he thought it the part, not of a liberal, but of a light-minded man, to promise what he would be unable to perform. But in striving to effect what he had once engaged to do, he used to take so much pains, that he seemed to be engaged, not in an affair entrusted to him, but in his own. Of a matter which he had once taken in hand, he was never weary; for he thought his reputation, than which he held nothing more dear, concerned in the accomplishment of it. Hence it happened that he managed all the commissions of the Ciceros, Cato, Marius, Quintus Hortensius, Aulus Torquatus, and of many Roman knights besides. It may therefore be thought certain that he declined business of state, not from indolence, but from judgment.

Of his kindness of disposition, I can give no greater proof than that, when he was young, he was greatly liked by Sulla, who was then old, and when he was old, he was much beloved by Marcus Brutus, then but young; and that with those friends of the same age as himself, Quintus Hortensius and Marcus Cicero, he lived in such a manner that it is hard to determine to which age his disposition was best adapted, though Marcus Cicero loved him above all men, so that not even his brother Quintus was dearer or more closely united to him. In testimony of this fact (besides the books in which Cicero mentions him, and which have been published to the world), there are sixteen books of letters, written to Atticus, which extend from his consulship to his latter days, and which he that reads will not much require a regular history of those times; for all particulars concerning the inclinations of leading men, the faults of the generals, and the revolutions in the government, are so fully stated in them that everything is made clear; and it may be easily concluded that wisdom is in some degree divination, as Cicero not only predicted that those things would happen which took place during his life, but foretold, like a prophet, the things which are coming to pass at present.

Of the affectionate disposition of Atticus towards his relatives, why should I say much, since I myself heard him proudly assert, and with truth, at the funeral of his mother, whom he buried at the age of ninety, that he had never had occasion to be reconciled to his mother, and that he had never been at all at variance with his sister, who was nearly of the same age with himself; a proof that either no cause of complaint had happened between them, or that he was a person of such kind feelings towards his relatives, as to think it an impiety to be offended with those whom he ought to love. Nor did he act thus from nature alone, though we all obey her, but from knowledge; for he had fixed in his mind the precepts of the greatest philosophers, so as to use them for the direction of his life, and not merely for ostentation.

Nepos thus describes the closing scene in the life of his hero:

When he found that the pain was daily increasing, and that fever was superadded, he caused his son-in-law Agrippa to be called to him, and with him Lucius Cornelius Balbus and Sextus Peducaeus. When he saw that they were come, he said, as he supported himself on his elbow, "How much care and diligence I have employed to restore my health on this occasion, there is no necessity for me to state at large, since I have yourselves as witnesses; and since I have, as I hope, satisfied you, that I have left nothing undone that seemed likely to cure me, it remains that I consult for myself. Of this feeling on my part I had no wish that you should be ignorant; for I have determined on ceasing to feed the disease; as, by the food and drink that I have taken during the last few days, I have prolonged life only so as to increase my pains without hope of recovery. I therefore entreat you, in the first place, to give your approbation to my resolution, and in the next, not to labor in vain by endeavoring to dissuade me from executing it."

Having delivered this address with so much steadiness of voice and countenance, that he seemed to be removing, not out of life, but out of one house into another,—when Agrippa, weeping over him and kissing him, entreated and conjured him not to accelerate that which nature herself would bring, and, since he might live some time longer, to preserve his life for himself and his friends,—he put a stop to his prayers, by an obstinate silence. After he had accordingly abstained from food for two days, the fever suddenly left him, and the disease began to be less oppressive. He persisted, nevertheless, in executing his purpose; and in consequence on the fifth day after he had fixed his resolution, and on the last day of February, in the consulship of Gnaeus Domitius and Gaius Sosius, he died. His body was carried out of his house on a small couch, as he himself had directed, without any funeral pomp, all the respectable portion of the people attending, and a vast crowd of the populace. He was buried close by the Appian Way, at the fifth milestone from the city, in the sepulcher of his uncle.

VII. Varro. M. Terentius Varro, who was born in 116 B. C. and lived to the year 27 B. C., was at once the first and the last of the series of writers who made the Ciceronian Era famous. Moreover, he was one of the most learned and productive of writers, a brave and successful soldier and a successful politician, if we may judge by the fact that he lived through those long, stormy years, fought with Pompey, surrendered to Caesar and made a friend of him, was proscribed by Antony, but through the interest of influential friends was pardoned and spared for a life of literary activity, extending to his ninetieth year.

Caesar, against whom he had fought, magnanimously pardoned the learned man. Antony's conduct was in marked contrast, for when he came into power he was willing to murder Varro for his property, and did seize the sumptuous Casine villa and turn it into the scene of his debaucheries while he plundered it of its treasures, emptied the cellar and burned the books. Cicero scathingly denounced the acts, as we have seen, in his *Philippics.* The escape of Varro from Antony's clutches reads like a romance, for at one time the aged writer was hidden in the villa of Calenus when his enemy was a visitor at the same place.

During his old age Varro seems to have been cheerful and contented, in spite of the loss of his library, and other scarcely inferior privations. In fact, he was one of the genuine old

Romans, who, proving all the better for his Greek learning, struggled to conserve everything national and to overthrow the innovations of his time. He was much more like Cato than like Cicero, and proved stubbornly impervious to the temptations of his degenerate acquaintances.

There was scarcely a department of literature Varro did not attempt, and in most of them he excelled, largely because of his industry and the physical endurance that enabled him to spend untold hours at his literary labors. As a boy, he went barefoot over the mountains, wore a single tunic, rode bareback without a bridle and lived the clean, outdoor life that put him into condition for the long years of literary toil, in which he appeared successively as agriculturist, grammarian, critic, theologian, historian, philosopher, satirist and poet.

The one class of composition which he made peculiar to himself was a curious medley of prose and poetry, treating all kinds of subjects in a satirical manner, sparkling, commonplace, but often coarse and vulgar. Of these satires he wrote 150 books, of which some 600 lines are extant. The *Menippean Satires* (*Saturae Menippeae*) are not exactly satires as we understand the term, but they give very clearly and cleverly Varro's sentiments concerning the luxury and debaucheries of the time and set forth what is most befitting for a Roman to know. He was very severe upon philosophers, not so much perhaps from any opposition to philosophy, to which he was devoted, as from a knowledge of the unfitness of the Roman mind for the Greek style of thought.

The following is a condensation of a part of a discussion to be found in Mommsen's *History of Rome:*

The Menippean satire was handled by Varro with equal originality of form and contents; the bold mixture of prose and verse is foreign to the Greek original, and the whole intellectual contents are pervaded by Roman idiosyncrasy—one might say, have a savor of the Sabine soil. These satires, like the essays already noticed, handle some moral or other theme adapted to the larger public; the plastic dress, which in this case might not be wanting, is of course but seldom borrowed from the history of his native country; the dog-world of Diogenes, on the other hand, plays, as might be expected, a great part; mythology is also laid under contribution for comic purposes; it appears that Varro frequently, perhaps regularly, narrated the tale as his own experience; *e. g.,* in the *Manius* the *dramatis personae* go to Varro and discourse to him "because he was known to them as a book-maker."

As to the poetical value of this plastic dress we are no longer allowed to form any certain judgment; there still occur in our fragments several very charming sketches full of wit and liveliness—thus in the *Prometheus Liber* the hero after the loosing of his chains opens a manufactory of men, in which Goldshoe the rich (Chrysosandolas) bespeaks for himself a maiden, of milk and finest wax such as the Milesian bees gather from various flowers, a maiden without bones and sinews, without skin or hair, pure and polished, slim, smooth, tender, charming. The life-breath of this poetry is polemics—not so much the political warfare of party, such as Lucilius and Catullus practiced, but the general moral antagonism of the stern, elderly man to the unbridled and perverse youth; of the scholar living in the midst of his classics to the loose and slovenly, or at any rate, in point of tendency, reprobate, modern poetry; of the good burgess of the ancient type to the new Rome in which the Forum, to use Varro's language, was a pigsty, and Numa, if he turned his eyes towards his city, would see no longer a trace of his wise regulations. In the constitutional struggle Varro did what seemed to him the duty of a citizen, but his heart was not in such partisan agitation—"Why," he complains on one occasion, "do ye call me from my pure life into the filth of your Senate-house." He belonged to the good old time when the talk savored of onions and garlic, but the heart was sound. His warfare against the hereditary foes of the genuine Roman spirit, the Greek philosophers, was only a single aspect of this old-fashioned opposition to the spirit of the new times; but it resulted both from the nature of the Cynical philosophy and from the temperament of Varro that the Menippean lash was very specially plied round the ears of the philosophers and put them accordingly into proportional alarm—it was not without palpitation that philosophic scribes of the times transmitted to the "severe man" their newly-issued treatises.

Philosophizing is verily no art. With the tenth part of the trouble with which a master rears his slave to be a professional baker he trains himself to be a philosopher; no doubt, when the baker and the philosopher both come under the hammer, the artist of pastry goes off a hundred times dearer than the philosopher. Singular people, these philosophers! One enjoins that corpses be buried in honey—it is a fortunate circumstance that his desire is not complied with, otherwise where would any honey-wine be left? Another thinks that men grow out of the earth like cresses. A third has invented a world-borer by which the earth will some day be destroyed.

With this morally polemic tendency and this talent for embodying it in caustic and picturesque expression, which, as the dress of dialogue given to the books on Husbandry written in his eightieth year shows, never forsook him down to extreme old age, Varro most happily combined an incomparable knowledge of the national manners and language, which is embodied in the philological writings of his old age after the manner of a common-place book, but displays itself in his Satires in all its direct fullness and freshness. Varro was in the best and fullest sense of the term a local antiquarian, who from the personal observation of many years knew his nation in its former idiosyncrasy and seclusion as well as in its modern state of transition and dispersion, and had supplemented and deepened his direct knowledge of the national manners and national language by the most comprehensive investigation of historical and literary archives. His partial deficiency in rational judgment and learning—in our sense of the words—was compensated for by his clear intuition and the poetry which lived within him. He sought neither after antiquarian notices nor after rare antiquated or poetical words; but he was himself an old and old-fashioned man and almost a rustic; the classics of his nation were his favorite and long-familiar companions; how could it fail that many details of the manners of his forefathers which he loved above all and especially knew should be narrated in his writings, and that his discourse should abound with proverbial Greek and Latin phrases, with good old words preserved in the Sabine conversational language, with reminiscences of Ennius, Lucilius, and above all, of Plautus?

The poetical pieces inserted show not merely that their author knew how to mold the most varied measures with as much mastery as any of the fashionable poets, but that he had a right to include himself among those to whom a god has granted the gift of ''banishing cares from the heart by song and sacred poesy.'' The sketches of Varro no more created a school than the didactic poem of Lucretius; to the more general causes which prevented this there falls to be added their thoroughly individual stamp, which was inseparable from the greater age, from the rusticity, and even from the peculiar learning of their author. But the grace and humor of the Menippean satires above all, which seem to have been in number and importance far superior to Varro's graver works, captivated his contemporaries as well as those in after times who had any relish for originality and national spirit; and even we, who are no longer permitted to read them, may still from the fragments preserved discern in some measure that the writer "knew how to laugh and how to jest in moderation." And as the last breath of the good spirit of the old burgess-times ere it departed, as the latest fresh growth which the national Latin poetry put forth, the satires of Varro deserved that the poet in his poetical testament should commend these his Menippean children to every one "who had at heart the prosperity of Rome and of Latium;" and they accordingly retain an honorable place in the literature as in the history of the Italian people.

Varro's extensive treatise *On the Latin Language* has come to us only in fragments relating chiefly to inflections and the derivations of words which, while frequently inaccurate, have been of great assistance to students. His crowning work, however, was his *Antiquities Divine and Human,* in forty-one books, a great storehouse of information, upon which subsequent writers drew freely, referring to it as the one authoritative work on the national religion. Methodical and systematic to a degree, Varro did not, however, classify his subject-matter according to natural relations, but strictly after his own ideas, arbitrary and unique. Vast as was his learning and profound as were his conclusions, he cannot be said to have written in a graceful or attractive style, but rather in a heavy and cumbersome rhetoric, quite unlike the more spontaneous early work in the *Satires*. Cruttwell sums up the author as follows: "The qualities that shone out conspicuously in his works were, besides learning, a genial though somewhat caustic humor, and a thorough contempt for effeminacy of all kinds. The fop, the epicure, the warbling poet who gargled his throat before murmuring his recondite ditty, the purist, and above all, the mock-philosopher with his nostrum for purifying the world, these are all caricatured by Varro in his pithy, good-humored way; the spirit of the Menippean satires remained, though the form was changed to one more befitting the grave old teacher of wisdom. The fragments of his works as well as the notices of his friends present him to us the very picture of a healthy-minded and healthy-bodied man."

VIII. Minor Prose Writers. Other writers of prose were numerous, but were much inferior to those whom we have discussed, and many are little more than names, for all that they wrote has been lost.

Titus Pomponius Atticus, the friend of Cicero, subject of the biography of Nepos, was a wealthy man whose chief contribution to literature was the publication of the writings of other authors, though he wrote histories, biographies, genealogies and descriptive verses.

Quintus Tullius Cicero, the brother of Marcus, was a literary man who wrote an epic poem, tragedies and annals, but nothing exists excepting four or five letters and an essay in letter form, *On Candidature for the Consulship,* relating to methods of politicians.

Tiro, the freedman of Cicero, to whom allusion has already been made, edited the speeches and letters of his master and collected his witticisms, besides writing Cicero's biography, a treatise on grammar, and inventing a system of shorthand.

The Ciceronian Era marks the highest tide of Latin prose, though in the Augustan Era there were still great writers. On the other hand, the last years of the era saw the rise of the poets Lucretius and Catullus, who were inferior only to Vergil and Horace of later years. It is to the poets that we must now turn our attention.

TEMPLE OF SIBILLA, AT TIVOLA

CHAPTER XIII

CICERONIAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONCLUDED)

84 B. C.—43 B. C.

POETRY

INTRODUCTORY. The poets of the Ciceronion Age were active, and they produced a large quantity of literature, comparatively little of which, however, is worthy of consideration; in fact, but two writers exhibited sufficient merit and achieved fame enough to justify a lengthy study. Most of the prose writers at one time or another, it is true, tried their hand at poetry and produced labored tragedies in heavy hexameters, or, in some instances, essayed poetry of a lighter character. The stage had ceased to be popular, or at least its popularity was confined to the production of mimes, which were coarse, usually indecent, and almost without exception confined to variations of a single plot, namely, the deception of a husband by his wife. In the latter part of the era, even the mimes ceased to be attractive, because of the production of so many exciting circuses and gladiatorial shows.

The two poets to whom we have just alluded represent two distinct schools, the one, Lucretius, following in the footsteps, or at least carrying out the ideas of Ennius, and the other, Catullus, a student of Alexandrian poesy as exhibited by Callimachus and his followers. In our studies of Greek literature we considered at length the work of the Alexandrian school, but perhaps did not sufficiently emphasize the fact of its tremendous influence upon the literature of Rome. When the Latins conquered Egypt they found the great Alexandrian library, with the host of scholars and writers who made it the center of their labors, and from that number, as the years passed on, hundreds made their way to Rome, where they met the teachers who came directly from Athens, and united with them in introducing their culture to the waiting Romans. The Alexandrian Greeks had carried their learning to an excess, and the writers who followed them produced works full of mythological allusion and elegant diction, but empty of serious thought. We might then say Lucretius was a great thinker who used verse as his medium of expression, but Catullus was a brilliant versifier who had no message for the world.

ANCIENT ROME

II. Lucretius. Very little is known of the life of Titus Lucretius, who was born probably not far from 99 B. C. and who died, if we are correctly informed, in 55 B. C. Jerome says: "Titus Lucretius, the poet, was born, who afterwards was made insane by a love potion, and, when he had in the intervals of his madness written several books, which Cicero corrected, killed himself by his own hand in the forty-fourth year of his age." Of the passionate nature and intense feeling of Lucretius we have plenty of evidence, and it may have been sufficient to unsettle his intellect; but of his manner of life, his friends and his enemies we know practically nothing. He was a philosopher whose ambition was to write a poem which should free men from the superstitious fear of death by making them familiar with the doctrines of Epicurus.

Lord Tennyson seized the tradition given by Jerome and made it the basis of his noble poem *Lucretius,* which we give in part:

Lucilia, wedded to Lucretius, found
Her master cold; for when the morning flush
Of passion and the first embrace had died
Between them, tho' he lov'd her none the less,
Yet often when the woman heard his foot
Return from pacings in the field, and ran
To greet him with a kiss, the master took
Small notice, or austerely, for—his mind
Half busied in some weightier argument,
Or fancy, borne perhaps upon the rise
And long roll of the Hexameter—he past
To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls

Left by the Teacher, whom he held divine.
She brook'd it not; but wrathful, petulant,
Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch
Who brew'd the philter which had power, they said,
To lead an errant passion home again.
And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,
And this destroy'd him, for the wicked broth
Confused the chemic labor of the blood,
And tickling the brute brain within the man's
Made havoc among those tender cells, and check'd
His power to shape: he loathed himself; and once
After a tempest woke upon a morn
That mock'd him with returning calm, and cried:

"Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the rain
Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt—
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—
Struck out the streaming mountainside, and show'd
A riotous confluence of watercourses
Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

"Storm, and what dreams, ye holy gods, what dreams!
For thrice I waken'd after dreams. Perchance
We do but recollect the dreams that come
Just ere the waking: terrible! for it seem'd
A void was made in Nature; all her bonds
Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
For ever: that was mine, my dream, I knew it—
Of and belonging to me, as the dog
With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies
His function of the woodland: but the next!

. . . .

"The gods! and if I go, *my* work is left
Unfinish'd—*if* I go. The gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,

Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm! and such,
Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain
Letting his own life go. The gods, the gods!
If all be atoms, how then should the gods
Being atomic not be dissoluble,
Not follow the great law? My master held
That gods there are, for all men so believe.
I prest my footsteps into his, and meant
Surely to lead my Memmius in a train
Of flowery clauses onward to the proof
That gods there are, and deathless. Meant? I meant?

. . . .

"Can I not fling this horror off me again,
Seeing with how great ease Nature can smile,
Balmier and nobler from her bath of storm,
At random ravage? and how easily
The mountain there has cast his cloudy slough,
Now towering o'er him in serenest air,
A mountain o'er a mountain,—ay, and within
All hollow as the hopes and fears of men?

. . . .

"And therefore now
Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,
Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart
Those blind beginnings that have made me man,
Dash them anew together at her will
Thro' all her cycles—into man once more,
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower:
But still this cosmic order everywhere
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day
Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour perhaps
Is not so far when momentary man
Shall seem no more a something to himself,
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,

And even his bones long laid within the grave,
The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,
Into the unseen forever,—till that hour,
My golden work in which I told a truth
That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks
The mortal soul from out immortal hell,
Shall stand: ay, surely: then it fails at last
And perishes as I must; for O Thou,
Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
Without one pleasure and without one pain,
Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine
Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus
I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not
How roughly men may woo thee so they win—
Thus—thus: the soul flies out and dies in the air."

With that he drove the knife into his side:
She heard him raging, heard him fall; ran in,
Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon herself
As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd
That she but meant to win him back, fell on him,
Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd: he answered, "Care not thou!
Thy duty? What is duty? Fare thee well!"

III. "ON THE NATURE OF THINGS." The poem, *De Rerum Natura* (*On the Nature of Things*), consisting of six books of hexameter verse, is the only work of Lucretius. The application the Romans made of Epicureanism proved to be selfish and debasing, for they had not succeeded in understanding the highest doctrine of its teachers, and the purpose of Lucretius, which he proceeded to carry out in a thoroughly earnest manner, was serious.

That he felt the difficulty of his theme and was somewhat doubtful of his power to present it convincingly, or even to be satisfied with it himself, we may judge from the following passage:

Come now, and what remaineth learn and hear
More clearly. Well in my own mind I know
The doctrine is obscure; but mighty hope
Of praise has struck my heart with maddening wand,
And with the blow implanted in my breast
The sweet love of the Muses, filled with which
I wander with fresh mind through pathless tracts
Of the Pierides, untrod before
By any mortal's foot. 'Tis sweet to go
To fountains new and drink; and sweet it is
To pluck new flow'rs and seek a garland thence
For my own head, whence ne'er before a crown
The Muses twined for any mortal's brow.
'Tis first because I teach of weighty things
And guide my course to set the spirit free
From superstition's closely knotted bonds;
And next because concerning matters dark
I write such lucid verses, touching all
With th' Muses' grace. Then, too, because it seems
Not without reason; but as when men try
In curing boys to give them bitter herbs,
They touch the edges round about the cups
With yellow liquid of the honey sweet,
That children's careless age may be deceived
As far as to the lips, and meanwhile drink
The juice of bitter herb, and though deceived
May not be harmed, but rather in such wise
Gain health and strength, so I now, since my theme
Seems gloomy for the most part unto those
To whom 'tis not familiar, and the crowd
Shrinks back from it, have wished to treat for thee
My theme with sweetly speaking poetry's verse
And touch it with the Muses' honey sweet.

The main idea of the poem is that all things, including the soul, came into being and are to pass away without any action of the gods; that pleasure is the chief good, the guide of life, but that this pleasure is intellectual and found in the calm repose of the philosopher, not in indulgence of the body. Lucretius says:

Oh wretched minds of men, oh blinded hearts!
Within what shades of life and dangers great
Is passed whate'er of age we have! Dost thou
Not see that nature makes demand for naught
Save this, that pain be absent from our frame,
That she, removed from care at once and fear,
May have her pleasure in the joys of mind?

Interest in the subject-matter of the poem is considerable, because it discusses the same problems of religion, science and anthropology that are still somewhat a matter of speculation, and it is particularly unusual to find in ancient literature anything that is possessed more completely by the scientific spirit. However, after all is said, it is the strong personality of Lucretius, his noble enthusiasm, his profound pathos and his genius for description that have kept his name alive. Lord Macaulay says of him: "In energy, perspicuity, variety of illustration, knowledge of life and manners, talent for description, sense of the beauty of the external world and elevation and dignity of moral feeling, Lucretius had hardly ever an equal."

Very briefly stated, the argument of the poem is as follows:

1. *Book I.* The world consists of atoms, which are infinitely small particles of matter, and of void, that is, unlimited empty space. This is the doctrine invented by Democritus and held by Epicurus. Such Greek philosophers as Heraclitus, Empedocles and Anaxagoras lived in error, and their doctrines are not sound.

2. *Book II.* Atoms combine to form all the various things in the world, because in their constant and eternal motion through space they come in contact with each other, as they depart from a straight line. Though these atoms are infinite in number and always in motion, yet they are limited in shape; some, for instance, which make hard and dense things like stones and metals, are hooked and branching, while those that form the fluids are smooth and round. They have no color, but they cause color by the different positions which they assume.

3. *Book III.* The mind and the soul, or principles of life, are material, and die when the body dies. Religion and the fear of death are absurd, because the soul dies with the body and after death we shall have no troubles, but merely be as if we had never been born, or as if we lay wrapped in dreamless sleep:

> So death to us is naught, concerns us not,
> When the soul's nature is as mortal known.

4. *Book IV.* We have vision because minute images of a given object are constantly de-

taching themselves from it to strike our eyes, and impressions are made upon our other senses in the same manner. An image pushes before it the air between it and the eye, and as this air sweeps through the pupil we are able to judge of the distance of the object seen. What we see is not the object itself, but a succession of images, just as when the face is turned toward the wind we do not feel each particle of wind, but the effect of the whole of it, and as when we strike a stone we do not feel each particle, but the combined hardness of them all.

Sound is caused by a striking on the ear that excites sensation, and it often happens that these corporeal atoms of sound scraping on the throat cause soreness, as experienced by orators; as the sounds proceed from the mouth, the tongue forms articulate words. In chewing a substance, atoms of taste are pushed out—smooth ones where the flavor is pleasant and rough ones where the flavor is unpleasant. Love, sleep and dreams are explained and made the subjects of advice.

5. *Book V*. The origin of the earth, sun, moon and stars, the beginning of life, the progress of civilization from savagery are all explained, and in some passages there are clear foreshadowings of our modern doctrine of the survival of the fittest. As the world was not created, but came into existence by the union of the atoms, so sometime it will come to an end by their separation.

6. *Book VI.* This book is somewhat fragmentary, more so, in fact, than any of the others, and treats of miscellaneous subjects. In the beginning it considers the nature of thunder and lightning and other phenomena, such as earthquakes, tempests and volcanoes. It then discusses various things which appear curious, such as magnetic attraction, and ends with a description of the plague at Athens, from Thucydides.

Munro, a competent judge of poetry and the greatest English commentator and translator of Lucretius, says:

> It would hardly perhaps do violence to the taste of the present age to call Lucretius the greatest of extant Latin poets. Like the rest of his countrymen, he is not a great creative genius; we find in him many echoes even of the scanty fragments which we yet possess of the old tragic and epic poets, Accius, Pacuvius, and, above all, Ennius. He owes still more to the Greeks, especially Empedocles, so far as regards the form of his poem. . . . And he has merits of his own unsurpassed in the whole compass of Latin poetry. It has often struck me that his genius is akin to that of Milton. He displays a wonderful depth and fervor of thought, expressed in language of singular force and beauty; an admirable faculty of clear and vigorous and well-sustained philosophical reasoning; and a style equal in its purity and correctness to that of Terence, Caesar or Cicero, and superior to that of any writer of the Augustan Age.

IV. EXTRACTS FROM "ON THE NATURE OF THINGS." The poem opens with a justly-famous invocation to Venus:

Mother and mistress of the Roman race,
  Pleasure of gods and men, O fostering

Venus, whose presence breathes in every place,
  Peopling all soils whence fruits and grasses spring,
And all the water's navigable ways,
  Water and earth and air and everything,
Since by thy power alone their life is given,
To all beneath the sliding signs of heaven;

Goddess, thou comest, and the clouds before thee
  Melt, and the ruffian blasts take flight and fly;
The daedal lands, they know thee and adore thee,
  And clothe themselves with sweet flowers instantly;
Whilst pouring down its largest radiance o'er thee,
  In azure calm subsides the rounded sky,
To overarch thine advent; and for thee
A livelier sunlight laughs along the sea.

'Tis sweet when tempests roar upon the sea
  To watch from land another's deep distress
Amongst the waves—his toil and misery;
  Not that his sorrow makes our happiness,
But that some sweetness there must ever be
  Watching what sorrows we do not possess;
So, too, 'tis sweet to safely view from far
Gleam o'er the plains the savage ways of war.

But sweeter far to look with purgèd eyes
  Down from the battlements and topmost towers
Of learning, those high bastions of the wise,
  And far below us see this world of ours,
The vain crowds, wandering blindly, led by lies,
  Spending in pride and wrangling all their powers,
So far below—the pigmy toil and strife,
The pain and piteous rivalries of life.

C. S. Calverley has translated into English hexameter the famous passage from the beginning of Book Two in the following manner:

Sweet, when the great sea's water is stirred to its depth
    by the storm winds,

Standing ashore to descry one afar off mightily struggling;
Not that a neighbor's sorrow to you yields dulcet enjoyment;
But that the sight hath a sweetness, of ills ourselves are exempt from.
Sweet 'tis too to behold, on a broad plain mustering war-hosts
Arm them for some great battle, one's self unscathed by the danger;
Yet still happier this: To possess, impregnably guarded,
Those calm heights of the sages which have for an origin Wisdom;
Thence to survey our fellows, observe them this way and that way
Wander amid Life's paths, poor stragglers seeking a highway;
Watch mind battle with mind, and escutcheon rival escutcheon;
Gaze on that untold strife, which is waged 'neath the sun and the starlight,
Up as they toil on the surface whereon rest Riches and Empire.

From the literal translation by H. A. J. Munro are taken the following prose extracts, in which the punctuation, spelling and capitalization are left as they appeared in the first edition. It is felt that very little difficulty will be experienced by the reader after the first few moments of study. No one but a student would care to read that part of it which discusses atoms and changes and pretends to be purely scientific; the chief charm lies in the digressions, whether they appear as resting places in his argument or as outbursts of feeling that frequently turn to eloquent appeal.

The proverbial blindness of love certainly impressed Lucretius:

And these evils are found in love that is lasting and highly prosperous; but in crossed and hopeless love are ills such as you may seize with closed eyes, past numbering; so that it is better to watch beforehand in the manner I have prescribed, and be on your guard not to be drawn in. For to avoid falling into the toils of love is not so hard as, after you are caught, to get out of the nets you are in and to break through the strong meshes of Venus. And yet even when you are entangled and held fast you may escape the mischief, unless you stand in your own way and begin by overlooking all the defects of her mind or those of her body, whoever it is whom you court and woo. For this men usually do, blinded by passion, and attribute to the beloved those advantages which are not really theirs. We therefore see women in ways manifold deformed and ugly to be objects of endearment and held in the highest admiration. And one lover jeers at others and advises them to propitiate Venus, since they are troubled by a disgraceful passion, and often, poor wretch, gives no thought to his own ills greatest of all. The black is a brune, the filthy and rank has not the love of order; the cat-eyed is a miniature Pallas, the stringy and wizened a gazelle; the dumpy and dwarfish is one of the graces, from top to toe all grace; the big and overgrown is awe-inspiring and full of dignity. She is tongue-tied, cannot speak, then she has a lisp; the dumb is bashful; then the fire-spit, the teasing, the gossiping turns to a shining lamp. One becomes a slim darling then when she cannot live from want of flesh; and she is only spare, who is half-dead with cough. Then the fat and big-breasted is a Ceres' self big-breasted from Iacchus; the pug-nosed is a she Silenus and a satyress; the thick-lipped a very kiss. It were tedious to attempt to report other things of the kind. Let her however be of ever so great dignity of appearance; such that the power of Venus goes forth from all her limbs; yet there are others too; yet have we lived without her before; yet does she do, and we know that she does, in all things the same as the ugly woman; and fumigates herself poor wretch, with nauseous perfumes, her very maids running from her and giggling behind her back. But the lover, when shut out, often in tears covers the threshold with flowers and wreaths, and anoints the haughty doorposts with oil of marjoram and imprints kisses, poor wretch, on the doors. When however he has been admitted, if on his approach but one single breath should come in his way, he would seek specious reasons for departing, and the long-conned deep-drawn complaint would fall to the ground; and then he would blame his folly, on seeing that he had attributed to her more than it is right to concede to a mortal. Nor is this unknown to our Venuses; wherefore all the more they themselves hide with the utmost pains all that goes on behind the scenes of life from those whom they wish to retain in the chains of love; but in vain, since you may yet draw forth from her mind into the light all these things and search into all her smiles; and if she is of a fair mind and not troublesome, overlook them in your turn and make allowance for human failings.

Lucretius thus describes the sacrifice of Iphigenia:

Yet fear I lest thou haply deem that thus
  We din, and enter wicked ways of reason.
Whereas 'gainst all things good and beauteous
  'Tis oft religion does the foulest treason.
Has not the tale of Aulis come to us,
  And those great chiefs who, in the windless season,
Bade young Iphianassa's form be laid
Upon the altar of the Trivian maid?

Soon as the fillet round her virgin hair
  Fell in its equal lengths down either cheek,—
Soon as she saw her father standing there,
  Sad, by the altar, without power to speak,

And at his side the murderous minister,
  Hiding the knife, and many a faithful Greek
Weeping—her knees grew weak, and with no sound
She sank, in speechless terror on the ground.

But naught availed it in that hour accurst
  To save the maid from such a doom as this,
That her lips were the baby lips that first
  Called the king father with their cries and kiss.
For round her came the strong men, and none durst
  Refuse to do what cruel part was his;
So silently they raised her up and bore her,
All quivering, to the deadly shrine before her.

And as they bore her, ne'er a golden lyre
  Rang round her coming with a bridal strain;
But in the very season of desire,
  A stainless maiden, amid bloody stain,
She died—a victim felled by its own sire—
  That so the ships the wished-for wind might gain,
And air puff out their canvas. Learn thou, then,
To what damned deeds religion urges men.

The following tribute to Epicurus is the invocation to the third book:

Thee, who first wast able amid such thick darkness to raise on high so bright a beacon and shed a light on the true interests of life, thee I follow, glory of the Greek race, and plant now my footsteps firmly fixed in thy imprinted marks, not so much from a desire to rival thee as that from the love I bear thee I yearn to imitate thee; for why need the swallow contend with swans, or what likeness is there between the feats of racing performed by kids with tottering limbs and by the powerful strength of the horse? Thou, father, art discoverer of things, thou furnishest us with fatherly precepts, and like as bees sip of all things in the flowery lawns, we, O glorious being, in like manner feed from out thy pages upon all the golden maxims, golden I say, most worthy ever of endless life. For soon as thy philosophy issuing from a godlike intellect has begun with loud voice to proclaim the nature of things, the terrors of the mind are dispelled, the walls of the world part asunder, I see things in operation throughout the whole void: the divinity of the gods is revealed and their tranquil abodes which neither winds do shake nor clouds drench with rains nor snow congealed by sharp frosts harms with hoary fall: an ever cloudless ether o'ercanopies them, and they laugh with light shed largely round. Nature too supplies all their wants and nothing ever impairs their peace of mind. But on the other hand the Acherusian quarters are nowhere to be seen, though earth is no bar to all things being descried, which are in operation underneath our feet throughout the void. At all this a kind of godlike delight mixed with shuddering awe comes over me to think that nature by thy power is laid thus visibly open, is thus unveiled on every side.

We like to picture him as the solitary wanderer in the fields of the Muses:

Nor does my mind fail to perceive how dark the things are; but the great hope of praise has smitten my heart with sharp thyrsus, and at the same time has struck into my breast sweet love of the muses, with which now inspired I traverse in blooming thought the pathless haunts of the Pierides never yet trodden by sole of man. I love to approach the untasted springs and to quaff, I love to cull fresh flowers and gather for my head a distinguished crown from spots whence the muses have yet veiled the brows of none; first because I teach of great things and essay to release the mind from the fast bonds of religious scruples, and next because on a dark subject I pen such lucid verses o'erlaying all with the muses' charm. For that too would seem to be not without good grounds: just as physicians when they purpose to give nauseous wormwood to children, first smear the rim round the bowl with the sweet yellow juice of honey, that the unthinking age of children may be fooled as far as the lips, and meanwhile drink up the bitter draught of wormwood and though beguiled yet not be betrayed, but rather by such means recover health and strength; so I now, since this doctrine seems generally somewhat bitter to those by whom it has not been handled, and the multitude shrinks back from it in dismay, have resolved to set forth to you our doctrine in sweet-toned Pierian verse and o'erlay it as it were with the pleasant honey of the muses, if haply by such means I might engage your mind on my verses, till you clearly perceive the whole nature of things, its shape and frame.

Notice this stinging attack upon ambition and luxury:

It is sweet, when on the great sea the winds trouble its waters, to behold from land another's deep distress; not that it is a pleasure and delight that any should be afflicted, but because it is sweet to see from what evils you are yourself exempt. It is sweet also to look upon the mighty struggles of war arrayed along the plains without sharing yourself in the danger. But nothing is more welcome than to hold the lofty and serene positions well fortified by the learning of the wise, from which you may look down upon others and see them wandering all abroad and going astray in their search for the path of life, see the contest among them of intellect, the rivalry of birth, the striving night and day with surpassing effort to struggle up to the summit of power and be masters of the world. O miserable minds of men! O blinded breasts! in what darkness of life and in how great dangers is passed this term of life whatever its duration! not choose to see that nature craves for herself no more than this, that pain hold aloof from the body, and she in mind enjoy a feeling of pleasure exempt from care and fear? Therefore we see that for the body's nature few things are needed at all, such and such only as take away pain. Nay, though more gratefully at times they can minister to us many choice delights, nature for her part wants them not, when there are no golden images of youths through the house holding in their right hands flaming lamps for supply of light to the nightly banquet, when the house shines not with silver nor glitters with gold nor do the pannelled and gilded roofs reëcho to the harp, what time, though these things be wanting, they spread themselves in groups on the soft grass beside a stream of water under the boughs of a high tree and at no great cost pleasantly refresh their bodies, above all when the weather smiles and the seasons of the year besprinkle the green grass with flowers. Nor do hot fevers sooner quit the body, if you toss about on pictured tapestry and blushing purple, than if you must lie under a poor man's blanket. Wherefore since treasures avail nothing in respect of our body nor birth nor the glory of kingly power, advancing farther you must hold that they are of no service to the mind as well; unless may be when you see your legions swarm over the ground of the campus waging the mimicry of war, strengthened flank and rear by powerful reserves and great force of cavalry, and you marshal them equipped in arms and animated with one spirit, thereupon you find that religious scruples scared by these things fly panic-stricken from the mind; and that then fears of death leave the breast unembarrassed and free from care, when you see your fleet swarm forth and spread itself far and wide. But if we see that these things are food for laughter and mere mockeries, and in good truth the fears of men and dogging cares dread not the clash of arms and cruel weapons, if unabashed they mix among kings and kesars and stand not in awe of the glitter from gold nor the brilliant sheen of the purple robe, how can you doubt that this is wholly the prerogative of reason, when the whole of life withal is a struggle in the dark? For even as children are flurried and dread all things in the thick darkness, thus we in the daylight fear at times things not a whit more to be dreaded than those which children shudder at in the dark and fancy sure to be. This terror therefore and darkness of mind must be dispelled not by the rays of the sun and glittering shafts of day, but by the aspect and law of nature.

The following passage contains some pathetic lines:

Now mark and next in order apprehend of what kind and how widely differing in their forms are the beginnings of all things, how varied by manifold diversities of shape; not that a scanty number are possessed of a life form, but because as a rule they do not all resemble one the other. And no wonder; for since there is so great a store of them that, as I have shown, there is no end or sum, they must sure enough not one and all be marked by an equal bulk and like shape, one with another. Let the race of man pass before you in review, and the mute swimming shoals of the scaly tribes and the blithe herds and wild beasts and the different birds which haunt the gladdening watering spots about river-banks and springs and pools, and those which flit about and throng the pathless woods: then go and take any one you like in any one kind, and you will yet find that they differ in their shapes, every one from every other. And in no other way could child recognize mother or mother child; and this we see that they all can do, and that they are just as well known to one another as human beings are. Thus often in front of the beauteous shrines of the gods a calf falls sacrificed beside the incense-burning altars, and spurts from its breast a warm stream of blood; but the bereaved mother as she ranges over the green lawns knows the footprints stamped on the ground by the cloven hoofs, scanning with her eyes every spot to see if she can anywhere behold her lost youngling: then she fills with her moanings the leafy wood each time she desists from her search and again and again goes back to the stall pierced to the heart by the loss of her calf; nor can the soft willows and grass quickened with dew and yon rivers gliding level with their banks comfort her mind and put away the care that has entered into her, nor can other forms of calves throughout the glad pastures divert her mind and ease it of its care: so persistently she seeks something special and known. Again the tender kids with their shaking voices know their horned dams and the butting lambs the flocks of bleating sheep; thus they run, as nature craves, each without fail to its own udder of milk. Lastly in the case of any kind of corn you like you will yet find that any one grain is not so similar to any other in the same kind, but that there runs through them some difference to distinguish the forms. On a like principle of difference we see the class of shells paint the lap of earth, where the sea with gentle waves beats on the thirsty sand of the winding shore.

At the end of the third book he makes this indignant remonstrance against those who fear to die:

This too you may sometimes say to yourself, even worthy Ancus has quitted the light with his eyes, who was far far better than thou, unconscionable man. And since then many other kings and kesars have been laid low, who lorded it over mighty nations. He too, even he who erst paved a way over the great sea and made a path for his legions to march over the deep and taught them to pass on foot over the salt pools and set at naught the roarings of the sea, trampling on them with his horses, had the light taken from him and shed forth his soul from his dying body. The son of the Scipios, thunderbolt of war, terror of Carthage, yielded his bones to earth just as if he were the lowest menial. Think too of the inventors of all sciences and graceful arts, think of the companions of the Heliconian maids; among whom Homer bore the scepter without a peer, and he now sleeps the same sleep as others. Then there is Democritus, who, when a ripe old age had warned him that the memory-waking motions of his mind were waning, by his own spontaneous act offered up his head to death. Even Epicurus passed away, when his light of life had run its course, he who surpassed in intellect the race of man and quenched the light of all, as the ethereal sun arisen quenches the stars. Wilt thou then hesitate and think it a hardship to die? thou for whom life is well nigh dead whilst yet thou livest and seest the light, who spendest the greater part of thy time in sleep and snorest wide awake and ceasest not to see visions and hast a mind troubled with groundless terror and canst not discover often what it is that ails thee, when besotted man thou art sore pressed on all sides with full many cares and goest astray tumbling about in the wayward wanderings of thy mind.

If, just as they are seen to feel that a load is on their mind which wears them out with its pressure, men might apprehend from what causes too it is produced and whence such a pile, if I may say so, of ill lies on their breast, they would not spend their life as we see them now for the most part do, not knowing any one of them what he means and wanting ever change of place as though he might lay his burden down. The man who is sick of home often issues forth from his large mansion, and as suddenly comes back to it, finding as he does that he is no better on abroad. He races to his country-house, driving his jennets in headlong haste, as if hurrying to bring help to a house on fire; he yawns the moment he has reached the door of his house, or sinks heavily into sleep and seeks forgetfulness, or even in haste goes back again to town. In this way each man flies from himself (but self from whom, as you may be sure is commonly the case, he cannot escape, clings to him in his own despite), hates too himself, because he is sick and knows not the cause of the malady; for if he could rightly see into this, relinquishing all else each man would study to learn the nature of things, since the point at stake is the condition for eternity, not for one hour, in which mortals have to pass all the time which remains for them to expect after death.

Once more what evil lust of life is this which constrains us with such force to be so mightily troubled in doubts and dangers? A sure term of life is fixed for mortals, and death cannot be shunned, but meet it we must. Moreover we are ever engaged, ever involved in the same pursuits, and no new pleasure is struck out by living on; but whilst what we crave is wanting, it seems to transcend all the rest; then, when it has been gotten, we crave something else, and ever does the same thirst of life possess us, as we gape for it open-mouthed. Quite doubtful it is what fortune the future will carry with it or what chance will bring us or what end is at hand. Nor by prolonging life do we take one tittle from the time past in death nor can we fret anything away, whereby we may haply be a less long time in the condition of the dead. Therefore you may complete as many generations as you please during your life; none the less however will that everlasting death await you; and for no less long a time will he be no more in being, who beginning with to-day has ended his life, than the man who has died many months and years ago.

V. CATULLUS. Gaius Valerius Catullus was born at Verona, as nearly as has ever been determined, in 87 B. C., and according to Jerome died in his thirty-first year, although there are facts that justify critics in believing that he was alive a few years later. It is certain that he died when quite young, and his poems all seem to be those of a youth. Not much is known of his life except that he was wealthy, went to Rome in early youth and began writing poetry very soon after he donned the *toga virilis,* that is, at seventeen. Catullus threw himself at once into the pleasures of the great city and, living a life neither better nor worse than those of his contemporaries, became a prominent figure in the gayeties of the Roman capital.

Two leading forces are evident in his life; one, his absorbing passion for Lesbia, and the other his deep and abiding love for his brother. Lesbia's identity was long uncertain, but hardly a doubt exists now that she was Clodia, the sister of Clodius, the tribune. She gave up her husband for Catullus and later on cast the young man aside with no consideration, while she carried on her life of infamy. Reproaches for her faithlessness began as early as 59 B. C., and two years later, after Catullus went to Bithynia as a member of the propraetor's staff, it is evident that all connection with her had ceased. On his return in the spring of 56 B. C., Catullus visited the tomb of his brother, who had died in the Troad, and his own beautiful home at Sirmio, and wrote two fine poems, one to his brother and the other an address to his country home.

The character of Catullus has been misunderstood. He was ardent, impulsive, generous, courteous and outspoken, but wholly indifferent to the serious interests of life, self-indulgent, and as great a sensualist as were most of the leaders of Roman society. At the same time he was a poet who loved the beautiful, had refined and delicate feeling, an artistic touch and a strong lyrical impulse that put him in the same class as the best of the imaginative Greeks. The indecencies in his poems are chiefly pointed at his enemies, are part of scurrilous attacks that were characteristic of the age, and do not seem to come from a peculiarly depraved art, but rather to be a common form of expression, which, deplorable as it might be at any time, was then common enough.

The poems of Catullus, as they have been handed down to us, form a small book of about twenty-three hundred lines, in which the lyrics are not arranged chronologically, but rather according to content and style. The first sixty are short and personal, dealing with his loves, his friends, his enemies and the ordinary experiences of his life. Then follow six longer poems, all of which are carefully and well executed imitations of Alexandrian originals; after which comes a collection of shorter poems in elegiac verse. It is probable that the arrangement we have is that chosen by Catullus, not by some editor in later years. The popularity of Catullus was immediate and general, and he counted among his friends most of the literary lights of the Ciceronian Age. During the Augustan Era his work sunk into partial obscurity; over seventy manuscripts are in existence, but they are derived from the so-called *Veronensis*.

Catullus was the last poet of the Ciceronian Age, although there were other writers of verse whose names have been preserved. In a few years Vergil was writing his *Eclogues,* but he belonged to a school entirely different from that of the independent, fearless Catullus, and although their language is the same, yet in point of feeling they were so totally different that it is quite impossible to compare them.

VI. The Longer Poems of Catullus. In his longer poems Catullus is a consummate master of language and of versification and shows the greatest skill in the imitation of Alexandrian poetry, which was then highly popular among the Romans; but his lyrics are so much more original and are so independent of Greek originals that they seem to demand of us nearly all the space which we can give to this master of art and compel us to dismiss the longer poems with a few words upon each.

1. *"The Locks of Berenice."* Berenice, the daughter of Ptolemy Philadelphus and Arsinoe, married her brother, Ptolemy Euergetes, in accordance with the Egyptian custom. When her husband, soon after the wedding, marched with his army into Syria, Berenice cut off her beautiful locks and vowed to devote them to Venus as an offering for the safe and victorious return of her husband. Her prayers were answered, and with her own hand she suspended her hair in the temple of the benign goddess, whence, however, it disappeared before morning, to the great vexation of both husband and wife. Conan, a famous astronomer and likewise an adroit courtier, announced that a divine hand had seized it and placed it in the heavens, where it still remains as a beautiful constellation. Using this event as a suggestion, Callimachus wrote a seriously-complimentary poem, which has been lost, but which Catullus imitated in a light and pleasant vein. In the preface, which is ad-

dressed to the orator Hortensius, Catullus refers touchingly to the death of his brother in words which Theodore Martin has translated as follows:

Oh, is thy voice forever hushed and still?
  Oh, brother, dearer far than life, shall I
Behold thee never? But in sooth I will
  Forever love thee, as in days gone by:
  And ever through my songs shall ring a cry
Sad with thy death, sad as in thickest shade
  Of intertangled boughs the melody,
Which by the woeful Daulian bird is made,
Sobbing for Itys dead her wail through all the glade.

2. *The Epithalamia.* The first epithalamium was written on the marriage of Manlius and Julia. It will be remembered that an epithalamium was a poem sung by young men or virgins, or both, when the bride was brought to the bridegroom, lifted over the threshold of her home, and placed in the *thalamus,* or bridal-chamber. This is written in a lyrical measure of short lines, and paints with deep feeling the joys of wedded love. It is lively, full of motion and vivid descriptions, while throughout it rings a note of joyous exultation. The marriage god, wreathed with flowers and holding the nuptial veil, leads the dance. Then, as the door opens, the bride, blushing like a purple hyacinth, enters amid waving torches, and the bridegroom stands by, smilingly throwing nuts to the assembled guests. The bride is lifted over the threshold and sinks on the nuptial couch. A few stanzas from Lamb's trans-

lation will give us some idea of the poetic feeling:

Let not the threshold, omen blest!
Be with thy golden slipper prest;
But swiftly spring with lightness o'er,
And swiftly pass the polish'd door.
Hail, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
Hail, Hymen! who hast heard our prayers!

See, on the Tyrian couch reclining,
The bridegroom for thy summons pining:
By thee are all his senses fired;
By thee is all his frame inspired.
Hail, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
Hail, Hymen! who hast heard our prayers!

As warm as thine, his passion's heat,
As strong his rapturous pulses beat;
Nay, fiercer flames must still pervade
The bridegroom than the timid maid.
Hail, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
Hail, Hymen! who hast heard our prayers!

Purple-robed boy, whose pleasing care
Has been to lead the lingering fair
Release her arm:—By others led
She now ascends the bridal bed.
Hail, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
Hail, Hymen! who hast heard our prayers!

Ye chaster matrons, who have known
One honor'd husband's love alone,
Of truth in years long virtuous tried,
'Tis yours to place the lovely bride.
Hail, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
Hail, Hymen! who hast heard our prayers!

Now haste, young bridegroom, swiftly haste;
The bride is in the chamber placed:

Inspiring blushes warmly streak
The fairness of her snowy cheek.
So mix'd with poppies' crimson glow
The white parthenium's flow'rets blow.

The second epithalamium is either a direct translation or a close imitation of an Alexandrian poem in hexameter verse and apparently not composed for any particular couple. It represents a chorus of youths and a chorus of maidens, who sing alternately, calling upon Hymen, the god of marriage, and by allusion describe the passage of the bride from girlhood to wifehood, the maidens likening her to a rare flower in a secluded garden and the youths comparing her to the vine that twines about an elm. It is a miniature epic rather than a lyric and, short as it is, contains two plots, one within the other.

3. *The "Attis."* This poem, written in a peculiar meter and unique in subject, is spoken of by Gibbon with great praise, and is thus characterized by Ramsay: "Perhaps the greatest of all our poet's works is the *Attis,* one of the most remarkable poems in the whole range of Latin literature. Rolling impetuously along in a flood of wild passion, bodied forth in the grandest imagery and the noblest diction, it breathes in every line the frantic spirit of orgiastic worship, the fiery vehemence of the Greek dithyramb." It is the only specimen in Latin of the Galliambic measure, which was the meter peculiar to the songs of votaries of Cybele. Attis is a youth, who in his madness

and zeal for the worship of Cybele mutilates himself and devotes his life to her service. When he recovers from his insane mood and yearns for country, home and past happiness, his despair is terrible, and he is depicted by Catullus with wonderful power and a wild inspiration that excites astonishment.

4. *The Other Long Poems.* The longest poem of all is a little epic in hexameter verse describing the marriage of Peleus with the sea-goddess Thetis. While it contains some passages of beauty, it is considered the least successful of the poems of Catullus, and is rarely read with interest. The *Vigil of Venus,* though often ascribed to Catullus, is now by critics accredited to the work of an anonymous author of the second century A. D., or later.

VII. The Lyrics of Catullus. Catullus is seen at his best in those shorter poems which were written direct from his heart and to which no translation can do justice. The best that can be accomplished is to present them in the metrical imitations, of which a great number exist, for the lyrics of Catullus have been an inspiration to many English poets.

The pleasing ideas, gracefully expressed, and the deep personal feeling are all skillfully brought out by the varied meter which, alone, is in imitation of Greek forms. The range of emotion is complete, from the deepest passion to light, half-satirical playfulness, varied now and then by indulgence in violence and indecent invective. Considering him from all points of view, there seems some justification for those critics who make Catullus the greatest of Roman lyricists.

VIII. Some of the Lyrics. The following metrical translations from the lyrics of Catullus are given in the order in which they appear and bear the same numbers that they have in his collected writings. The name of the translator is given at the end of the lyric.

I. DEDICATION TO CORNELIUS NEPOS

My little volume is complete,
With all the care and polish neat
  That makes it fair to see:
To whom shall I then, to whose praise,
Inscribe my lively, graceful lays?
  Cornelius, friend, to thee.

Thou only of th' Italian race
Hast dared in three small books to trace
  All time's remotest flight:
O Jove, how labor'd, learn'd, and wise!
Yet still thou ne'er wouldst quite despise
  The trifles that I write.

Then take the book I now address,
Though small its size, its merit less,
  'Tis all thy friend can give;
And let me, guardian Muse, implore
That when at least one age is o'er,
  This volume yet may live.

—*Lamb.*

III. ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW

Mourn, all ye loves and graces; mourn,
  Ye wits, ye gallant, and ye gay;
Death from my fair her bird has torn,
  Her much-loved sparrow's snatch'd away.

Her very eyes she prized not so,
For he was fond, and knew my fair
Well as young girls their mothers know,
Flew to her breast and nestled there.

When fluttering round from place to place,
He gayly chirp'd to her alone;
He now that gloomy path must trace,
Whence Fate permits return to none.

Accursed shades o'er hell that lower,
Oh, be my curses on you heard!
Ye, that all pretty things devour,
Have torn from me my pretty bird.

Oh, evil deed! oh, sparrow dead!
Oh, what a wretch, if thou canst see
My fair one's eyes with weeping red,
And know how much she grieves for thee!

—*Lamb.*

V. TO LESBIA

Love, my Lesbia, while we live;
Value all the cross advice
That the surly greybeards give
At a single farthing's price.

Suns that set again may rise;
We, when once our fleeting light,
Once our day in darkness dies,
Sleep in one eternal night.

Give me kisses thousand-fold,
Add to them a hundred more;
Other thousands still be told
Other hundreds o'er and o'er.

But, with thousands when we burn,
Mix, confuse the sums at last,
That we may not blushing learn
All that have between us past.

None shall know to what amount
  Envy's due for so much bliss;
None—for none shall ever count
  All the kisses we will kiss.

—*Lamb.*

VII. TO LESBIA

Thy kisses dost thou bid me count,
And tell thee, Lesbia, what amount
My rage for love and thee could tire,
And satisfy and cloy desire?

Many as grains of Libyan sand
Upon Cyrene's spicy land
From prescient Ammon's sultry dome
To sacred Battus' ancient tomb:
Many as stars that silent ken
At night the stolen loves of men.
Yes, when the kisses thou shalt kiss
Have reach'd a number vast as this,
Then may desire at length be stay'd,
And e'en my madness be allay'd:
Then when infinity defies
The calculations of the wise;
Nor evil voice's deadly charm
Can work the unknown number harm.

—*Lamb.*

VIII. TO HIMSELF, ON LESBIA'S INCONSTANCY

Cease the sighing fool to play;
Cease to trifle life away;
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas, have falsely flown.
What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl whose smile was then so sweet—
The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again.

Ye met—your souls seem'd all in one,
Like tapers that commingling shone;
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers in truth was nothing loth.
Such were the hours that once were thine;
But, ah! those hours no longer shine.
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she loved so much before;
And all Catullus now can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery;
The hey-day of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favor more.
Fly, perjured girl!—but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
Who now will drink the siren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Oh, none:—and he who loved before
Can never, never love thee more.

—*Moore.*

XI. FROM THE PARTING MESSAGE TO LESBIA

Addressed to Furius and Aurelius

Companions dear, prepared to wend
Where'er the gods may place your friend,
And every lot to share;
A few unwelcome words receive,
And to that once-loved fair I leave
My latest message bear.

Still let her live and still be blest,
By profligates in hundreds prest,
Still sport in ease and wealth;
Still of those hundreds love not one,
Still cast off each by turns undone
In fortune and in health.

But let her deem my passion o'er:
Her guilt has crush'd, to bloom no more,
The love her beauty raised;
As droops the flower, the meadow's pride,
Which springing by the furrow's side
The passing share has grazed.

—*Lamb.*

XIII. INVITATION TO FABULLUS

Fabullus, thou shalt be my guest
At supper soon, if Heaven's behest
No otherwise decree:
The feast too must be rich and rare,
And since thou lov'st luxurious fare,
Bring such a feast with thee.

And bring the girl with breast of snow,
And wine and wit of ready flow,
And laughter's joyous peal;
Bid but all these my board attend,
And then no doubt, my gallant friend,
We'll have a glorious meal.

For in my coffers spiders weave
Their webs in peace: so thou receive
For all thy kind expense
My lays, of love alone that sing,
Or aught, if aught thy friend can bring,
To please some finer sense.

And I can give thee essence rare
That Loves and Graces gave my fair:
So sweet its odor flows;
Thou'lt pray the gods "may touch and taste
Be quite in smell alone effaced,
And I become all nose."

—*Lamb.*

XVI. DEFENSE OF HIS AMATORY POEMS

Addressed to Aurelius and Furius

And dare ye, profligates, arraign
The ardor of my sprightly strain,
And e'en myself asperse?
And, if his lines are gay and free,
Deem ye the poet's self must be
As wanton as his verse?

The sacred bard, to Muses dear,
Himself should pass a chaste career,
And pure his blood should roll:
But let his numbers warmly flow,
And paint in all their native glow
The passions of the soul.

His verse should be of power to move
Not only fervent boys with love,
And feed the blazing flame;
But torpid age should feel the strain
Raise every youthful heat again,
And nerve the feeblest frame.

No more, ye rakes, peruse my line:
By minds debauch'd and base as thine
It scarce is understood.
It sings of wine, of woman's charms,
Of love, of all that cheers and warms
The generous and the good.

But ye, on whom no fair one smiles,
Whose hours no social board beguiles,
I scorn your blame or praise.
Whom love and favoring woman bless,
Who taste the raptures they express,
Will never blame my lays.

—*Lamb.*

XXVII. TO HIS CUP-BEARER

Boy, who in my festive home
Mak'st the rich Falernian foam,
Broach my oldest wine, and pour
Till the goblet mantles o'er.
Gay Postumia thus ordains,
When she at my banquet reigns.
Not the juice that swells its shape
Is so native to the grape,
As the draught that fills the bowl
Is congenial to her soul.

Hence, ye waters! hence abstain.
Generous liquor's chilly bane!
Hence, where'er it please you, flow!
Hence, to surly wisdom go!
Pure this draught as from the vine
Bacchus' self had press'd the wine.

—*Lamb*

XXXI. TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO

Upon his return to his country house there

Sweet Sirmio! thou the very eye
  Of all peninsulas and isles,
That in our lakes of silver lie,
  Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's smiles—

How gladly back to thee I fly!
  Still doubting, asking—*can* it be
That I have left Bithynia's sky,
  And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh! what is happier than to find
  Our hearts at ease, our perils past;
When, anxious long, the lighten'd mind
  Lays down its load of care at last.

When tired with toil o'er land and deep
  Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
  On the long-wish'd-for bed once more.

This, this it is, that pays alone
  The ills of all life's former track.—
Shine out, my beautiful, my own
  Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back.

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs
  The light of heaven like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs
  Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

—*Moore.*

THE SAME

O best of all the scatter'd spots that lie
In sea or lake,—apple of landscape's eye,—
How gladly do I drop within thy nest,
With what a sigh of full, contented rest,
Scarce able to believe my journey's o'er,
And that these eyes behold thee safe once more!
Oh, where's the luxury like the smile at heart,
When the mind breathing, lays its load apart,—
When we come home again, tired out, and spread
The loosen'd limbs o'er all the wish'd-for bed!
This, this alone is worth an age of toil.
Hail, lovely Sirmio! Hail, paternal soil!
Joy, my bright waters, joy: your master's come!
Laugh every dimple on the cheek of home!

—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE SAME

Gem of all isthmuses and isles that lie,
  Fresh or salt water's children, in clear lake
Or ampler ocean; with what joy do I
  Approach thee, Sirmio! Oh! am I awake,
Or dream that once again mine eye beholds
Thee, and has looked its last on Thracian wolds?
  Sweetest of sweets to me that pastime seems,
When the mind drops her burden, when—the pain
Of travel past—our own cot we regain,
  And nestle on the pillow of our dreams!

'Tis this one thought that cheers us as we roam.
Hail, O fair Sirmio! Joy, thy lord is here!
Joy too, ye waters of the Golden Mere!
And ring out, all ye laughter-peals of home!

—*C. S. Calverley.*

XXXVII. THE COMPLAINT, ADDRESSED TO CORNIFICIUS

Sick, Cornificius, is thy friend,
Sick to the heart; and sees no end
Of wretched thoughts, that gathering fast
Threaten to wear him out at last.
And yet you never come and bring—
Though 'twere the least and easiest thing—
A comfort in that talk of thine:—
You vex me:—this, to love like mine?
Prithee, a little talk for ease, for ease,
Full as the tears of poor Simonides.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

XLV. ACME AND SEPTIMIUS

On Septimius' lap entwining,
While his Acme sank reclining;
"If I love thee not," he cried,
"Oh my Acme! oh my bride!
Even to perdition love thee,
And shall feel thy beauties move me,
As the rapid years roll by,
Like men who love distractedly,
Then, where Afric's sands are spread,
Or India's sun flames overhead,
May a lion cross me there
With his green-eyed, angry glare."
Love stood listening in delight,
And sneezed his auspice on the right.

Acme, as her lover said,
Lightly bending back her head,
And with lips of ruby skimming
His tipsy eyes, in pleasure swimming;
"Septimillus! darling mine!

So may we thus ever twine,
Victims vow'd at Cupid's shrine,
As with still more keen requitals
Thou art felt within my vitals!"
  Love stood listening in delight,
  And sneezed his auspice on the right.

In the heavenly omen blest
They love, caressing and carest;
The poor youth would lightlier prize
Syria's groves than Acme's eyes;
Acme centers in the boy
All her longings, all her joy.
Who more bless'd has mortals seen?
When has a kinder passion been?

—*Elton.*

XLIX. TO M. T. CICERO

Who had pleaded successfully for Catullus

Tully, most eloquent, most sage
  Of all the Roman race,
That deck the past or present age,
  Or future days may grace.

Oh! may Catullus thus declare
  An overflowing heart;
And, though the worst of poets, dare
  A grateful lay impart!

'Twill teach thee how thou hast surpassed
  All others in thy line;
For, far as he in his is last,
  Art thou the first in thine.

—*Lamb.*

LI. SAPPHO'S ODE

Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth, who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'T was that deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
On my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung;

With dewy damp my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sank, and died away.

—*Ambrose Phillips.*

The following belong to the third group of poems in elegiac verse:

LXX. ON THE INCONSTANCY OF WOMAN'S LOVE

My Fair says, she no spouse but me
Would wed, though Jove himself were he.
She says it; but I deem
That what the fair to lovers swear
Should be inscribed upon the air,
Or in the running stream.

—*Lamb.*

LXXVI. THE LOVER'S PETITION TO HIMSELF

If virtuous deeds, if honor ever fair,
Pleasure the memory and console the mind;
And faith preserved, and pious vows that ne'er
Attested heaven to deceive mankind;

Then great the bliss that waits your future day,
From thy past passion for this thankless maid;
For all that tenderest love could do or say
By thee, Catullus, has been done and said.

'T was vain; false Lesbia's breast forgot it all.
Why on this rack thy heart then longer stretch?

Cast off, undauntedly, your slothful thrall,
  And cease, in spite of heaven, to be a wretch.

'T is hard to lay long-cherish'd love aside:
  'T is hard at once. But 't is your only plan;
'T is all your hope. This love must be defied;
  Nor think you cannot, but assert you can.

Ye gods, if pity's yours, if e'er ye raise
  The wretch who sinks by hovering death oppressed,
Oh! look on me.—If I have lived with praise,
  Root out this plague and fury from my breast;

Which, like a torpor creeping through my frame,
  Have peace and pleasure from my heart displaced.
I ask not that she should return my flame,
  Or, what e'en ye could never give, be chaste:

I ask to have my life again mine own,
  Eased of the languid load that on me weighs.
Oh! grant me this, ye gods; with this alone
  Repay my piety, and bless my days.

—*Lamb.*

LXXXV. ON HIS OWN LOVE

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
  The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
  That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

—*Moore.*

CI. THE RITES AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

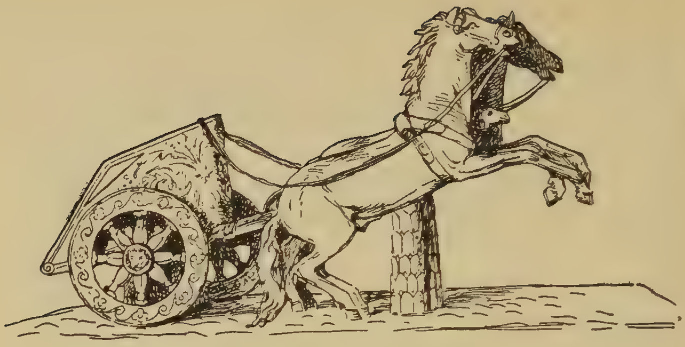
O'er many a realm, o'er many an ocean tossed,
I come, my brother, to salute thy ghost!
Thus on thy tomb sad honor to bestow,
And vainly call the silent dust below.
Thou too art gone! Yes, thee I must resign,
My more than brother—ah! no longer mine.
The funeral rites to ancient Romans paid,
Duly I pay to thy lamented shade.

Take them—these tears their heart-felt homage tell;
And now—all hail for ever, and farewell!
—*Hodgson.*

Tennyson has mingled the sentiment of the thirty-first and the hundred first lyrics in the following beautiful lines, to which he gives the title *Frater Ave atque Vale* (Brother, hail and farewell):

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed—"O venusta Sirmio!"
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
"Frater Ave atque Vale"—as we wander'd to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!

GRAECO-ROMAN GYMNASIUM AT SOLUNTO



CHAPTER XIV

THE AUGUSTAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD

43 B. C.—A. D. 14

VERGIL

AUGUSTUS. Before undertaking a serious discussion of the Augustan Age, a moment's review of the life of the great Emperor who gave it his name will be profitable. Gaius Octavius, it will be remembered, was the grand-nephew of Julius Caesar, and in early youth lost his father and was under the control of a stepfather until he reached the age of independence. In his nineteenth year, that is, in 44 B. C., he was studying law when the news came to him of Caesar's death and the fact that he had been appointed sole heir of the great dictator. He found himself in an extremely difficult position, but with a coolness that characterized every act of his life he met the situation and dominated it.

We will not enter into the details of the struggle by which he finally overthrew all the warring factions, dispersed the armies that had been gathered against him, defeated all his rivals, and made himself the supreme master of the Roman world. The great battle of Actium, the final act by which this was accomplished, was fought in 31 B. C., and immediately afterward, with seductive policy and real statesmanship, Augustus began remodeling the government, reorganizing the rule of the provinces and rebuilding the city of Rome. This last task he considered of greatest importance, and labored at it so successfully that he said he had "found Rome a city of brick and left it a city of marble."

Augustus had received a good education and undoubtedly had a genuine love for literature, but he felt the solitariness of his grandeur, the enmity of many of his inferiors, and realized that, while every one appeared submissive to him, yet it needed only the turn of a hand to bring rebellions, if not a revolution. The remedy for this state of affairs he considered to be a campaign of education, and in accordance with this view he proceeded to surround himself by a coterie of scholars and writers who would influence the public by their praise and attachment for his cause. Probably he was not altogether selfish in the matter, but felt a sincere liking for those who were able to write successfully, and certainly no man ever found more talented individuals than he secured in the persons of Vergil, Horace, Livy and others. His patronage of letters was extensive and valuable, for not only did he encourage these men to write, but he attended the recitations of authors who had new works to present and found other patrons besides himself to aid the new writers.

II. Other Patrons of Literature. The authors of the Ciceronian Era were Romans of prominence, men of good birth or abundant fortune, who wrote with the greatest freedom upon all kinds of subjects. There was nothing in the Republic except now and then the jealousy of some one in power to prevent a poet or historian from speaking his mind; but under the Empire conditions were vastly changed. While the orators might continue to speak in the courts and obtain a reputation in that manner, they no longer found it advisable to address the people, and any efforts that they made to sway public opinion, except in favor of the emperor, met with sudden and startling disapproval. The writers of the Augustan Era were largely provincials or men of low estate who had a good education and natural genius, but were devoid of the means to maintain themselves while writing, and, in consequence, patronage became a necessity for them.

Among the friends of literature was Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, who set up the first map of the world and wrote geographical works. Still more important, perhaps, was Pollio, who established the first public library in Rome, an example that was followed almost immediately by Augustus, who founded two libraries, one in the Porch of Octavia and the other in the temple of Apollo on the Palatine. Pollio himself wrote tragedies and a history which criticized the statements of Caesar. Marcus Valerius Messalla, originally a friend and partisan of Brutus, had made his peace with Augustus and, though an orator, now retired to occupy himself with antiquarian and grammatical researches and to make of his house a free gathering place for younger authors.

The most famous and important, however, of the patrons of this period was Gaius Maecenas, a personal friend of the Emperor as well as of Vergil and Horace. He was born of a noble equestrian family, about 70 B. C., was carefully educated, and developed a highly refined literary taste. Although nothing of a writer himself, his attractive personality won the friendship of every one whom he met and made him of great value to Octavius in his negotiations with his enemies; and, after his power was firmly established, Maecenas became his closest friend, and will always be regarded as the man who contributed most to the fame of Vergil and Horace.

III. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AUGUSTAN ERA. This stretch of fifty-seven years presents a long list of skilled and able writers, who as a group are inferior in originality to those of the Ciceronian Era, and more restricted, as we have intimated, in the subjects upon which they wrote. The era, however, marks the extinction of oratory, the culmination of poetry and the advance of historical prose. Before its close classical Latin begins to show signs of decay, and within a few years after the death of Horace it entered upon a decline that resulted in irretrievable loss. While the art of Vergil and Horace is perfect, the verses of Ovid, though beautiful and captivating, have already lost the clear-cut grace that characterized those of his predecessors, and in the domain of history Livy gives indication of that florid writing which so quickly sacrificed truth and purity to vulgar display.

The authors of this age were for the most part a quiet, gentle, diffident class, who sought merely a life of retirement and ease, in which they could indulge themselves in their favorite art. Some of the earlier, whose lives had begun under the Republic and who lived through the stormy days of its close, took this attitude because they dared take no other, finding in it their only safety, but the majority were gentle and retiring by nature. In quiet and seclusion or surrounded by a small coterie of favorite friends, they pursued their labors, uninfluenced by the brilliant life that surrounded them, except in so far as they were handicapped by the imperial form of government.

It was probably owing to the suggestion of Maecenas that Augustus attempted to restore to its former grandeur the national religion, which during the Civil War had been deprived of its temples and priests and abandoned to a considerable extent. Dismayed by the open disregard of morality which existed, Augustus attempted to reform his people, to repair or rebuild the temples, and by every means in his power to reëstablish a faith and confidence in divine things. To accomplish this he drew upon the services of his friends, and their noble response produced some effect. Purity, law and morality were praised in beautiful poetry and in classic prose, but when men so influential as Cicero and Lucretius denied the old religion it was impossible to restore much faith in the minds of ordinary men.

Augustus, however, must have been pleased at the reverence with which his subjects were beginning to regard him, and while he failed to restore the old Roman faith, he found himself the center of the reform and became in effect the chief divinity, in which deification Vergil and the other poets joined fulsomely. Under the conditions, it was inevitable that poetry should be the most flourishing form of literature; the pastoral, based on the Idylls of Theocritus, and the metrical epistle, based on some subject of mutual interest or an imaginary expression of some mythical hero or heroine, came into being for the first time. Philosophy and science both were studied, and all minds were more or less affected by the effort to find the best in everything. Augustus does not appear to have opposed the philosophical doctrines, but to have encouraged them, while toward such inoffensive topics as those that are found in the natural sciences he showed neither favor nor opposition. A better understanding of all these things will be obtained as we continue our studies of the authors.

IV. The Life of Vergil. Publius Vergilius Maro (Vergil) was born of humble parents at Andes, a little village near Mantua, on the fifteenth of October, 70 B. C., but as the right of citizenship had not been conferred upon his birthplace, Vergil, most patriotic of all Latin poets, was never able to call himself a Roman. Though lowly in station, his parents must have been well-to-do, for they gave him an excellent education, first at Cremona, then at Milan and later at Rome, where his leading studies were rhetoric and philosophy, although only the Epicurean Siro appears to have exerted much influence upon the young student.

Trained as he was in the simple virtues of the country, Vergil never mingled in the debaucheries of the capital nor familiarized himself wholly with the careless life of the wealthy Romans, but was quiet, studious and retiring, except for his intimacy with a few good friends. Never very strong, he was troubled frequently by indigestion and, like many another student, suffered much from headache. Nevertheless, his industry was extraordinary, and his health was never poor enough to make uninteresting the appearance of the tall, dark poet. Like Horace, he never married. It is said that during the illness that preceded his death his days were filled with deep regret that he was unable to finish his projected work.

After the battle of Philippi, 42 B. C., the triumvirs took the lands away from many of their owners and distributed them among the veterans, and one of those to suffer from this arbitrary act was Vergil. At that time, however, Asinius Pollio, an admirer of the poet, who had encouraged him in his writings, was legate of Transpadine Gaul, and through his influence Vergil was reinstated in his property, although the very next summer, after Pollio had retired from office, the lands were again seized, and Vergil was compelled to take refuge in the villa of his instructor Siro. Again friends came to his assistance, and at the instigation of Gallus and Maecenas, Augustus recompensed Vergil for his loss, gave him an estate near Naples and a residence at Rome. From that time till the end of his days he was in close relationship with the Emperor and his friends.

In his fifty-first year he went to Athens, intending to devote three years to the revision and completion of the *Aeneid,* which at that time was in its first draft and needed, the poet thought, the criticism of one who had been over the ground where its scenes were laid. At Athens the Emperor, returning from the East, met Vergil, who accepted the leader's invitation to join the imperial party and returned to Rome. Already ill from exposure to the sun on a visit to Megara, Vergil grew rapidly worse on the voyage, which he was compelled to abandon at Brundisium; there, on the twenty-first of September, 19 B. C., he died, and a little later was buried at Naples.

Vergil is almost universally ranked as the greatest of Roman poets, and those who criticize his work unite with the others in paying tribute to the beauty and excellence of his character. That he was gentle, innocent, modest and of a sweet disposition and attractive personality, the affection which he inspired in all whom he met is sufficient proof. Awkward, silent and retiring in society, he was nevertheless a charming companion for his intimate friends, who testify freely to his deep religious feeling and profound reverence for the ancient faith. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the fact that, although his youth was passed in the licentious days of the dying Republic and though he was a friend and admirer of Catullus, his writings are stamped with his own character and are almost entirely free from vulgarity and maintain a lofty standard of purity and grace that never was equaled in Latin and rarely in any other language.

V. VERGIL'S WORKS. There are a number of minor poems which have been attributed to Vergil with more or less of reason, but those which are indisputably his are so different, so much superior, that the others are not worthy of mention. First of his works in point of time and probably least important are the *Eclogues,* or *Bucolics,* a series of ten pastoral idyls in imitation of those of the Greek poet Theocritus; second are the four books of the *Georgics,* finished about 29 B. C., devoted to agricultural subjects, and, though written in imitation, yet far surpassing Hesiod's *Work and Days.* Lastly stands the *Aeneid,* the great epic of the Romans, providing for them in twelve books a national substitute for the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad.*

As a fitting tribute to the poetry of Vergil, we quote the following estimate by J. W. Mackail:

> Throughout the Middle Ages Vergil was a beneficent wizard, a romance-writer and a sorcerer, his name recurring strangely among all the greatest names of history or fable. To the scholarship of the Renaissance he became a poet again, but still Prince of poets, still with something of divine attributes. For us, who inherit from all these ages, he is the gathered sum of what to all these ages he has been. But it is as a voice of Nature that he now appeals to us most; as a voice of one who in his strength and sweetness is not too steadfastly felicitous to have sympathy with human weakness and pain. Through the imperial roll of his rhythm there arises a note of all but intolerable pathos; and in the most golden flow of his verse he still brings us near him by a faint accent of trouble. This is why he beyond all other poets is the Comforter; and in the darkest times, when the turmoil within or around us seems too great to sustain, we may still hear him saying, as Dante heard him in the solemn splendor of dawn on the Mountain of Purgatory: "My son, here may be agony, but not death; remember, remember!"

VI. THE "ECLOGUES." Vergil gave to his "little pictures" of pastoral life the name

Eclogues, and thus that term came into use as synonymous with bucolics. All except the fourth relate to the simple life of herdsmen in the country, although they contain many personal allusions and refer frequently to his friends and patrons, especially to Augustus. Necessarily, productions which depict shepherd life in terms of the aristocracy and of royalty must be artificial, but there is so brilliant a polish to Vergil's diction and so wholesome and genuine a love of nature in all these poems that they have kept a high place in literature and have been the source of encouragement and inspiration to many writers in every age.

Yet they are the least original of Vergil's poems, and contain many whole passages that were directly translated from Theocritus or some other Greek poet, although in this connection it must be remembered that to the Romans Greek poetry stood as absolute perfection and there was no feeling of wrong on the part of anybody when a poet borrowed whole passages from his favorite Attic author. Written in the trouble and anxiety of his banishment from his little home, Vergil nevertheless succeeded in making from the Greek originals a thoroughly Roman production not at all unworthy of a national poet.

Speaking of his *Eclogues,* Tennyson writes in the poem composed for the Mantuans at the nineteenth centenary of Vergil's death the following lines:

Poet of the happy Tityrus piping underneath his beechen bowers;
Poet of the poet-satyr whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow, unlaborious earth and oarless sea.

VII. THE "FOURTH ECLOGUE." The *Fourth Eclogue* is entirely different from the others and, though pastoral in its nature, contains no introduction of shepherds and their lays such as characterize the others. Remembering that this famous eclogue was written in 40 B. C., we can understand how there might be those who have called this an inspired prophecy of the coming of Christ. Who the "divine child" was, no one has been fully able to determine, but there is some evidence that points to Gaius Gallus, the son of Pollio. For purposes of comparison rather than with an idea of proving that Vergil owed anything to Isaiah, we subjoin a few passages. The first consists of the fourteenth and fifteenth verses of the seventh chapter; the next, of the seventh verse of the ninth chapter; and the third, of the sixth, seventh and eighth verses of the eleventh chapter:

> Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign: Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.
>
> Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good.

. . . .

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

. . . .

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

The *Eclogue* follows:

Muses of Sicily, lift a nobler strain!
Some love not shrubs and lowly tamarisks.
If woods we sing, let woods beseem a prince.
The last age told by Cumae's seer is come,
A mighty roll of generations new
Is now arising. Justice now returns
And Saturn's realm, and from high heaven descends
A worthier race of men. Only do thou
Smile, chaste Lucina, on the infant boy.
With whom the iron age will pass away.
The golden age in all the earth be born;
For thine Apollo reigns. Under thy rule,
Thine, Pollio, shall this glorious era spring,
And the great progress of the months begin.
Under thy rule all footprints of our guilt
Shall perish, and the peaceful earth be freed
From everlasting fear. Thou, child, shalt know
The life of gods, and see commingled choirs
Of gods and heroes, and be seen of them,
And rule a world by righteous father tamed.
Then Earth shall haste to bring thee birthday gifts,

Uncultured Earth: the ivy's gadding curls
And fox-glove and the water-lily twined
With laughing bear's-breech. Uncompelled thy goats
Shall bring their udders heavy-laden home,
And monstrous lions scare thy herds no more.
Thy very cot shall bloom with winsome flowers,
Serpents shall cease, the treacherous poison-plant
Shall fail, Assyrian balm shall fill the land.
But when thou'lt read the praise of famous men
And thy sire's deeds, and know true excellence,
The plain shall softly teem with yellowing corn,
And grapes shall blush upon the unkempt briar,
And honeydew shall weep from seasoned oaks.
    Nathless some taint of old iniquity
Shall stay, to bid men tempt with ships the sea
And build them city-walls and furrow earth
With plowshares. A new Tiphys shall arise,
A second Argo fraught with chosen knights,
And other wars shall rage, and once again
Shall valorous Achilles fare to Troy.
    And when strong time hath wrought thee to a man,
The seafarer shall roam the wave no more,
Nor ships make merchandise: for all the earth
Shall be all-fruitful. Neither shall the vine
Suffer the pruning-hook, nor fields the hoe.
And lusty husbandsmen from ox's neck
Shall loose the yoke; and wool with divers hues
Need not to cheat, for lo! the living ram
Shall softly blush with purple fleece, or glow
With saffron yellow; grazing lambs shall wear
Vestments of scarlet in the bounteous meads.
"So run, fair ages," to their spindles sang
The Fates that weave the steadfast web of God.
    Take thy great heritage, thine hour is come,
Blest offspring of the gods, great seed of Jove.
See how Creation bows her massy dome,
Oceans and continents and aery deeps:
All nature gladdens at the coming age.
O may a long life's evening then be mine,

And breath to tell thy deeds! Not Linus then
Nor Thracian Orpheus shall surpass my song,
E'en though the beautiful Apollo help
Linus, his son, and Orpheus call to aid
Calliope that bare him. Nay, though Pan
Before Arcadian judges with me strive,
Before Arcadia would he yield the palm.
Learn, babe, to laugh when mother calls thee now,
Thy mother weary with her ten long months.
Learn, baby, now: who has not known the smile
Of parents' eyes, he is not meet to share
Tables of gods or beds of goddesses.

VIII. THE "FIFTH ECLOGUE." The beautiful *Fifth Eclogue* is a noble tribute to Caesar, and it is quite typical of the others in style and content:

MENALCAS. MOPSUS.

Me. O Mopsus, since we're met here, good men both,
Thou skilled to tune the slender reeds, and I
To utter verses, prithee, sit we down
Amid these elms and hazel underwoods.
Mo. Thou art the elder; I must yield to thee,
Whether where west winds fan the flickering shade
Or 'neath the cave we go. Mark how the cave
Is fretted with the wild-vine's clusters rare.
Me. Only Amyntas hopes to rival thee
On our hills.
Mo. Yea, and haply would essay
To outsing Phoebus?
Me. Mopsus, lead the song,
If aught of love for Phyllis thou canst tell,
Or praise for Alcon, or for Codrus hate,
Sing on—let Tityrus tend the browsing kids.
Mo. Well, I will try what songs I wrote yestreen
On a green beechwood bole, and marked the tune
Betwixt the lines. Then bid Amyntas sing.

Me. As yield lithe willows to the olive pale,
Or to the crimson rose-bed lowly nard,
So doth Amyntas yield, I ween, to thee.
Mo. But cease thy talking: we have raught the cave.
"The Nymphs for Daphnis by a hard fate slain
Wept, and ye woods and rivers shared their pain.
His mother praying clasped his wretched corse
And strove to move the cold stars to remorse.
No neatherd, Daphnis, for that death of thine
Drove to the cooling stream his pastured kine.
No beast to taste the water-spring had heart,
And from sweet meadow-grasses stood apart,
Daphnis, I learned from woods and mountains lone
How Libyan lions for thy death made moan.
Tigers were yoked to cars at thy command,
And pageants of the Bacchic dancers planned,
And soft leaves woven round the supple wand,
The vine her tree, the grapes their vine adorn,
Herds worship bulls, and fields are crowned with corn;
So dost thou grace all thine. Of thee bereft
By Pales and by Phoebus fields were left.
In furrows where we sowed big barley-seeds
Now spring wild oats and worthless darnel-weeds.
For bright narcissus and soft violet-flowers
The thistle and the sharp Christ-thorn are ours.
Sprinkle the ground with leaves, o'ershade the rills
With trees, ye shepherds, for so Daphnis wills.
And build a tomb and carve thereon this rhyme:
'Here, famed from greenwood to the stars sublime,
Lies Daphnis, tender of a flock most fair,
Himself the shepherd e'en more debonair.' "
Me. Singer divine, such is thy song to me
As sleep on grassy lawns to weary heads,
Or grateful draughts from leaping water-springs
In summer's heat. Nor on the reeds alone,
But in the song thou equalest thy lord.
O happy youth, thou'lt soon be famed as he.
Yet I in turn will sing thee this of mine

As best I can; thy Daphnis will I praise
To starland, yea, to starland will I praise
Daphnis, for this thy Daphnis loved me too.
Mo. Thou couldst ne'er grant to me a greater boon.
The youth was worthy of it, and long since
Stimichon praised to me that song of thine.
Me. "Now glistering Daphnis marvels at Heaven's door,
And clouds and stars beneath the awful floor.
Then buxom Pleasure rules the woods and glades,
Pan and the shepherds and the Dryad maids.
Net against deer, wolf against sheepfold cease
To plot deceit: good Daphnis loveth peace.
The unkempt mountains pass the glad voice round,
'He is a god,' the reboant rocks resound,
'He is a god indeed,' echoes the bushy ground.
Be favorable and gracious to thine own!
Behold four altars: two for thee alone,
Daphnis, and two for Phoebus. On his twain
Yearly shall great burnt-offerings be slain;
Two foaming milk-pails shall crown each of thine,
And two bowls of the olive's unctuous wine.
Joy for the banquet shall the grape afford
With Chian wine from sparkling flagons poured.
Before hearth-fires shall winter's feast be laid,
At harvest-season underneath the shade.
Damoetas and Aegon shall enchant the meal,
Alphesiboeus dance a satyr-reel.
This shall be thine whene'er to Nymphs we yield
Our yearly vows, or sanctify the field.
Long as rivers hold fish and boars love hills,
Long as the bee his bag with thyme fulfills
And crickets drink the dew, so long thy name
Shall live all-glorious on the lips of Fame.
Henceforth the swains shall pay thee every year
The vows that Ceres and that Bacchus hear.
Grant thou their prayers, and they the broken vow shall fear."

Mo. Ah! what reward is worth so good a song?
For not the South wind whispering through the reeds,
Nor league-long rollers thundering on the strand,
Nor tumbling streams in rocky watercourses
Adown a valley, ever charmed me so.
Me. Yet first accept thou this frail hemlock-stem,
It taught me "Corydon for Alexis burned."
Aye, taught me "Who, Damoetas, owns this flock?"
Mo. Then do thou take this crook: Antigenes
Oft asked and ne'er received it, though e'en then
He was a lovable youth: 'tis shod with brass
And knotted evenly—a perfect crook.

IX. THE "GEORGICS." Vergil seems to have been deficient in self-reliance and to have hesitated before undertaking the great work which occupied his later years. Even his masterly *Georgics,* which excel the *Eclogues* in almost every respect, were suggested to him by Maecenas as being an advance into a practical field beyond the scope of the latter. Vergil accepted the idea with enthusiasm, but set about at once to write a practical treatise on agriculture that should inspire again the old enthusiasm which had died out in the stormy days that marked the downfall of the Republic. Having been brought up in the country and having spent his childhood on a farm, he was well versed in the details of rural life, and using all this practical experience he wrought into poetry the technical details of husbandry.

In the composition of his poems, Vergil says that Hesiod was his model, and in writing the *Georgics* he placed himself in the long line of those pupils who have excelled their master.

In the poem from which we quoted before, Lord Tennyson alludes to the *Georgics* as follows:

Landscape-lover, lord of language more than he that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word.

The four books are dedicated to Maecenas. The first treats of husbandry, the tilling of the soil, the beginning of agriculture, the tools used by the farmer, the tasks appropriate to the different seasons, the signs of the weather, and then closes with a fine passage which describes the portents at the death of Caesar, and with a prayer that Augustus may put an end to the wars and disorders of his time. The second book treats of the culture of trees, of the vine, and gives, among other things, a description of the properties of different kinds of soil. The third book is devoted to the care of horses and cattle, while the fourth treats of the culture of bees.

X. EXTRACTS FROM THE "GEORGICS." Instead of attempting to give complete any one of the four books, it has seemed better to present the reader with detached passages, arranged, however, in the order in which they appear, and accompanied by a word or two of comment. The extracts are from the metrical translation of J. F. Royds.

1. *Book One, "Of Husbandry."* Two principles of agriculture that still prevail:

A change of crop will also rest the land,
Which thus is saved from lying month by month
A thankless fallow.

. . . .

He mightily assists the fields who breaks
With hoes the idle lumps, and harrows them
With wattled withies; golden Ceres smiles
From high Olympus on his industry;
Him too she loves who plows from end to end,
Then turns his share and makes a flank attack
On the long ridge, who constant at his post
Harasses and subdues the stubborn earth.

The plagues that infest grain are thus described:

Soon corn received its special plagues: the stalks
Were gnawed by mildew, and the thistle reared
Its head of sloth: death takes the crops, up comes
A mass of matted undergrowth, behold
Clivers and caltrops, o'er the smiling tilth
Wild oat and darnel hold their barren sway!
So ply your hoes and give the weeds no peace,
Scare birds with noise, correct the leafy hedge
Too lavish with its shade, pray hard for rain.
Neglect these things, lo! 'neath your helpless gaze
Another's barns shall overflow, while you
From woodland oak shall shake a scanty meal.

The petty cares of farming:

Maecenas, many ancient rules I know,
Unless I weary thee by chronicling
The petty cares of farming. First of all
The threshing-floor by giant rolling-stone

Is leveled, kneaded by the hand, and mixed
With holding clay to strengthen it, lest weeds
Creep through, and drought cause gaping cracks, and then
The vermin come and mock: the tiny mouse
Is wont to build his house and barns beneath,
Or eyeless moles to excavate their beds;
The toad is found in holes; all noxious beasts
That plague the earth appear; the weevil spoils
Enormous heaps of grain, the emmet too
With cautious forethought for her helpless age.

On the selection of seed:

I have known seed,
Selected carefully with time and pains,
Revert to type, unless the human hand
Chose out the biggest year by year. Thus fate
Drags all to ruin with a backward pull;
As when a rower hardly drives his boat
Against the stream: if once he drop his arms,
Forthwith the rushing current whirls him down.

What to do on rainy days:

Should chilly downpour keep the swain at home,
Much, that ere long he must have done in haste
'Neath fairer skies, can now be done at ease:
He whets for use the blunt share's iron tooth,
Makes grape-troughs from a tree-trunk, brands his beasts,
And stamps the proper numbers on his bins,
Or sharpens stakes and two-pronged forks, and cuts
Amerian withies for the buxom vine.
Now is the time to weave of bramble wands
The supple basket, now to dry your corn
And crush it with a stone.

A vivid description of an autumn storm:

Oft when the husbandman to golden fields
Had led the reaper, and from brittle stem

Now strewed the barley, saw I every wind
Clash in a battle shock, and far and wide
Tear from its earthy home and hurl aloft
The pregnant crop: so savagely the storm
Bore the light haulm and flying straw away.
Oft a great host of waters holds the heaven,
And marshaled from on high the swollen clouds
Amass a hideous storm; down drops the sky,
And all the oxen's toil and happy crops
Drowns in a mighty deluge; dykes are filled,
And with a roar the hollow rivers grow,
And seethes through every panting creek the main.
Throned in the rain-cloud midnight Jove himself
Wields his great bolts with luminous hand; the earth
Trembles and quakes; beasts flee and panic fear
Brings low the hearts of nations; He o'erthrows
Athos, Ceraunia or Rhodope
With spear of flame; louder the South wind howls,
Thicker the rain beats; threshed by hurricanes
Now woodland wails, now seashore moans reply.

Signs of the sky:

This, too, 'twill profit to recall, what time
The sun has crossed the heavens to his rest:
Often we notice divers wandering hues
Upon his face: blue forecasts rain; east wind
Is told by red; but if dark spots begin
To mingle with a fiery glow, then all
Will be one raging sea of wind and rain.
Let no man urge me on that night to tempt
The deep, or loose my cable from the shore.
But if the sun both bring and hide the day
With face untarnished, clouds shall fright you not;
The woods shall sway to North wind pure and dry.
Then what the evening shadows bring, whence comes
The calming breeze that banishes the clouds,
The secrets of the moisture-laden South,
All this the sun will tell. Who dares accuse
The sun of falsehood? He it is that warns

Of dark seditions, treachery, and wars
Of hidden growth. Yea, he it was that showed
At Caesar's death compassion upon Rome,
Veiling in umber haze his dazzling head,
When froward mortals feared eternal night.

2. *Book Two, "Of Trees."* The following lines discuss propagation by grafting:

Nor by one method shall you graft and bud,
When buds from mid-bark peep into the day
And burst their slender cauls, a narrow slit
Is let into the swelling; then a bud
Of alien birth is shut therein, and taught
To know the moist rind as a part of self.
Or knotless trunks are opened with the axe
And deeply cleft with wedges; then insert
A cutting big with promise, and behold!
A mighty tree, with furniture complete,
Goes forth to greet the sun, and stands aghast
At foreign leaves and fruit she cannot own.

On the location and care of vineyards:

Let not your vineyards face the setting sun;
And plant no hazel 'mid the vines, nor choose
The topmost switches, or from highest tree
Break shoots; so closely do they love the ground;
Wound not with blunted knife the nursling vines,
Nor mix with them the woodland olive trunks:
For often to the unwary shepherd fire
Breaks forth, and lurking secretly at first
Beneath the unctuous bark, soon grasps the bole,
And climbing thence into the upper leaves
Roars mightily to heaven, and running on
Through bough and tree-top holds victorious sway.
The whole wood wallows in the flame; black clouds
Roll up in pitchy volumes to the sky.
But chiefly, if a storm upon the wood
Swoops, and the wind drives on the gathered fire.

When this befalls, recuperative power
Is gone: the knife is used, but nothing green
Can mother earth recall. Wild olive-trees
With bitter leaves do barrenly survive.

On the qualities of different woods:

Even the bare woods on Caucasian heights,
That savage East winds ever lash and dash,
Yield divers products; pine for ship-builders,
Cedar and cypress for the architect.
Hence farmers get the cart-wheel's smoothened spoke,
And drum-wheels for the wagons; hence the ship
Receives her arched hull. Willows are rich
In supple wands, elms prodigal in leaves;
But myrtles and the cornel, warrior-tree,
Give sturdy spear-shafts; and the bended yew
Makes Ityraean bows; smooth linden-trees
And lathe-turned box-wood likewise take their form,
By keen blade hollowed; yea, and alders light
Speed down the roaring torrent of the Po;
And bees are known to hide their clustered swarms
In rotten holm-oak's hollow bark and bole.

3. *Book Three, "Of Beasts."* Advice on the choice of brood animals:

Whoso aspires to win Olympian palms
With horse and car; whoso would have his kine
Strong to the plow, let him give special heed
To choice of dams: a cow of savage mien
And coarse head on a massive neck is best,
With dewlap drooping right from throat to knee.
Her length of body cannot be too great,
Her scale is grand, her very foot is big,
And 'neath her mooned horns are shaggy ears.
I would not spurn a mottle-white, or one
Shy of the yoke and mettlesome of horn,
Bull-like of visage, tall from end to end,
With tail that sweeps her footsteps when she moves.

Of timely wedlock and Lucina's toil
The fifth year is the first, the tenth the last;
The rest give neither fitness for the stud,
Nor strength for plowing: meantime loose the males
While rampant youth is rife among the herds;
Be first to trust to Love's sweet bond your kine,
Cross strain with strain and keep the breed alive.
The fairest morns are swiftest to decay
For wretched mortals: melancholy age,
Toil, trouble and diseases follow soon,
And tyrant death snatches with pitiless hand.
Some you will aye be fain to change for other;
Then keep renewing; resupply each place
Before 'tis empty—thus you shall not lose—
And choose the herd's successors every year.

On the mating season:

All things terrestrial, whether man or brute,
The ocean tribes, tame beasts, gay-feathered birds,
Rush on to passion's pyre. Love rules them all,
The same love; never fiercer prowls abroad
The lioness, forgetful of her whelps,
Nor uncouth bears deal death so wantonly
And bloodshed through the forest; fiercest then
Are boars, the tigress at her worst; ah! then
'Tis ill to stray through Libya's lonely wastes!
Mark how the stallion shakes from stem to stern
If he but catch the wind he knows so well.
No man with bit or cruel lash, no rocks
Nor beetling crags, no rivers in his path
Delay him now, though mountains helplessly
Hurtle adown their flood. Lo! forth he comes,
The boar of Samnium, and whets his tusks,
And plows the earth before him with his hoof,
And rubs against a tree-trunk; up and down
He hardens both his shoulders to the wounds.
How fared the youth whose deeply-aching bones
Unswerving love enflamed? In blind midnight
He swims the strait distraught with violent squalls;

Over him booms the mighty mouth of heaven,
And surf-lashed bowlders roar anxiety;
Though weeping parents call him back, and though
A hapless maid shall blend her death with his,
He comes not. What of Bacchus' dappled lynx?
What of the bold society of wolves
And dogs? What battles wage the peaceful stags?
In sooth the rage of mares transcendeth all:
Venus herself inspired them, when of old
The Potniad team champed Glaucus' mangled limbs.

The book closes with a powerful description of pestilence and death:

Here once a grievous epidemic fell
From tainted heaven, and waxed into a blaze
With all the heat of autumn: every tribe
Of cattle and wild things was given to death;
While ponds were putrid, pastures stank of filth.
The road to hell was various: fiery thirst
Coursed through the veins and shrank the wretched limbs,
But then the watery tide swelled in again
And crumbled bone on bone into itself
Till all was liquor rotten with disease.
Oft in the midst of sacrificial rite
And doing on of bands of snowy wool,
The unslain beast 'mid waiting acolytes
Fell dying. Or if priestly hand ere that
Had slaughtered with the knife, no answering flame
Shot from those filaments on altar laid,
The prophet, asked for rede, had none to give,
And knife-blades hardly reddened 'neath the throat,
And sand scarce blushed with niggard splash of gore.
In pleasant grass the calves are dying fast,
At laden mangers their sweet souls they yield;
Madness attacks the faithful dog, and swine
Heave with asthmatic coughs and fight for breath
Through swollen throats. The champion courser falls
Joyless of racing, reckless of his food;

From water-springs averse he stamps the ground
Incessantly, his ears hang loose, and sweat
Breaks fitfully upon them, growing cold
As death draws near; his hide is dry and hard,
Nor yields to pressure of the kneading hand.
These are the early signs before the end.
But as the gathering distemper grows
And waxes fierce, then bloodshot eyes and breath
Deep-drawn and sometimes weighted with a groan;
Long sobs convulse the belly, from the nose
Black blood drips and the rough tongue rasps against
The obstructed throat. 'Tis time for drenching-horn
And draughts of wine, the only hope that smiled
On dying sufferers; but soon this too
Was turned to their destruction, and anew
The strengthened fever raged: in death's weak hour—
Heaven visit such confusion on our foes
And serve the righteous better!—they themselves
Tore their own limbs asunder with bare teeth.

Lo! smoking 'neath the toilsome plow the ox
Falls groaning out his life, while bloody foam
Falls from his mouth. The downcast plowman goes,
The yokemate, sorrowing at his brother's death,
Is loosed, and stiff in mid-task stands the plow.
No shade of lofty groves, no grassy leas
Shall wake his soul, nay, nor the stream that rolls
Purer than amber o'er its bowldered bed
Unto the plain; but his deep flanks give way,
Oblivion leans upon his waning eyes,
And earthward sinks the dead weight of his neck.
What help are honest service now and toil?
What profit to have turned the heavy land
With plowshare? Yet no Massic vineyard's wealth
Nor sumptuous banquets steal their strength away:
On leaves and grass, a simple fare, they feed,
Their cups are crystal springs and leaping brooks,
And no care breaks the soundness of their sleep.

Never before, men say, among those fields
Were oxen sought in vain for Juno's rites,
And chariots drawn unto the lofty shrines
By ill-matched buffaloes. So human-kind
With painful harrows score the ground: the seed
They bury with their very finger-nails,
And up the steep hill-sides drag creaking wains
With strained necks. No wolf around the fold
Prowls thievishly, nor takes his nightly walk
About the sleeping flocks; a stronger care
Subdues him; timid does and fleeting stags
Through hound and homestead freely wander now.
Now too the wide sea's offspring, and all things
That walk his paths, are cast up by the tide,
Stark as wrecked corpses where the breaker turned;
And wondering rivers watch the seals ascend.
Safe in his tortuous lair the viper dies,
Vain stronghold; crazed with fear the watersnake
Meets death with scales on end; the very birds
From uncongenial air stricken descend
And leave life far above them 'neath a cloud.

. . . .

With bleat and bellow of unnumbered beasts
The rivers and dry banks and mountain-sides
Mourn. Now by rank and legion she destroys,
And in the very stalls heaps up her slain,
All decomposing in a loathsome mess;
Until men learn to bury them in pits
And earth them over. For the hides are waste,
And neither fire nor water serve to purge
The useless flesh, and none can shear the wool
Riddled with exudations and disease,
Nor touch the rotten web, if web there be;
Nay, if one tried to wear the filthy stuff,
Burning pustules appeared, and rancid sweat
Flowed down the noisome limbs, and very soon
The awful fire consumed the infected frame.

4. *Book Four, "Of Bees."* The following is a vivid account of the swarming and battling of the bees:

Now when the golden sun has put to rout
Winter, and chased him 'neath the earth, with light
Opening the summer sky, forthwith the bees
Range wood and glade, make boot upon gay flowers,
And lightly sip the surfaces of streams.
Returning glad with some mysterious joy
They brood o'er grub and cell; and cunningly
Are new combs wrought and clammy honey formed.
So when you see them streaming forth, a swarm,
And swimming up through summer's liquid blue
To starland; when before your charmed gaze
Their dark host lengthens out upon the wind,
Watch them: they always make for leafy bowers
And running waters. Hither follow them
And sprinkle perfumes that I show you here,
The waxflower's humble stalk and pounded balm;
Clash cymbals too and make your kettles ring:
Behold, all uncompelled they occupy
Their scented chamber, of their own sweet will
They dive, as ever, deep into their nest.

But if for war they issue forth—for oft
Tumultuous enmities possess two kings—
Long ere the fight you shall foreknow the host,
Hearts brave and beating fiercely with the joy
Of coming battle; for a martial strain
Of brazen clarion hoarsely chides the slow,
And sounds are heard that mock the broken voice
Of trumpets: in and out, a vibrant mass
With wings a-spin they hasten, whetting stings
Upon their beaks and bracing every thew;
Then round the kings' own royal palace doors
They cluster, calling loudly for the foe.
So when a fair spring day and cloudless field
Have blessed them, out they come: in highest heaven

They rush together with a roar; the twain
Roll into one great ball and headlong fall.
Not thicker pelt the hailstones from the sky,
Not thicker rains the mast from shaken oak.
The kings, proud-winged between the fighting lines,
Roll mighty thoughts within so strait a breast,
Each constant not to yield till of the twain
One sees the rearward of his routed foes.
This stirring enterprise, these doughty deeds—
One little dash of dust, and all is stilled!

A suggestion of philosophy:

Following signs and instances like these,
Some testify that bees possess a share
Of the World-spirit and the Mind Divine.
For God, they say, is immanent in all,
Land, sea and sky's immensity; from Him
All flocks and herds, wild nature and mankind,
Each at their birth, draw down their ghostly lives;
Then all unto the same are rendered back
At dissolution, nor give room for death,
But float up living to the starry heights,
And duly there assume the astral form.

A curious superstition:

But if a man lose his whole stock at once,
Nor have wherefrom to found another line,
Let me declare the famed discovery
Of Arcady's bee-lord; how oft ere now
Kine have been slain and from their putrid gore
A swarm had birth. I will derive the tale,
And carefully unroll it from the source.
Where Pella's happy-starred Canopians dwell
Beside the overflow of standing Nile,
And ride in painted shallops round their farms;
And where the country feels the leaning side
Of quivered Persia; and the rushing stream,
Seven-mouthed at last, that travels all the way
From dark-faced Indian, spreads its fruitful mud

And blackens Egypt into living green:
All dwellers there trust in this art alone.
They choose a little nook all ready-cramped
To meet the purpose, roof it straitly in
With crouching tiles, and closely press the walls;
Then add four windows, one for every wind,
Catching the light aslant. A steer is sought
Whose horns are curling from a two-years' brow;
His nostrils twain and portal of his breath,
How hard soe'er he do resist, are blocked;
Then clubbed to death, his flesh, with hide entire,
Is pounded to a jelly. Thus confined
They leave him, placing fresh-plucked cassia
And thyme beneath his flank. The deed is done
When earliest zephyrs crisp the idle stream,
Ere flowering meadows blush with various hue,
Ere nesting martins prattle 'neath the eaves.
Meantime, within the warm decaying bones
The fretful humors rise, and living things
In wondrous wise, mere legless trunks at first,
Then dight with buzzing wings, swarm to and fro,
And clutch the thin air more and more, until
They volley forth like showers from summer clouds,
Or as the leaping bow-strings pour the arrows
When Parthian skirmishers invite the charge.

XI. THE "AENEID." It is not sufficient that a great epic should recite historic deeds; it must have woven into it the varied interests and grave responsibilities of mankind. Two classes of epics have appeared: one, created in the early history of a nation, recites the struggle of the people, their relationships to their gods and the events which led to their present conditions. Such an epic may appear in the form of a collection of detached tales, such as the sagas of the North, or it may have been put into shape by a single hand, as, according to the claim of some scholars, were the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer. The second type is the work of a single mind fired by determined purpose, seeking to present the history and destiny of his people in a unified, poetic narrative. To the latter class the *Aeneid* belongs, and to Vergil must be given the credit of writing the greatest poem in Latin literature, if not in the literature of the world.

Probably more has been read into the *Aeneid* than the author ever saw, and yet injustice has been done to him in an opposite direction. He was no mere imitator of Grecian poesy, but, while he may have followed some such sources, he constructed a Roman poem of a purely Roman type. While on the one hand he uses the myths and traditions of the Greeks and other peoples and traces the origin of his race to the Trojans, yet he considers the myths thoughtfully, is able to discern fact from fable and to bring out clearly the Roman idea that the state is of more importance than the individual and the success and prosperity of a race than the happiness of its members.

Vergil's conception of his epic is far greater than anything that Greece has to offer, for Aeneas, the hero, is not simply a man, but Rome itself; Rome, the mistress of the world, with the destinies of nations within her hands. Holding this conception of Vergil's plan, it is not difficult to outline the plot, whose main consideration is the destiny of the Roman people in the person of Pious Aeneas. Accompanying the episodes which make his career is a chain of oracles which mark the power of faith in the face of destiny. The plot is complicated by the persistent hostility of the goddess Juno, and in the end is solved by the protecting care of Venus. A human interest is given to the epic in the secondary plot, which consists of the love of Dido and Aeneas.

In the handling of the plot there is a similarity between the *Aeneid* and the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* sufficiently great to show that Vergil consciously adopted it, and in the mechanism of the story he shows his intention to parallel both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* by separating his twelve books into two groups of six each, which mark the division between the two great epics. Furthermore, there is a similarity in the development of the plot, for after the narrative has commenced we are taken back at a banquet to hear the recital of events from the time the real action began. The episodes in the plot, however, are handled differently from those in the Greek epics, for here they are more varied and appeal to our sympathies more as does the modern romance, and they appear rather as details in the main story than as digressions.

While there are many allusions to Grecian mythology and legendary lore, they never detract from the convincing Latinity of the poem, for Vergil brings in numerous allies with Roman names familiar to Roman people, and not only continually alludes to the great institutions of Rome but gives their origin in the earliest day. His geographical allusions were as familiar to the citizens of Rome as Central Park is to a citizen of New York or the Art Institute to a resident of Chicago. "Pious Aeneas" is a familiar phrase to every reader of the *Aeneid,* but the word which we translate as *pious* does not mean inner goodness and piety, but rather it implies obedience to duty, of whatever nature—moral, religious, legal, filial, paternal, etc. Pious Aeneas, who from the beginning is pictured as driven by fate, was the man of destiny who represented all that made Rome admirable and great, and his career is but a reflection of the will of the gods.

In style the *Aeneid* is a much gentler, more refined and delicate production than either of the Greek epics, and although it includes many bloody episodes, they are inserted rather out of deference to the model he had taken than from any inherent leaning toward such things. In fact, the individuality of the man reflects itself in this great poem as in everything else that he wrote.

Vergil died before he had completed his work upon the *Aeneid;* in fact, it was his wish to spend three years more in the final polishing of his great work. It is said that when he found death approaching, he instructed his friends to destroy the manuscript rather than to allow it to be published in its unfinished state, but Augustus and his relatives decided to the contrary, and the wisdom of their conclusion has never been questioned. It is a fact, however, that the poem is not even, that while some passages are highly finished and polished to the last degree, so perfect in fact that to change a single word would seem a crime, there are many others that are rougher and apparently quite unfinished. Even the reader of a translation notices the difference of interest in the episodes, and it is probable that if Vergil had lived to complete his work, he would have changed some incidents and rewritten parts as well as have polished the whole.

XII. THE STORY OF THE "AENEID." The *Aeneid* is so long that it is impossible to give any idea of its story by means of such extracts as we could print. Still, some knowledge of the tale is eminently desirable, and it seems best to condense the argument into as brief space as possible and give it as it is presented, book by book.

1. *Book One.* Aeneas is sent to Latium to found Rome, but by the hostility of Juno he is long delayed. When he and his fleeing Trojans come within sight of Italy, the goddess bribes Aeolus to raise a tempest, out of which, however, by the aid of Neptune, Aeneas escapes and lands in Libya. Interesting herself in his behalf, Venus learns through Jupiter that eventually her favorite will be great in Italy, and that his son shall found Alba and his descendants Rome, which, after Juno has relented, shall rule the world under Augustus.

Mercury is dispatched to secure from Dido, Queen of Libya, a welcome for the wanderers. While reconnoitering, Aeneas and his faithful friend Achates meet Venus, disguised as a nymph, who tells them the story of Dido, comforts them in their woes, and promises them ultimate success, after which she reassumes her godlike form and vanishes before their eyes. Concealed in a magic mist, the two friends approach Carthage and reach the citadel. When Dido appears, several Trojan leaders, whom Aeneas supposed to be dead, present themselves and tell their adventures, exclaiming at the end, "If only Aeneas were here." Just then the mist disappears and Aeneas joins his friends, thanks Dido, receives a warm welcome and is given a feast. Aeneas sends for his little son Ascanius, but as he is coming he is seized and carried away by Venus, who substitutes Cupid in his place, in order that the little god might inspire Dido with a love for Aeneas. The evening is passed in high festivity, and Dido begs Aeneas to relate his adventures.

2. *Book Two.* Aeneas tells the story of the siege of Troy, which we have already read in Greek literature. At the fall of the city, Aeneas escapes at the peril of his life, carrying his aged father, and with the surviving Trojans flees to the hills.

3. *Book Three.* Obeying the oracles, the Trojans build their fleet and sail to Thrace, where their attempt is discouraged and they are warned to go to Ortygia. Apollo promises

Aeneas world-wide empire if they will return to the "ancient motherland of Troy." Anchises tells them that Crete is this land, but when they visit the island they find their error, and Apollo in a dream tells Aeneas that the true motherland is Italy. Anchises now remembers that one of the things for which Cassandra was mocked was a prophecy that Troy should be transplanted to Italy. After various adventures they sight Mount Aetna and obtain their first glimpse of Italy. The voyage ends with the death of Anchises.

4. *Book Four.* This book is occupied with the sad love story of Aeneas and Dido. Aided by Juno, Dido succeeds in winning the love of Aeneas, who would remain with her, but Jupiter sends Mercury to remind him of the importance of his mission and the worse than foolishness of abandoning it. In spite of the entreaties of Dido and the calls of his own love, he sails away, to the joy of his followers. Dido, after cursing him and then trying every possible means to retain him, falls by her own hand when she learns that he is really gone.

5. *Book Five.* Aeneas, not knowing of Dido's death, sails to Sicily, where he holds funeral games in honor of the anniversary of the death of Anchises. There are a boat race, a foot race, boxing, contests in archery and the "Trojan Ride" of Ascanius and other boys. Juno plans to destroy the Trojan fleet and inspires the jealous matrons to set fire to the ship, but Jupiter sends a rain which saves all but

four. The spirit of Anchises advises Aeneas to visit him in the lower world; and, leaving the aged and infirm with Acestes in Sicily, Aeneas and the Trojans depart.

6. *Book Six.* Aeneas visits the Sibyl's shrine at Cumae, and after burying a dead comrade and gathering the golden bough for Proserpine he begins his journey, passes the dreadful faces that guard the outskirts of hell and crosses in Charon's ferry. Palinurus, the drowned pilot, approaches and entreats burial; they see the phantoms of suicides, of children and of lovers; they experience the disdain of Dido. Deiphobus, a Trojan hero, tells the story of his death, by treachery, on the night the Greeks entered Troy, but the Sibyl hurries Aeneas on past the approach to Tartarus until they reach Elysium, where, after a search among the Shades of the Blessed, they find Anchises, who explains the Transmigration of Souls and predicts the future greatness of Rome, whose heroes from the days of the kings to Augustus pass before the visitor.

7. *Book Seven.* Having completed his voyage, Aeneas sails up the Tiber among the inhabitants of Latium, whose ruler is Latinus. Oracles have foretold that his only daughter will become the mother of an imperial line by marriage with an alien, a prophecy which is confirmed by signs and wonders, so that Latinus offers peace to the Trojans and the hand of his daughter to Aeneas. Juno again manifests her malignity, and finally provokes a pitched

battle between the Trojans and the Latins. The nations of Italy, among whose leaders Turnus and Camilla are chief, gather to destroy Aeneas.

8. *Book Eight.* Aeneas in a dream has been prompted to go to Pallanteum, Evander's city, the future site of Rome. Evander and his guest feast, examine the city, and sing the praises of Hercules. Venus provides for Aeneas a magic shield, wrought by Vulcan, upon which are depicted the trials and triumphs of early Rome, the final conflict at Actium and the world-wide empire of Augustus.

9. *Book Nine.* Informed by Juno of the absence of Aeneas, Turnus leads his force against the Trojans, attempts to burn their ships, which, however, Cybele saves by changing them into nymphs, and then besieges the camp which the Trojans had fortified. Nisus and Euryalus lose their lives in a courageous attempt to go to Aeneas and secure his assistance. The Italians assault the camp; Ascanius receives his baptism of fire; Pandorus and Bitias open the camp gates in defiance; both are slain, and Turnus enters, only to be hard pressed and driven back, narrowly escaping death by swimming the river.

10. *Book Ten.* At a council of the gods Venus pleads for the Trojans, Juno for the Latins, and Jupiter decides to leave the contest to fate. While the siege of the Trojan camp continues, Aeneas is sailing down the Tiber with his allies, and is presently warned

by the nymphs of the peril in which Ascanius and the camp stand. At the river a hard-fought battle, in which Pallas and Lausus are the heroes, is fought; then Pallas is killed by Turnus in single combat, and Aeneas in revenge slays and slays and gives no quarter until Juno by a stratagem lures Turnus into a ship, which miraculously carries him to his father's city. Mezentius takes command, but, wounded by Aeneas, is compelled to withdraw, and his son Lausus is killed while covering his retreat. Thereupon Mezentius mounts again and rides back to die in a vain attempt to avenge his son, leaving Aeneas to rejoice over his fall.

11. *Book Eleven.* Aeneas erects a trophy of Mezentius's arms and sends the body of Pallas to Evander, who buries it with lamentations and appropriate funeral rites. After the ambassadors meet to discuss terms of peace, Turnus protests his readiness to meet Aeneas in single combat, and, breaking up the council, arms for battle. Camilla and Messapus command the Latin horse, and in the battle which follows Camilla is slain by treachery, while her murderer, Aruns, is killed by Opis. In the meantime Turnus has been lying in ambush, but upon the defeat of the Latins he hurries to the city, closely pursued by Aeneas.

12. *Book Twelve.* Turnus, realizing that he must at last meet Aeneas in single combat, sends his challenge, and the two make ready. Lists are prepared and the spectators gather,

but Juno, knowing that Aeneas is superior, succeeds in inducing one of the Latins to break the truce and kill a Trojan, thereby preventing the combat, but bringing on another battle, in which Aeneas is wounded and Turnus deals death among the Trojans. Miraculously healed, Aeneas returns to the combat, gives rein to his rage, and kills indiscriminately in his search for Turnus, who has been spirited away in a fit of blindness produced by Juno. Turnus recovers his sight and, seeing the outworks of the city in flames, comes back and proclaims himself ready to fight with Aeneas. When the two meet, the sword of Turnus breaks and once more he flees, pursued by Aeneas. Both warriors are rearmed by the gods, who afterwards fall into a colloquy, in which Jupiter and Juno agree that Turnus must die; Aeneas shall marry Lavinia and be king; but the new nation must keep the ancient rites, names and language of Latium and be called not Trojans but Latins. Turnus, beside himself, makes one more attempt to fight, but is struck down by Aeneas, who would have spared him, yet, seeing upon his shoulder the spoils of Pallas, he gave way to his grief and anger and struck the Latin chieftain dead.

XIII. EXTRACTS FROM THE "AENEID." 1. *Translations.* The first translation of the *Aeneid* into English was made by Gawin Douglas of Scotland, and published in 1553. Spirited, forceful and reasonably accurate, it remained the best till that of Dryden appeared.

A brief extract from the sixth book will give an idea of the peculiar English, if not the excellences, of Douglas:

> Thai walking furth fa dyrk, oneth thai wyst
> Quhidder thai went, amyd dym schaddowys thar,
> Quhar evir is nycht, and nevir lyght dois repar,
> Throwout the waist dongion of Pluto Kyng,
> Thai voyd boundis, and that gowsty ryng:
> Siklyke as quha wold throw thik woddis wend
> In obscure licht, quhen moyn may nocht be kenned;
> As Jupiter the kyng etheryall,
> With erdis skug hydis the hevynnys all
> And the myrk nycht, with her vissage gray,
> From every thing hes reft the hew away.

Dryden's translation may be said still to stand first, though critics protest that it is lacking in fidelity. Other scholars have in modern times made prose and metrical translations, each excellent in some respects, but falling short of perfection. It may be interesting to compare some of these, and for that purpose we append the opening lines of the first book as translated by four different men:

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by Fate
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destined town;
—*Dryden.*

> Arms and the man I sing, who first,
> By fate of Ilian realm amerced,
> To fair Italia onward bore,
> And landed on Lavinium's shore:—
> Long tossing earth and ocean o'er,

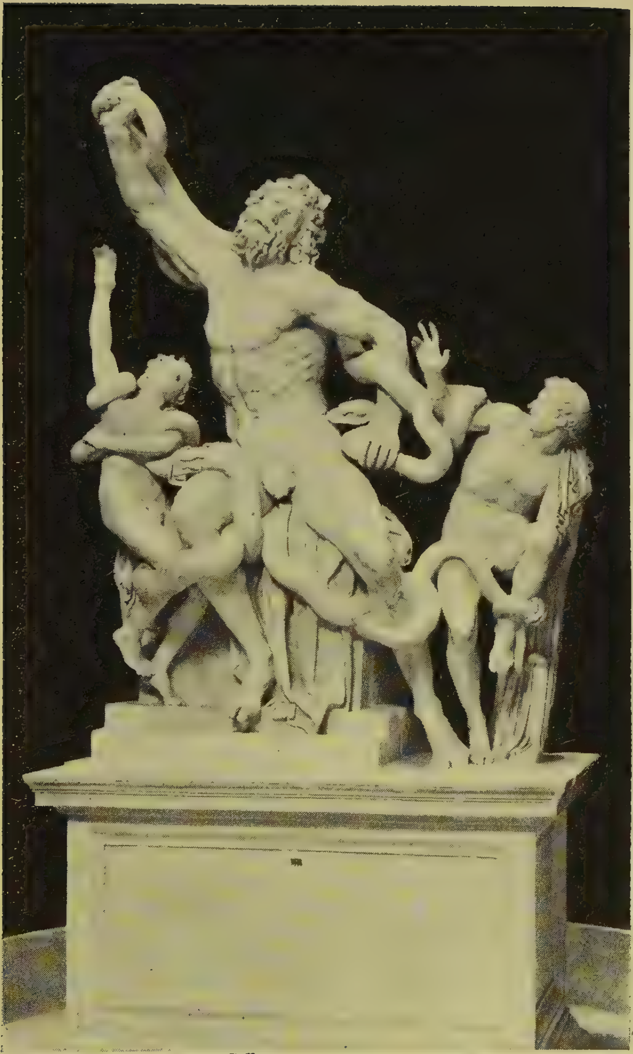
By violence of heaven, to sate
Fell Juno's unforgetting hate:
—*Conington.*

I sing of arms, I sing of him who from the Trojan land
Thrust forth by Fate, to Italy and that Lavinian strand
First came: all tost about was he on earth and on the deep
By heavenly might for Juno's wrath that had no mind to sleep:
—*Morris.*

Of arms I sing, and of the man, whom Fate
First drove from Troy to the Lavinian shore.
Full many an evil, through the mindful hate
Of cruel Juno, from the gods he bore,
Much tost on earth and ocean, yea, and more
In war enduring, ere he built a home,
And his loved household-deities brought o'er
To Latium, whence the Latin people come,
Whence rose the Alban sires, and walls of lofty Rome.
—*Taylor.*

2. *The Incident of Laocoön.* This selection is from the story Aeneas told to Dido, in Book Two. It is from Conington's translation:

Laocoön, named as Neptune's priest,
Was offering up the victim beast,
When lo! from Tenedos—I quail
E'en now, at telling of the tale—
Two monstrous serpents stem the tide
And shoreward through the stillness glide;
Amid the waves they rear their breasts,
And toss on high their sanguine crests;
The hind part coils along the deep,
And undulates with sinuous sweep.
The lashed spray echoes: now they reach
The inland belted by the beach,
And rolling bloodshot eyes of fire,
Dart their forked tongue and hiss for ire.



Elmendorf Photo: © Ewing Galloway

LAOCOÖN

From Marble Group in the Vatican, Rome

We fly distraught; unswerving they
Toward Laocoön hold their way;
First round his two young sons they wreathe,
And grind their limbs with savage teeth.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his waist their winding volumes rolled;
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly choked—their crests divide,
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labors at the knots;
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
  A wounded bull such moaning makes,
  When from his neck the axe he shakes,
  Ill-aimed, and from the altar breaks.
  The twin destroyers take their flight
  To Pallas' temple on the height;
  There by the goddess' feet concealed
  They lie and nestle 'neath her shield.

3. *Dido's Anguish.* One of the most beautiful passages is that which begins the tale of Dido's night of anguish. It is thus translated by Conington:

  'Tis night: earth's tired ones taste the balm,
    The precious balm of sleep,
And in the forest there is calm,
    And on the savage deep:
The stars are in their middle flight:
    The fields are hushed: each bird or beast
That dwells beside the silver lake
Or haunts the tangle of the brake
    In placid slumber lies, released
From trouble by the touch of night:

All but the hapless queen: to rest
She yields not, nor with eye or breast

The gentle night receives:
Her cares redouble blow on blow:
Love storms, and, tossing to and fro,
With billowy passion heaves.

4. *Funeral Games.* The description of the boat race at the funeral games, held by Aeneas to celebrate the anniversary of his father's death, is spirited and fascinating, as told in Taylor's translation:

Now from a mound the trumpet's notes proclaim
The sports begun. Four galleys from the fleet,
The choicest, manned by mariners of fame,
And matched in size and urged with ponderous beat
Of oar-blades, for the naval contest meet.
See, here the Shark comes speeding to her place,
Trained is her crew and eager to compete,
Brave Mnestheus is her captain, born to grace
Italia's land ere long, and found the Memmian race.

Here too, the huge Chimaera towers along,
A floating citadel, with walls of pine,
Three tale of Dardans urge her, stout and strong,
Their triple tiers in unison combine
To drive her, ruled by Gyas, through the brine.
Borne in the monstrous Centaur, next doth come
Sergestus, father of the Sergian line.
Last, in the dark-blue Scylla plows the foam
Cloanthus, whence thy house, Cluentius of Rome.

Far seaward stands, afront the foamy shore,
A rock, half-hid when wintry waves upleap,
And skies are starless, and the North-winds roar,
But still and silent, when the calm waves sleep,
A level top it lifts above the deep,
The seamews' haunt. A bough of ilex here
The good Aeneas sets upon the steep,
Green-leaved and tall,—a goal, to seamen clear,

To seek and, doubling round, their homeward course to steer.

Each takes his station. On the sterns behold,
Ranged in due order as the lots assign,
The captains, gay with purple and with gold.
The crews their brows with poplar garlands twine,
And wet with oil their naked shoulders shine.
Prone on their oars, and straining from the thwart,
With souls astretch, they listen for the sign.
Fear stirs the pulse and drains the throbbing heart,
Thrilled with the lust of praise, and panting for the start.

Loud peals the trumpet. From the port they dash
With cheers. The waves hiss, as the strong arms keep
In time, drawn up to finish with a flash;
And three-toothed prow and oars, with measured sweep,
Tear up the yawning furrows of the deep,
Less swiftly, to the chariot yoked atwain,
The bounding racers from the base outleap,
Less keen the driver, as they scour the plain,
Leans o'er the whistling lash, and slacks the streaming rein.

Shouts, cheers and plaudits wake the woods around,
Their clamors roll along the land-locked shore,
And, echoing, from the beaten hills rebound.
First Gyas comes, amid the rout and roar;
Cloanthus second,—better with the oar
His crew, but heavier is the load of pine.
Next Shark and Centaur struggle to the fore,
Now Shark ahead, now Centaur, now in line
The long keels, urged abreast, together plow the brine.

Near lay the rock, the goal was close in sight,
When Gyas, first o'er half a length of tide
Shouts to his helmsman: "Whither to the right?
Hug close the cliff, and graze the leftward side.
Let others hold the deep." In vain he cried.

Menoetes feared the hidden reefs, and bore
To seaward. "Whither from thy course so wide?
What; swerving still?" the captain shouts once more,
"Keep to the shore, I say, Menoetes, to the shore."
He turned, when lo! behind him, gaining fast,
Cloanthus. On the leeward side he stole
A narrower compass, grazing as he passed
His rival's vessel and the sounding shoal,
Then gained safe water, as he turned the goal.
Grief fired young Gyas at the sight, and drew
Tears from his eyes and anger from his soul.
Careless alike of honor and his crew,
Down from the lofty stern his timorous guide he threw.

Forthwith he grasps the tiller in his hand,
Captain and helmsman, and his comrades cheers,
And wrests the rudder leftward to the land,
Slow from the depths Menoetes reappears,
Clogged by his clothes, and cumbered with his years.
Then, shoreward swimming, climbs with feeble craft
The rock, and there sits drying. All with jeers
Laughed as he fell and floated; loud they laughed
As, sputtering, from his throat he spits the briny draught.

Joy, mixt with hope, as Gyas slacks his pace,
Fires the two hindmost. Now they near the mark;
Sergestus, leading, takes the inside place.
Yet not a length divides them, for the Shark
Shoots up halfway and overlaps his bark.
Mnestheus, amidships pacing, cheers his crew;
"Now, now lean to, and let each arm be stark;
Row, mighty Hector's followers, whom I drew
From Troy, in Troy's last hour, my comrades tried and true!

"Now for the strength and hardihood that braved
Gaetulian shoals, and the Ionian main,
And billows following billows, as they raved
Against steep Malea. Not mine to gain

The prize: I strive not to be first—'tis vain.
Sweet were the thought—but Neptune rules the race;
Let them the palm, whom he has willed, retain.
But oh, for shame! to take the hindmost place
Win this—to ward that doom, and ban the dire disgrace."

Straining each nerve, they bend them to the oar.
The bronze poop reels, so lustily they row,
And from beneath them slips the watery floor.
The parched lips quiver, as they pant and blow,
Sweat pours in rivers from their limbs; when now
Chance brings the wished-for honor. Blindly rash,
Close to the rocks Sergestus drives his prow.
Too close he steals; on jutting crags they dash;
The straining oars snap short, the bows with sudden crash

Stick fast, and hang upon the ledge. Up spring
With shouts the sailors, clamorous at delay,
And snatch the crushed oars from the waves, and bring
Sharp poles and steel-tipt boathooks, and essay
To thrust the forepart from the rocks away.
Brave Mnestheus sees and, glorying in his gain,
Invokes the winds. With oarsmen in array
His swift bark, urged with many a stalwart strain,
Shoots down the sloping tide, and wins the open main.

Like as a pigeon, startled from her rest,
Swift from the crannies of the rock, where clings
Her heart's desire, the darlings of her nest,
Darts forth and, scared with terror, flaps her wings,
Then, gliding smoothly, in the soft air swings,
And skims her liquid passage through the skies
On pinions motionless. So Mnestheus springs,
So springs the Shark; her impulse, as she flies,
Cleaving the homeward seas, the wanting wings supplies.

He leaves Sergestus, who implores in vain
His aid, still toiling from the rocks to clear
And headway with his shattered oars to gain.
Soon huge Chimaera, left with none to steer,

Drops off astern, and labors in the rear.
Alone remains Cloanthus, but the race
Well-nigh is ended, and the goal is near;
Him Mnestheus seeks; his crew, with quickened pace
And utmost stretch of oars, press forward in the chase.

Now, now the noise redoubles; cheers and cries
Urge on the follower, and the wild acclaim
Rolls up, and wakes the echoes of the skies.
These scorn to lose their vantage, stung with shame,
And life is wagered willingly for fame.
Success inspires the hindmost; as they dare,
They do; the thought of winning wins the game.
With equal honors Chance had crowned the pair,
But thus, with outspread hands, Cloanthus breathed a prayer:

"Great Gods of Ocean! on whose waves I ride,
A milk-white bull upon the shore I vow,
And with its entrails will I strew the tide,
And on your altars make the wine outflow."
Fair Panopea hears him from below,
The Nereids hear, and old Portunus plies
His own great hand, to push them as they go.
Swifter than arrow to the shore she flies,
Swifter than Southern gale, and in the harbor lies.

All summoned now, the herald's voice declares
Cloanthus conqueror, and with verdant bay
Aeneas crowns him. To each crew he shares
Three steers and wine, and, to recall the day,
A silver talent bids them bear away.
Choice honors to the captains next are told,
A scarf he gives the victor, rich and gay,
Twice-fringed with purple, glorious to behold,
Whose Melibaean dye meanders round the gold.

The "game of Troy," as played by Ascanius and his boyish companions at the same celebration, is thus described in Taylor's translation:

But good Aeneas, ere the games are done,
The child of Epytus, companion dear
And trusty guardian of his beardless son,
Calls to his side, and whispers in his ear:
"Go bid Ascanius, if his troop be here
And steeds in readiness, with spear and shield
In honor of his grandsire to appear."
Then, calling to the thronging crowd to yield
Free space, he clears the course, and open lies the field.

Forth rid the boys, before their fathers' eyes,
Reining their steeds. In radiant files they fare,
And wondering murmurs from each host arise.
All with stript leaves have bound the flowing hair.
Two cornel javelins, tipt with steel, they bear,
Some, polished quivers; and a pliant chain
Of twisted gold around the neck they wear;
Three companies—three captains scour the plain.
Twelve youths, behind each chief, compose the glittering train.

One shouting troop young Priam's lead obeys,
Thy son, Polites, from his grandsire hight,
And born erelong Italia's fame to raise.
A dappled Thracian charger bears the knight,
His pasterns flecked and forehead starred with white.
Next Atys, whom the Atian line reveres,
The youthful idol of a youth's delight,
So well Iulus loved him. Last appears
Iulus, first in grace and comeliest of his peers.

His a Sidonian charger; Dido fair
This pledge and token of her love supplied.
Trinacrian horses his attendants bear,
Acestes' gift. Their bosoms throb with pride,
While Dardan, cheering, welcome as they ride

The sires that have been in the sons that are.
So, when before their kinsfolk on each side
Their ranks had passed, Epytides afar
Cracks the loud whip, and shouts the signal, as for war.

In equal bands the triple troops divide,
Then turn, and rallying, with spears bent low,
Charge at the call. Now back again they ride,
Wheel round, and weave new courses to and fro,
In armed similitude of martial show,
Circling and intercircling. Now in flight
They bare their backs, now turning, foe to foe,
Level their lances to the charge, now plight
The truce, and side by side in friendly league unite.

E'en as in Crete the Labyrinth of old
Between blind walls its secret hid from view,
With wildering ways and many a winding fold,
Wherein the wanderer, if the tale be true,
Roamed unreturning, cheated of the clue:
Such tangles weave the Teucrians, as they feign
Fighting or flying, and the game renew:
So dolphins, sporting on the watery plain,
Cleave the Carpathian waves and distant Libya's main.

These feats Ascanius to his people showed,
When girdling Alba Longa; there with joy
The ancient Latins in the pastime rode,
Wherein the princely Dardan, as a boy,
Was wont his Trojan comrades to employ.
To Alban children from their sires it came,
And mighty Rome took up the "game of Troy,"
And called the players "Trojans," and the name
Lives on, as sons renew the hereditary game.

5. *The Episode of Nisus and Euryalus.* One of the finest passages is that which chronicles the death of the two young heroes, Nisus and Euryalus, in Book Nine:

Nisus was guardian of the gate,
No bolder heart in war's debate,
The son of Hyrtacus, whom Ide
Sent, with his quiver at his side,
From hunting beasts in mountain brake
To follow in Aeneas' wake:
With him Euryalus, fair boy;
None fairer donned the arms of Troy;
His tender cheek as yet unshorn
And blossoming with youth new-born.
Love made them one in every thought:
In battle side by side they fought;
And now on duty at the gate
The twain in common station wait.
"Can it be heaven," said Nisus then,
"That lends such warmth to hearts of men,
Or passion surging past control
That plays the god to each one's soul?
Long time, impatient of repose,
My swelling heart within me glows,
And yearns its energy to fling
On war, or some yet grander thing.
See there the foe, with vain hope flushed!
Their lights are scant, their stations hushed:
Unnerved by slumber and by wine,
Their bravest chiefs are stretched supine.
Now to my doubting thought give heed
And listen where its motions lead.
Our Trojan comrades, one and all,
Cry loud, Aeneas to recall,
And where, they say, the men to go
And let him of our peril know?
Now, if the meed I ask they swear
To give you—nay, I claim no share,
Content with bare renown—
Meseems, beside yon grassy heap
The way I well might find and keep
To Pallanteum's town."

The youth returns, while thirst of praise
Infects him with a strange amaze:
"Can Nisus aim at heights so great,
Nor take his friend to share his fate?
Shall I look on, and let you go
Alone to venture 'mid the foe?
Not thus my sire Opheltes, versed
In war's rude toil, my childhood nursed,
When Argive terror filled the air
And Troy was battling with despair:
Nor such the lot my youth has tried,
In hardship ever at your side,
Since, great Aeneas' liegeman sworn,
I followed Fortune to her bourne:
Here, here within this bosom burns
A soul that mere existence spurns,
And holds the fame you seek to reap,
Though bought with life, were bought full cheap."

"Not mine the thought," brave Nisus said,
"To wound you with so base a dread:
So may great Jove, or whosoe'er
Marks with just eyes how mortals fare,
Protect me going, and restore
In triumph to your arms once more.
But if—for many a chance, you wis,
Besets an enterprise like this—
If accident or power divine
The scheme to adverse end incline,
Your life at least I would prolong:
Death does your years a deeper wrong.
Leave me a friend to tomb my clay,
Rescued or ransomed, which you may;
Or, e'en that boon should chance refuse,
To pay the absent funeral dues.
Nor let me cause so dire a smart
To that devoted mother's heart,
Who, sole of all the matron train,
Attends her darling o'er the main,

Nor cares like others to sit down
An inmate of Acestes' town."
He answers brief: "Your pleas are naught:
Firm stands the purpose of my thought:
Come, stir we: why so slow?"
Then calls the guards to take their place,
Moves on by Nisus, pace with pace,
And to the prince they go.

All other creatures whereso'er
Were stretched in sleep, forgetting care:
Troy's chosen chiefs in high debate
Were pondering o'er the reeling state,
What means to try, or whom to speed
To warn Aeneas of their need.
There stand they, midway in the field,
Still hold the spear, still grasp the shield:
When Nisus and his comrade brave
With eager tones admittance crave;
The matter high; though time be lost,
The occasion well were worth the cost.
Iulus hails the impatient pair,
Bids Nisus what they wish declare.
Then spoke the youth: "Chiefs! lend your ears,
Nor judge our proffer by our years.
The Rutules, sunk in wine and sleep,
Have ceased their former watch to keep:
A stealthy passage have we spied
Where on the sea the gate opes wide:
The line of fires is scant and broke,
And thick and murky rolls the smoke.
Give leave to seek, in these dark hours,
Aeneas at Evander's towers,
Soon will you see us here again
Decked with the spoils of slaughtered men.
Nor strange the road: ourselves have seen
The city, hid by valleys green,
Just dimly dawning, and explored
In hunting all the river-board."

Out spoke Aletes, old and gray:
"Ye gods, who still are Ilium's stay,
No, no, ye mean not to destroy
Down to the ground the race of Troy,
When such the spirit of her youth,
And such the might of patriot truth."
Then, as the tears roll down his face,
He clasps them both in strict embrace:
"Brave warriors! what reward so great,
For worth like yours to compensate?
From Heaven and from your own true heart
Expect the largest, fairest part:
The rest, and at no distant day,
The good Aeneas shall repay,
Nor he, the royal youth, forget
Through all his life the mighty debt."
"Nay, hear me too," Ascanius cried,
"Whose life is with my father's tied:
O Nisus! by the home-god powers
We jointly reverence, yours and ours,
The god of ancient Capys' line,
And Vesta's venerable shrine,
By these dread sanctions I appeal
To you, the masters of my weal;
O bring me back my sire again!
Restore him, and I feel no pain.
Two massy goblets will I give;
Rich sculptures on the silver live;
        The plunder of my sire,
What time he took Arisba's hold;
Two chargers, talents twain of gold,
A bowl beside of antique mold
        By Dido brought from Tyre.
Then too, if ours the lot to reign
Or Italy, by conquest ta'en,
        And each man's spoil assign,—
Saw ye how Turnus rode yestreen,
His horse and arms of golden sheen?
That horse, that shield and glowing crest

I separate, Nisus, from the rest
And count already thine.
Twelve female slaves, at your desire,
Twelve captives with their arms entire,
My sire shall give you, and the plain
That forms Latinus' own domain.
But you, dear youth, of worth divine,
Whose blooming years are nearer mine,
Here to my heart I take, and choose
My comrade for whate'er ensues.
No glory will I e'er pursue,
Unmotived by the thought of you:
Let peace or war my state befall,
Thought, word, and deed, you share them all."
The youth replied: "No after day
This hour's fair promise shall betray,
Be Fate but kind. Yet let me claim
One favor, more than all you name:
A mother in the camp is mine,
Derived from Priam's ancient line:
No home in Sicily or Troy
Has kept her from her darling boy.
She knows not, she, the paths I tread:
I leave her now, no farewell said;
By Night and this your hand I swear,
A parent's tears I could not bear.
Vouchsafe your pity, and engage
To solace her unchilded age:
And I shall meet whate'er betide
By such assurance fortified."
With sympathy and tender grief
All melt in tears, Iulus chief,
As filial love in other shown
Recalled the semblance of his own:
And, "Tell your doubting heart," he cries,
"All blessings wait your high emprise:
I take your mother for my own,
Creusa, save in name alone,
Nor lightly deem the affection due

To her who bore a child like you.
Come what come may, I plight my troth
By this my head, my father's oath,
The bounty to yourself decreed
Should favoring gods your journey speed,
The same shall in your line endure,
To parent and to kin made sure."
He spoke, and weeping still, untied
A gilded falchion from his side,
Lycaon's work, the man of Crete,
With sheath of ivory complete:
Brave Mnestheus gives for Nisus' wear
A lion's hide with shaggy hair;
Aletes, old in danger grown,
His helmet takes, and gives his own.
Then to the gates, as forth they fare,
The band of chiefs with many a prayer
        The gallant twain attends:
Iulus, manlier than his years,
Oft whispering, for his father's ears
        Full many a message sends:
But be it message, be it prayer,
Alike 'tis lost, dispersed in air.

    The trenches past, through night's deep gloom
        The hostile camp they near:
Yet many a foe shall meet his doom
        Or ere that hour appear.
There see they bodies stretched supine,
O'ercome with slumber and with wine;
The cars, unhorsed, are drawn up high;
'Twixt wheels and harness warriors lie,
With arms and goblets on the grass
In undistinguishable mass.
"Now," Nisus cries, "for hearts and hands:
This, this the hour our force demands.
Here pass we: yours the rear to mind,
Lest hostile arm be raised behind;
Myself will go before and slay,

While carnage opes a broad highway."
So whispers he with bated breath,
And straight begins the work of death
On Rhamnes, haughty lord:
On rugs he lay, in gorgeous heap,
From all his bosom breathing sleep,
A royal seer, by Turnus loved:
But all too weak his seer-craft proved
To stay the rushing sword.
Three servants next the weapon found
Stretched 'mid their armor on the ground:
Then Remus' charioteer he spies
Beneath the coursers as he lies,
And lops his downdropt head:
The ill-starred master next he leaves,
A headless trunk that gasps and heaves:
Forth spouts the blood from every vein,
And deluges with crimson rain
Green earth and broidered bed.
Then Lamyrus and Lamus died,
Serranus too, in youth's fair pride:
That night had seen him long at play:
Now by the dream-god tamed he lay:
Ah! had his play but matched the night,
Nor ended till the dawn of light!
So famished lion uncontrolled
Makes havoc through the teeming fold,
As frantic hunger craves;
Mangling and harrying far and near
The meek mild victims, mute with fear.
With gory jaws he raves.
Nor less Euryalus performs:
The thirst of blood his bosom warms;
'Mid nameless multitudes he storms,
Herbesus, Fadus, Abaris kills
Slumbering and witless of their ills,
While Rhoetus wakes and sees the whole,
But hides behind a massy bowl.
There, as to rise the trembler strove,

Deep in his breast the sword he drove,
    And bathed in death withdrew.
The lips disgorge the life's red flood,
A mingled stream of wine and blood:
    He plies his blade anew.
Now turns he to Messapus' band,
    For there the fires he sees
Burnt out, while coursers hard at hand
    Are browsing at their ease,
When Nisus marks the excess of zeal,
The maddening fever of the steel,
And checks him thus with brief appeal:
"Forbear we now; 'twill soon be day:
Our wrath is slaked, and hewn our way."
Full many a spoil they leave behind
Of solid silver thrice refined,
Armor and bowls of costliest mold
And rugs in rich confusion rolled.
A belt Euryalus puts on
With golden knobs, from Rhamnes won:
Of old by Caedicus 'twas sent,
An absent friendship to cement,
To Romulus, fair Tiber's lord,
    Who, dying, to his grandson left
The shining prize: the Rutule sword
    In after days the trophy reft.
Athwart his manly chest in vain
He binds these trappings of the slain;
Then 'neath his chin in triumph laced
Messapus' helm with plumage graced.
The camp at length they leave behind,
And round the lake securely wind.

  Meanwhile a troop is on its way,
    From Latium's city sped,
An offshoot from the host that lay
Along the plain in close array,
Three hundred horsemen, sent to bring
A message back to Turnus king,

With Volscens at their head.
Now to the camp they draw them nigh,
Beneath the rampart's height,
When from afar the twain they spy,
Still steering from the right;
The helmet through the glimmering shade
At once the unwary boy betrayed,
Seen in the moon's full light.
Not lost the sight on jealous eyes:
"Ho! stand! who are ye?" Volscens cries;
"Whence come, or whither tend?"
No movement deign they of reply,
But swifter to the forest fly,
And make the night their friend.
With fatal speed the mountain foes
Each avenue as with network close,
And every outlet bar.
It was a forest bristling grim
With shade of ilex, dense and dim:
Thick brushwood all the ground o'ergrew:
The tangled ways a path ran through,
Faint glimmering like a star.
The darkling boughs, the cumbering prey
Euryalus's flight delay:
His courage fails, his footsteps stray:
But Nisus onward flees;
No thought he takes, till now at last
The enemy is all o'erpast,
E'en at the grove, since Alban called
Where then Latinus' herds were stalled:
Sudden he pauses, looks behind
In eager hope his friend to find:
In vain; no friend he sees.
"Euryalus, my chiefest care,
Where left I you, unhappy? where?
What clue may guide my erring tread
This leafy labyrinth back to thread?"
Then, noting each remembered track,
He thrids the wood, dim-seen and black.

Listening, he hears the horse-hoofs beat,
The clatter of pursuing feet:
A little moment—shouts arise.
And lo! Euryalus he spies,
Whom now the foeman's gathered throng
Is hurrying helplessly along,
While vain resistance he essays,
Trapped by false night and treacherous ways.
What should he do? what force employ
To rescue the beloved boy?
Plunge through the spears that line the wood,
And death and glory win with blood?
Not unresolved, he poises soon
A javelin, looking to the Moon:
"Grant, Goddess, grant thy present aid,
Queen of the stars, Latonian maid,
    The greenwood's guardian power;
If, grateful for success of mine,
With gifts my sire has graced thy shrine,
If e'er myself have brought thee spoil,
The tribute of my hunter's toil,
To ornament thy roof divine,
    Or glitter on thy tower,
These masses give me to confound,
And guide through air my random wound."
He spoke, and hurled with all his might;
The swift spear hurtles through the night:
Stout Sulmo's back the stroke receives:
The wood, though snapped, the midriff cleaves.
He falls, disgorging life's warm tide,
And long-drawn sobs distend his side.
All gazed around: another spear
The avenger levels from his ear,
    And launches on the sky.
Tagus lies pierced through temples twain,
The dart deep buried in his brain.
Fierce Volscens storms, yet finds no foe,
Nor sees the hand that dealt the blow,
    Nor knows on whom to fly.

"Your heart's warm blood for both shall pay,"
He cries, and on his beauteous prey
With naked sword he sprang.
Scared, maddened, Nisus shrieks aloud:
No more he hides in night's dark shroud,
Nor bears the o'erwhelming pang:
"Me, guilty me, make me your aim,
O Rutules! mine is all the blame;
He did no wrong, nor e'er could do;
That sky, those stars attest 'tis true;
Love for his friend so freely shown,
This was his crime, and this alone."
In vain he spoke: the sword fierce driven
That alabaster breast had riven.
Down falls Euryalus, and lies
In death's enthralling agonies:
Blood trickles o'er his limbs of snow;
"His head sinks gradually low:"
Thus, severed by the ruthless plow,
Dim fades a purple flower:
Their weary necks so poppies bow,
O'erladen by the shower.
But Nisus on the midmost flies,
With Volscens, Volscens in his eyes:
In clouds the warriors round him rise,
Thick hailing blow on blow:
Yet on he bears, no stint, no stay;
Like thunderbolt his falchion' sway:
Till as for aid the Rutule shrieks
Plunged in his throat the weapon reeks:
The dying hand has reft away
The lifeblood of its foe.
Then, pierced to death, asleep he fell
On the dead breast he loved so well.

Blest pair: if aught my verse avail,
No day shall make your memory fail
From off the heart of time,
While Capitol abides in place,

The mansion of the Aeneian race,
And throned upon that moveless base
Rome's father sits sublime.

6. *The Death of Lausus.* Taylor gives this translation of the spirited and affecting lines in Book Ten, wherein the heroic death of Lausus is told:

His javelin then the good Aeneas cast;
Flying it pierced the hollow disk, and through
The plates of brass, thrice welded firm and fast,
And linen folds, and triple bull-hides flew,
And in the groin, with failing force but true,
Lodged deep. At once Aeneas, for his eye
Glistens with joy, the Tuscan's blood to view,
His trusty sword unfastening from his thigh,
Springs at the faltering foe, and bids Mezentius die.

Love for his sire stirred Lausus, and the tears
Rolled down, and heavily he groaned. Thy fate,
Brave youth! thy prowess, if the far-off years
Shall give due credence to a deed so great,
My verse at least shall spare not to relate.
While backward limped Mezentius, spent and slow,
His shield still cumbered with the javelin's weight,
Forth sprang the youth, and grappled with the foe,
And 'neath Aeneas' sword, unlifted for the blow,

Slipped in, and checked him. Onward press the train
With shouts, to shelter the retreating sire,
And distant arrows on the foeman rain.
Safe-covered stands Aeneas, thrilled with ire.
As when the storm-clouds in a deluge dire
Pour down the hail, and all the plowmen fly,
And scattered hinds from off the fields retire,
And rock or stream-side shields the passer-by,
Till sunshine calls to toil, and reawakes the sky;

So, whelmed with darts, the Trojan chief defies
The cloud of war, till all its storms abate,

And chides and threatens Lausus. "Fool," he cries,
"Why rush to death, and dare a deed too great?
Rash youth! thy love betrays thee." 'Twas too late;
Rage blinds poor Lausus, and he scorns to stay.
Then fiercer waxed the Dardan's wrath, and Fate
The threads had gathered, for their forceful sway
Hilt-deep within his breast the falchion urged its way.

It pierced the shield, light armor and the vest,
Wrought by his mother with fine golden thread,
And drenched with gore the tunic and the breast.
Sweet life, departing, left the limbs outspread,
And the sad spirit to the ghost-world fled.
But when the son of great Anchises scanned
The face, the pallid features of the dead,
Deeply he groaned, and stretched a pitying hand.
Grief for his own dear sire his noble soul unmanned.

"Alas! what meed, to match such worth divine,
Can good Aeneas give thee? Take to-day
The arms wherein thou joyed'st; they are thine.
Thy corpse—if aught can please the senseless clay—
Back to thy parents' ashes I repay.
Poor youth! thy solace be it to be slain
By great Aeneas." Then his friends' delay
He chides, and lifts young Lausus from the plain,
Dead, and with dainty locks fouled by the crimson stain.

7. *Camilla.* The warlike Queen, Camilla, met her death by treachery as she was fighting the army of Aeneas. The incident is narrated in Book Eleven:

Now, due to fate, aloof with lifted lance,
The crafty Aruns round Camilla wheels,
And tries where fortune lends the readiest chance.
Oft as she charges, where the war-shout peals,
He slips unseen, and follows on her heels.
When back she runs, triumphant from the foe,
He shifts the rein, and from the conflict steals.

Now here, now there, he doubles to and fro,
And shakes his felon spear, but hesitates to throw.

Lo, Chloreus, priest of Cybele, aglow
In Phrygian armor, gorgeous to behold,
Urges his foaming charger at the foe,
All decked in feathered chain-work, linked with gold.
Cretan his shafts, his bow of Lycian mold.
Dark blue and foreign purple clothed his breast,
Golden his casque and bow; his mantle's fold
Of yellow saffron knots of gold compressed,
And buskins bound his knees, and broidered was his vest.

Him the fierce huntress, whether fain the shrine
To deck with trophies, or with envious eyes
Wishful herself in Trojan arms to shine,
Marks in the strife; at him alone she flies,
Proud, like a woman, of her fancied prize.
Blindly she runs, uncautious of the snare,
When, darting from the ambush, where he lies,
The moment snatched, false Aruns shakes his spear,
And thus, with measured aim, invokes the gods with prayer.

"O Phoebus, guardian of Soracte's steep,
Whom first we honor, to whose sacred name,
Thy votaries, we, the blazing pine-wood heap,
And, firm in faith, pass through the smoldering flame,
Grant that our arms may wipe away this shame.
Trophies, nor spoils, nor plunder from the prey
Be mine; I look to other deeds for fame.
If wound of mine this hateful pest shall slay,
Home will I gladly go, and fameless quit the fray."

Apollo heard, and granted half his prayer,
And half he scattered to the winds. To slay
With sudden stroke Camilla unaware
He gave, but gave not his returning day;
The breezes puffed the bootless wish away.

Shrill sang the lance; each Volscian eye and heart
Turned to the Queen. The weapon on its way,—
The rush of air she heeds not, till the dart
Strikes home, and, staying, draws the life-blood from her heart.

Up run her friends, the fainting Queen to aid,
More scared than all, in fear and joy amain,
False Aruns flies, nor dares to face the maid,
Or trust the venture of his spear again.
As guilty wolf, some steer or shepherd slain,
Slinks to the hills, ere hostile darts pursue,
And clasps his tail between his thighs, full fain
To seek the woods, so Aruns shrank from view,
Sore scared and glad to fly, and in the crowd withdrew.

With dying hand she strives to pluck the spear:
Deep 'twixt the rib-bones in the wound it lies.
Bloodless she faints; her features, late so fair,
Fade, as the crimson from the pale cheeks flies,
And cold and misty wax the drooping eyes.
Then, with quick gasps, and groaning from her breast,
She calls to faithful Acca, ere she dies,—
Acca, her truest comrade and her best,
The partner of her cares,—and breathes a last request.

"Sister, 'tis past; the bitter shaft apace
Consumes me; all is growing dark. Go, tell
This news to Turnus; bid him take my place,
And keep these Trojans from the town. Farewell."
So saying, she dropped the bridle, as she fell.
Death's creeping chills the loosened limbs o'erspread.
Down dropped the weapons she had borne so well,
The neck drooped, slackened; and she bowed her head,
And the disdainful soul went groaning to the dead.

Up rose a shout, Camilla fall'n, that beat
The golden stars, and fiercer waxed the fray.
On press the host, in serried ranks complete,
Trojans, Arcadians, Tuscans in array.

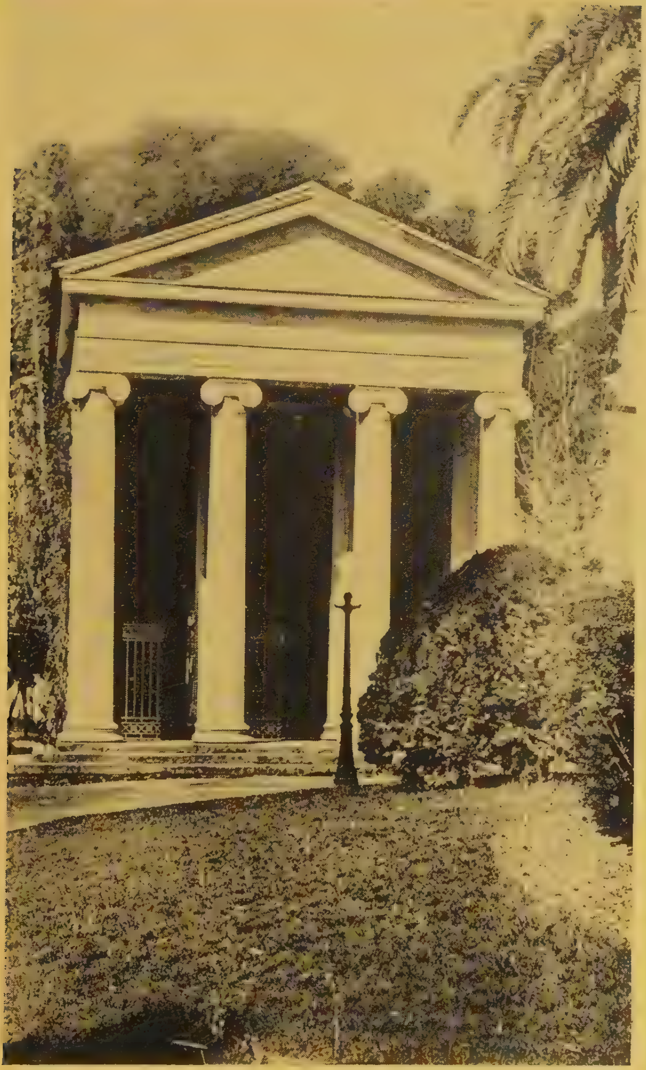
High on a hill, fair Opis watched the day,
Set there by Trivia, undisturbed till now,
When, lo, amid the tumult far away
She sees Camilla, in the dust laid low,
Deep from her breast she sighs, and thus in words of woe:

"Cruel, too cruel, is thy forfeit paid,
Poor maiden, who the Trojan arms would'st dare;
Nor aught availed thee, in the woodland glade
To serve Diana, and her arms to wear.
Yet not unhonored in thy death, nor bare
Of fame she leaves thee; nor in after day
Shall vengeance fail thy prowess to declare.
Whoso hath dared thy sacred form to slay,
His blood shall rue the deed, and fit atonement pay."

Beneath the hill a barrow chanced to stand,
Heaped there of old, and holm-oaks frowned beside
Dercennus' tomb, who ruled Laurentum's land.
Here, lightning swift, the lovely Nymph espied,
In shining arms, and puffed with empty pride,
False Aruns. "Caitiff! dost thou think to flee?
Why keep aloof? Turn hitherward!" she cried,
"Come here, and die! Camilla claims her fee.
Must Cynthia waste her shafts on worthless knaves like thee?"

Plucking the arrow from her case, she drew
The bow, full-stretched, till both the horns unite.
Both arms raised level, ere the missile flew,
Her left hand touched the iron point, the right,
Pressed to her nipple, strained the bow-string tight.
He hears the arrow whistle as it flies,
And feels the wound. Sweeping on amain,
Forsakes him. Groaning, with a gasp, he dies.
Upsoars the gladdening Nymph, and seeks the Olympian skies.

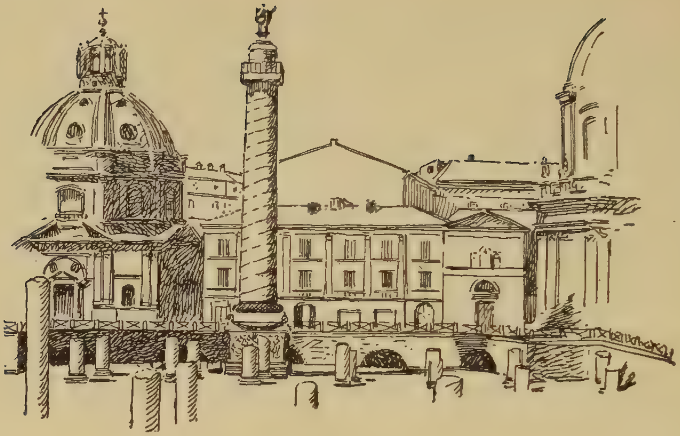
XIV. Vergil in the Middle Ages. Throughout the Middle Ages Vergil was regarded as the greatest of all poets, the one who



TOMB OF VERGIL
NAPLES

sang the sweetest songs, in the loftiest and most inspired language. To scholars of that time he was indeed "wielder of the stateliest measure ever molded by the lips of man." There was so much in Vergil to seize the medieval imagination—this man who described the dwellings of the dead and who was believed to have foretold the coming of the Messiah! It is no wonder that in so superstitious an age he should be regarded as the possessor of all wisdom and all magic power.

The *Aeneid,* in spite of its imperfections, is unquestionably the greatest poem in the Latin language, and no later epic in any language equaled it until Dante's *Divine Comedy* appeared, and in that the author chose Vergil to be his guide through hell and purgatory, and would gladly have admitted him to paradise. The conception of Vergil as a magician was a popular one which had its origin in Naples, near which is his tomb, and foreigners visiting there heard the tale and passed it on until a series of medieval legends and writings clustered around it. Vergil's connection with the Sibyl had become well established by the thirteenth century, and was systematically taught in various legends which were collected into one. This curious mythology persisted through the fourteenth century, was violently opposed by enlightened scholars during the fifteenth, but in the middle of the sixteenth it had not wholly expired. Even at the present day peasants tell of a magician Vergil.



CHAPTER XV

THE AUGUSTAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONTINUED)

43 B. C.—A. D. 14

HORACE

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH. Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born in Venusia, a provincial town in Apulia, on the eighth of December, 65 B. C. His early education was obtained at Rome in the best schools of the city, and at eighteen he went to Athens for his university training.

When Brutus appeared there to levy troops to send against Octavius, Horace enlisted and was given the rank of military tribune in command of a legion. He was in the battle of Philippi, and in an ode, subsequently addressed to his friend Pompeius, he has humorously alluded to his conduct in the following manner:

Friend who didst oft with me in danger stand,
When Brutus led our war, what man at last
Hath giv'n thee back, thy warfare past,
To native gods and land?

My earliest comrade thou in that far day,
When oft I sped the lingering hours with wine,
While my wreathed locks would brightly shine,
With Syrian unguents gay.

With thee Philippi's rout I knew full well,
When in ignoble flight I dropped my shield,
While Valor brake, and on the field
High hearts to ruin fell.

However, although he may have been a poor soldier, we are not supposed to accept this statement as proof of real cowardice. Throwing away the shield had become a humorous literary commonplace among the Greeks, whom Horace merely copies.

In the distribution of land after the war, the property of Horace's father in Venusia was confiscated, and the son, facing poverty, became a scribe in the office of the quaestor at Rome, a position which gave him the means of livelihood, although he undertook the writing of verses to increase his income. Some of his poems fell into the hands of Vergil and Varius, who introduced the young man to Maecenas in the spring of 39 B. C. Through Maecenas, Horace met Emperor Augustus, who wished to make the poet his private secretary, was not offended when his offer was refused, and continued to manifest his friendship till the poet's death, which occurred suddenly on the twenty-seventh of November, 8 B. C. Horace had left Augustus in entire control of his affairs; the Emperor willingly undertook the charge, and buried the poet with honor near the tomb of Maecenas, on the Esquiline.

II. HORACE AND HIS FATHER. One of the most charming traits of the great poet was his affectionate reverence for his father and the pride which he felt in his humble descent, for the elder Horace was merely a freedman, that is, a slave who for some reason had been granted his freedom by a former master. Yet it is evident that the father was a man of character and education, or at least he realized the advantages of an education and determined that his son should receive the best. Accordingly, he left his little farm and moved to Rome, where he placed the boy in the school of Orbilius, in company with the sons of wealthy knights and senators. It is said that the father himself acted as attendant on the boy, accompanying him to school and carrying his books and parcels.

The writings of Horace are intimately personal, and through them we are able to learn much more of him than of most authors from their writings. His allusions to his father are frequent, and are indicative of the wealth of his regard; as for instance:

> For whatever of good there is in me, for whatever affection I have gained from friends, my father alone must have the credit. Though his little farm was poor enough, and his means but scanty, he could not bear to

send me to the provincial school, to which the fine sons of our fine garrison officers went, with their satchels and their note-books slung over their arms, and their monthly fee in their pockets. But while I was still a boy he had the courage to carry me to Rome, so that I might get an education as good as any knight or senator could give his sons. If any one had noticed my dress and my attendants, amidst the crowd of a great city, he would have certainly imagined that some old family estate must provide for such an outlay. But my chief attendant was my own father, a guardian not to be bribed or tricked by any one; and he trudged contentedly along beside me as I went from one professor to the next. And so he kept safe for me that first element of goodness, a mind unstained not merely with deed of evil, but with the very suspicion of it. Nor was he afraid lest some day his extravagance might be cast up to him, if, after all, I had to earn my living in some paltry office, or like himself as a tax-collector. I at least should not have complained, if that had been the end of it. But as things have turned out, the more praise, the more gratitude I owe him. I hope, as long as I keep my senses, I shall never blush for such a father. Nor shall I seek to excuse my faults and failings, as one hears many do, on the ground that I have not had the advantages of birth. On the contrary, were the choice given me to relive my life, and choose what parentage I pleased, I should still be content with my own, preferring it to any other, however illustrious in the world's ranks and dignities.

In another place he tells us, as follows, that his father taught him personally by example and precept the ways of virtue:

If you find me rather free in my criticisms of this one or that, if I am a little over-ready with my joke, you will have to thank my father for this. For it was his way, if he wanted me to avoid any particular fault or vice, to pick out this man or that whom he knew to be addicted to it, and show how it fared with them in consequence.

Or if he wanted to preach thrift or prudence to me, or contentment with the little fortune he had managed to put by for me, he would say: ''Look at Albius' son, what a wretched life he leads: Just see Barrus, how poor he is now. Let them be warnings to you not to throw away your patrimony.'' And so with other vices. ''The philosopher,'' he would say, ''will give you all sorts of theoretical reasons why you should avoid this, or seek that. But I shall be quite content if I can keep the good old ways of earlier times, and as long as you need some one to look after you, if I can keep your life and honor stainless. When time has hardened your muscles and your brain, you will be free to swim without a cork.'' Thus did he mold my boyish mind with his wise words. . . . And so even now, as I lie in bed, or stroll by myself, I am my own Mentor, as I call to mind the ways and experiences of others, and of myself.

Such a schooling as Horace was given both in Rome and in Athens indicates that his father must have saved considerable money, but our information regarding him ceases while the poet was at Athens, and it is probable that he died during that time. Of his mother, Horace says nothing directly.

III. The Friends of Horace. An author in Rome was able to make little from his wares, and like the writers of the eighteenth century in England, he was compelled to look to some patron for his support, unless he had abundant private means. In Maecenas, Horace found not only a liberal patron but a warm, personal friend, toward whom he felt an attachment and gratitude that he is never weary of expressing. In a letter written to Maecenas he says:

> Every one carps at me, "the son of a freedman father." Their present reason for doing so is because you are kind to me, Maecenas; their former one, that I was given command of a Roman legion. . . . For my friendship with you, I cannot give the credit to luck. It was no mere chance that made me known to you; it was my noble Vergil, and after him Varius, who told you about me.
>
> When I came into your presence, I managed to stammer out a word or two; a dumb bashfulness would let me say no more. But at any rate I did not talk to you of a high-born father, or of my cantering round my estates on a Tarentine thoroughbred. I told you just the plain facts. You answered, as you usually do, very briefly, and I withdrew. Nine months after you summoned me again, and bade me reckon myself among your friends. And proud I am that I pleased a man like yourself, one who measures the noble and the ignoble, not by the rank of their father, but by their own character and honesty of heart.

Maecenas appears to have supplied the very elements lacking in the character of Horace and to have suggested, encouraged and criticized the latter's work, yet the friendship was so unequal that Horace never possessed the full confidence of his patron, and often their association must have been restrained because of the active interest which Maecenas took in public affairs. In fact, in one place Horace says:

> It is now some seven or nearer eight years since Maecenas began to reckon me among his friends, at least so far as to take me out with him when he was driving, and to condescend to such trifling questions or remarks as "What's o'clock?" "What are the odds on such and such a boxer?" "It's a chilly morning"—the trifles,

in short, which a great man can entrust to a "leaky" listener.

Meanwhile, however, day by day, I was becoming more and more an object of jealousy and envy. If my great friend happened to have me by him through a day at the games, or took me with him when he went to the tennis-court, "Lucky dog!" is the universal cry. If some rumor of disaster at the seat of war has spread, straightway everybody begins to pump me. "Of course you know,—you come so much in contact with the great folks,—have you heard anything definite about this Dacian affair?" "Not a word." "You always would have your joke." "May all the gods torment me if I know a thing about it." "Well, well. How about the new soldiers' allotments? Is it in Sicily Caesar's going to plant them, or in Italy?" When I swear again I know nothing, my questioner professes to admire me, as the man in all the world who can best keep his own counsel.

Thus my day is wasted in petty worries and interruptions. Many a time I say to myself, "Dear countryside, when shall I see you again? When shall I be free, either with some old author, or in ease and sleep to drink full draughts of forgetfulness of all life's worries? When shall my country fare of fresh beans and larded vegetables be set before me again?" O nights and feasts of the gods! My friends and I partake together in my own little cottage, and spare for my chattering slaves their scraps as well. Each guest drinks to suit his own taste, with no absurd rules controlling him. Large cups or small, wine full-strength or watered, just how he pleases. Then we have our talk, not of other folks' mansions, their size, their style and so forth; not whether such and such a buffoon is a good dancer or a bad one. Our talk is of things of deeper import, topics that no man can afford to ignore.—Of the source of true happiness, is it wealth or goodness?—Of the link that binds a man to his friend, is it mere self-interest or something higher?—What is the chief good for man, and what makes it so?

And now and then as the debate suggests them Cervius comes in with his old fables—as of the Town and Country Mouse.

That the devotion of Horace was sincere and extended beyond a mere sense of obligation for favors received is demonstrated in that beautiful ode which stands as one of the finest expressions of friendship in any language:

TO MAECENAS SICK

Why with forebodings would'st thou break me down?
It pleaseth not thy friend, no, nor high Heaven,
That from my love thou should'st be riven,
My pillar and my crown!

Ah! why should I, if earlier stroke of fate
Steals my best half, to the worse portion cling,—
Less dear, a dead dismembered thing?
Like hour for both shall wait

To end us! No deserter's oath I've said!
Be it that thou shalt lead, close on thee, friend,
I'll follow, ready to its end
The last dark road to tread.

Not gust of the Chimaera's fiery breath,
Nor hundred-handed Gyas, should he rise,
Shall part us; so the Fates deem wise,
And Justice, strong as death!

Whether at birth Libra, or Scorpio's sting,
Burnt ominous my future to control,
Or Capricorn, that o'er the roll
Of western waves is King,—

At least my horoscope with thine must mate
In wondrous wise. For thee, Jove's star benign
Against ill Saturn's power did shine,
And checked the wings of Fate,

What time Rome's crowd through theater thrice did send
Glad shouts to greet thee, once more hale and well;
  For me, on hapless brainpan fell
    A tree-trunk, and made end,

Had not kind Faunus saved me, guard divine
Of Mercury's guild. For thy debt see thou pay
  Victims and votive shrine; I'll slay
    A humble lamb, for mine.

Undoubtedly Maecenas reciprocated the affection, for at his death in the early part of 8 B. C. his last message to Augustus was, "Remember Horace as you did myself." It is a pathetic coincidence that Horace kept his oath and followed close on his friend to the end of the last dark road, for he died in the autumn of the same year.

Horace never married, and Maecenas and his other early friends must have held in his heart much the place of wife and family. Although he lived in the intimacy of the closest court circle with Augustus, traveled with him about Italy, and was his debtor for many great favors, yet Horace never seems to have felt for him quite the same depth of attachment that he had for Maecenas, and the court poetry which he wrote, the tributes to Augustus, have in them a faint note of forced flattery that grates upon sensitive ears accustomed to the independence of modern writers.

IV. THE SABINE FARM. Venusia was an old Roman colony among the Apennine Hills on the Appian Way, which ran from Rome to Brundisium. The scenery near at hand was beautiful, and a few miles away the river Aufidus plunged through the hills into a broad plain with a rush that charmed the wandering boy. Only a few miles from the town an extinct volcano forty-five hundred feet high was a marked figure of the landscape, while behind the town the hills were wild and bare or in places covered with forests, through which boars and other wild animals roamed in abundance. In such surroundings were cultivated tastes that lasted through the poet's life, for he was always passionately fond of the country; and when in the year 33 B. C. Maecenas presented him with a farm, the poet's deep-seated love of nature was gratified. This little estate was located in the Sabine hills near Tibur (now Tivoli), where later Hadrian built his magnificent villa, and it is thus described by the poet:

> There is a range of hills, broken only by a shady valley; not so shady however but that the rising sun can shine on its right slope, and the setting sun warm its left. The climate would delight you. Even the sloes and ruddy cornels bear their fruits more abundantly here than elsewhere; and the oaks and ilexes feed my herds with their acorns, and rejoice me, the master, with their shade. In fact you would imagine a slice of leafy Tarentum had been transported hither. There is a spring too, abundant enough to give name to a stream. Not cooler or more clear the Hebrus winds through Thrace; and its water is good for head troubles and stomach troubles too. The pleasant, nay I can call them the quite delightful nooks about it, keep me strong and well through the September heats.

Here in retirement Horace spent most of the latter years of his life. Though he was continually being drawn out into the court circles and compelled to take more of an active part in public life than he wished, yet the calm serenity of his literary life was rarely disturbed for any length of time, as at the first opportunity he returned to his simple existence in its beautiful surroundings. At one time, however, the estate came very near being responsible for his death; in two different odes he alludes to his narrow escape when a tree suddenly fell and nearly crushed him. One allusion may be found in the ode to Maecenas, quoted above; the other is given below:

He on an evil day, whate'er his name,
Planted thee first, and nurtured thee with hand
'Gainst future generations bann'd,
And for the township's shame!

Him I might deem to have strangled his own sire,
Or drenched his sacred hearth-stone with the gore
Of guest by night. All Colchian lore
He knew, of poisonings dire,

Nay, every villainy e'er dreamt, who dared
Plant sorry log like thee by my homestead,
That on thy blameless master's head
To tumble was prepared.

V. THE CHARACTER OF HORACE. Horace was in no way heroic, as the world understands the term, and he was fully conscious of the fact himself, for he jokingly alludes to his fears at the battle of Philippi, how poor a sailor he was, and how he disliked the sea. There may have been some excuse for this, as it is said that he had bad eyes and a poor stomach and detested athletics and all kinds of sport. Moreover, he despised pomp and all forms of affectation, did not pretend to be a fine gentleman, and always acted as the simple-hearted countryman, proud of his station. In fact, when it was suggested that he might have a lofty pedigree, he discourses as follows:

> For with this higher rank I should have to make more money to keep it up. I should have to be civil to all sorts of people. I should have to hire grooms and valets, for fear I should ever be condemned to the dreadful fate of a journey by myself. I should have to keep a stud of horses, and carriages, too. As it is, I am free to ride my bob-tailed mule to Tarentum if I like, all alone, with my valise rubbing his crupper, and myself his shoulders. . . . . And at Rome I walk wherever I like; I go into the market and price my meal or my salad; I stroll round the Circus to watch its quacks, or view the fun of the fair of an evening in the Forum. Then after listening to the fortune-tellers I dawdle home to my frugal meal of leeks and pulse and pancakes. Finally I go to bed, with no thought to worry me of early rising and an appointment at the courts. I lie abed till ten; then take a walk, or read or scribble some lines to please myself; next, I brush myself up, and as the day grows hot go off to my bath, but take very good care to steer clear of the Campus Martius and its tennis-courts. Then I have my little lunch, just enough to stay the stomach, and for the rest of the afternoon take my siesta in my own corner. That's the life of a man who knows not the worries and the burdens of ambition; and I'm well content with it; for I know that it will give me more happiness than I could ever get out of the fact (supposing it were a fact) that my father was a magistrate, and my grandfather, and my uncle, too, for that matter.

As his years increased, he turned his attention more to philosophical or rather religious questions, and groping about for a theory of life, found one which is not far removed from that held by Tennyson and many a modern thinker. He was not a consistent teacher, his life was not a perfect example, and the poverty of his early years made him at times bitter and sarcastic; yet there are many things in his books to suggest an attractive personality, bubbling over with humor, filled with patriotism and love of country life, and more than anything else with a profound hope for a great future for Rome. Our studies will give us a still further insight into his character.

VI. The Character and Genius of Horace. What Vergil was to the national mind, Horace was to the world of fashion and refinement. Lax though his morals were, in an age of debased moral standards he led a life peculiarly free from grossness or excess. His creed was to obtain from life the best that was in it—the Epicurean philosophy as adapted by the Romans—and from that point of view virtue and vice were distinguishable only by their effects and not at all by ordinary moral standards. Indulgence in pleasure and enjoyment of all kinds was a virtue unless it reached a point where it proved imprudent, or was obtained at too high a price; then, and not till then, did it become vice. His works reflect himself and his companions in a mirror without exaggeration or distortion. His philosophy is expressed in *Carpe diem* (Enjoy the day), or as he has given it more fully in the eleventh ode:

LEUCONOE

Leuconoe dear, seek not I pray to know what Heaven hath hid;
The span to me accorded, or to thee, is lore forbid!
Tempt not Chaldean horoscopes! More wise, what comes, to bear;
Nor fret, whether some winters more from Jove fall to our share,
Or this, which lashes now the Tuscan shore, our last decreed.
Be wise and strain the wine! Since short at best of joy our meed,
Prune distant hopes. Ev'n as we speak, grim Time speeds swift away;
Seize now and here the hour that is, nor trust some later day!

As a matured and expanded philosophy of life, the following from his last epistle is significant:

"Let but my house from sordid pinch be free,
Then small or big my bark,—all's one to me.
I may not (winds being fair) spread sail so wide,—
But, in a gale, less danger I abide;
In strength, brains, looks, in virtue, wealth and place,
Last of the leaders, not last in the race."
—"Well you're not greedy? Good! that's but one part;
Lurks then no other sin within your heart?
Ambition, anger, fear of death,—are these
Unknown? Smile you at witchcraft's mysteries,
Ghosts, dreams, and portents? Count you with grateful heart
Your birthdays up, and take in kindly part
The faults of friends, each year the gentler growing?
If not—why pluck one thorn, so many showing?
Dolt in good deeds, make way for men of skill;
You've had of sport and food and drink your fill.
'Tis time you went, lest gorged beyond your worth,
Youths fitlier gay laugh you, or beat you, forth!"

In modern times there has been a tendency to depose Vergil from the height he has occupied and to substitute in his place the inimitable Horace, as the greatest and most representative poet. Possibly this comes from the fact that modern men and women have ceased to care for the stately epic and enjoy more the delicate, highly-finished lyric. It is idle to defend the one or praise the other; each has his own niche, and in it stands unrivalled.

There are really two sides to the genius of Horace, almost, we might say, two poets in the one man. First, he is a lyric poet with a new style of song beginning his work in the *Epodes* and culminating in the graceful little poems or the lofty political lyrics that constitute the *Odes;* second, he is a keen observer, a capable critic and man of the world, committing to his tablets his ideas of men and things in the sharp phrases of his *Satires,* or, later, in the practical, common-sense but still beautiful language of the *Epistles.*

A painstaking composer, he finished his lines with minute care and advised young writers that poetry, if it is to be written at all, must be written well. In this connection his advice to the young Pisos may be recalled—namely, that they should lock up their poetical creations for nine years, before publishing them. Spirit never compensated for roughness, and nothing less than the best satisfied his fastidious taste.

Horace is never tiresome, and "in condensed simplicity he is first of Latin poets." Such phrases as *Nil desperandum* (Never despair); *Non omnis moriar* (I shall not wholly die) and *Splendide mendax* (Splendidly or nobly mendacious) are well known among the educated to-day, to say nothing of that famous sentence, which our own Warren is said to have repeated at Bunker Hill, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* (It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country). It would not be difficult to extend the list of his pithy sayings indefinitely:

> While fools avoid vices, they run into their opposites.
>
> It is pleasant to indulge in trifling at the proper time.
>
> Virtue yet living we despise,
> Adore it lost and vanished from our eyes.
>
> Health to enjoy the blessings sent
>   From heaven; a mind unclouded, strong;
> A cheerful heart; a wise content;
>   An honored age; and song.
>
> It is a fault common to all singers that among their friends they never are inclined to sing when asked, but unasked they never desist.

VII. THE WORKS OF HORACE. It is generally conceded that the first book of the *Satires,* an imitation of Lucilius, was his first published work, and that it appeared under the patronage of Maecenas when the poet was about thirty years of age. About five years later came the *Epodes* and the second book of the *Satires.* After he was forty-six he published the *Epistles,* perhaps his most finished work, didactic, mellow in sentiment. *Ars Poetica* (*The Art of Poetry*), which is allied to the second book of the *Epistles,* is valuable chiefly for the light it throws on criticism, for it is capricious, desultory and mechanical. The *Carmen Saeculare* is a sacred hymn written in the capacity of official poet laureate of the Empire. His masterpieces are the *Odes,* three books of which were produced when he was about forty-two, and a fourth that was his final work.

VIII. THE "SATIRES." Originally these poems, which were meant to be read to friends and not intended for publication, were called *Talks* by Horace, not *Satires.* The first is dedicated to Maecenas and serves to introduce the whole collection, which is composed of criticism upon the follies and foibles of the time and not like those of Lucilius, vituperative attacks upon individuals. The following extracts from the prose translation of Christopher Smart give but an inadequate notion of the work, pleasing as they are.

We ought to connive at the faults of our friends:

> As his mistress's disagreeable failings escape the blinded lover, or even give him pleasure (as Hagna's wen does to Balbinus), I could wish that we erred in this manner with regard to friendship, and that virtue had affixed a reputable appellation to such an error. And as a father ought not to contemn his son, if he has any defect, in the same manner we ought not to contemn our friend. The father calls his squinting boy, a pretty leering rogue; and if any man has a little despicable brat, such as the abortive Sisyphus formerly was, he calls it a sweet moppet: this child with distorted legs, the father in a fondling voice calls one of the Vari; and

another, who is clubfooted, he calls a Scaurus. Thus, does this friend of yours live more sparingly than ordinarily? Let him be styled a man of frugality. Is another impertinent, and apt to brag a little? He requires to be reckoned entertaining to his friends. But another is too rude, and takes greater liberties than are fitting. Let him be esteemed a man of sincerity and bravery. Is he too fiery? Let him be numbered among persons of spirit. This method, in my opinion, both unites friends, and preserves them in a state of union. But we invert the very virtues themselves, and are desirous of throwing dirt upon the untainted vessel. Does a man of probity live among us? He is a person of singular diffidence; we give him the name of a dull and fat-headed fellow. Does this man avoid every snare, and lay himself open to no ill-designing villain; since we live amidst such a race, where keen envy and accusations are flourishing? Instead of a sensible and wary man, we call him a disguised and subtle fellow. And is any one more open and less reserved than usual in such a degree as I often have presented myself to you, Maecenas, so as perhaps impertinently to interrupt a person reading, or musing, with any kind of prate? We cry, "This fellow actually wants common sense." Alas! how indiscreetly do we ordain a severe law against ourselves! For no one is born without vices: he is the best man who is encumbered with the least. When my dear friend, as is just, weighs my good qualities against my bad ones, let him, if he is willing to be beloved, turn the scale to the majority of the former (if I have indeed a majority of good qualities), on this condition, he shall be placed in the same balance. He who requires that his friend should not take offense at his own protuberances, will excuse his friend's little warts. It is fair that he who entreats a pardon for his own faults, should grant one in his turn.

Upon the whole, forasmuch as the vice anger, as well as others inherent in foolish mortals, cannot be totally eradicated, why does not human reason make use of its own weights and measures; and so punish faults, as the nature of the thing demands? If any man should punish with the cross a slave, who being ordered to take away the dish should gorge the half-eaten fish and warm sauce; he would, among people in their senses, be called a madder man than Labeo. How much more irrational and heinous a crime is this! Your friend has been guilty of a small error (which, unless you forgive, you ought to be reckoned a sour, ill-natured fellow), you hate and avoid him, as a debtor does Ruso; who, when the woeful calends come upon the unfortunate man, unless he procures the interest or capital by hook or by crook, is compelled to hear his miserable stories with his neck stretched out like a slave. Should my friend throw down a jar carved by the hands of Evander; shall he for this trifling affair, or because in his hunger he has taken a chicken before me out of my part of the dish, be the less agreeable friend to me? If so, what could I do if he was guilty of theft, or had betrayed things committed to him in confidence, or broken his word? They who are pleased to rank all faults nearly on an equality are troubled when they come to the truth of the matter: sense and morality are against them, and utility itself, the mother almost of right and of equity.

On temperate diet:

What manner of living therefore, shall the wise man put in practice, and which of these examples shall he copy? On one side the wolf presses on, and the dog on the other, as the saying is. A person will be accounted decent, if he offends not by sordidness, and is not despicable through either extreme of conduct. Such a man will not, after the example of old Albutius, be savage whilst he assigns to his servants their respective offices; nor, like simple Naevius, will he offer greasy water to his company: for this too is a great fault.

Now learn what and how great benefits a temperate diet will bring along with it. In the first place, you will enjoy good health; for you may believe how detrimental a diversity of things is to any man, when you recollect that sort of food, which by its simplicity sat so well upon your stomach some time ago. But, when you have once mixed boiled and roast together, thrushes and shell-fish; the sweet juices will turn into bile, and the thick phlegm will bring a jarring upon the stomach. Do not you see how pale each guest rises from a perplexing variety of dishes at an entertainment? Beside this, the body, overloaded with the debauch of yesterday, depresses the mind along with it, and dashes to the earth that portion of the divine spirit. Another man, as soon as he has taken a quick repast, and rendered up his limbs to repose, rises vigorous to the duties of his calling. However, he may sometimes have recourse to better cheer; whether the returning year shall bring on a festival, or if he have a mind to refresh his impaired body; and when years shall approach, and feeble age require to be used more tenderly. But as for you, if a troublesome habit of body, or creeping old age, should come upon you, what addition can be made to that soft indulgence, which you, now in youth and in health, anticipate?

Who, then, is free?

Who, then, is free? The wise man, who has dominion over himself; whom neither poverty, nor death, nor chains affright; brave in the checking of his appetites, and in contemning honors; and, perfect in himself, polished and round as a globe, so that nothing from without can retard, in consequence of its smoothness; against whom misfortune ever advances ineffectually. Can you, out of these, recognize anything applicable to yourself? A woman demands five talents of you, plagues you, and after you are turned out of doors, bedews you with cold water: she calls you again. Rescue your neck from this vile yoke; come, say, I am free, I am free. You are not able: for an implacable master oppresses your mind, and claps the sharp spurs to your jaded appetite, and forces you on though reluctant. When you, mad one, quite languish at a picture by Pausias; how are you less to blame than I, when I admire the combats of Fulvius and Rutuba and Placideianus, with their bended knees, painted in crayons or charcoal, as if the men were actually engaged, and push and parry, moving their weapons? Davus is a scoundrel, and a loiterer; but you have the character of an exquisite and expert connoisseur in antiquities. If I am allured by a smoking pasty, I am a good-for-nothing fellow: does your great virtue and soul resist delicate entertainments? Why is a tenderness for my belly too destructive for me? For my back pays for it. How do you come off with more impunity, since you hanker after such dainties as cannot be had for a little expense? Then those delicacies, perpetually taken, pall upon the stomach; and your mistaken feet refuse to support your sickly body. Is that boy guilty, who by night pawns a stolen scraper for some grapes? Has he nothing servile about him, who in indulgence to his guts sells his estates? Add to this, that you yourself cannot be an hour by yourself, nor dispose of your leisure in a right manner; and shun yourself as a fugitive and vagabond, one while endeavoring with wine, another while with sleep, to cheat care—in vain: for the gloomy companion presses upon you, and pursues you in your flight.

The fifth satire in the first book is in part as follows:

Having left mighty Rome, Aricia received me in but a middling inn: Heliodorus the rhetorician, most learned in the Greek language, was my fellow-traveler: thence we proceeded to Forum-Appi, stuffed with sailors and surly landlords. This stage, but one for better travelers than we, being laggard we divided into two; the Appian Way is less tiresome to bad travelers. Here I, on account of the water, which was most vile, proclaim war against my belly, waiting not without impatience for my companions whilst at supper. Now the night was preparing to spread her shadows upon the earth, and to display the constellations in the heavens. Then our slaves began to be liberal of their abuse to the watermen, and the watermen to our slaves. "Here bring to." "You are stowing in hundreds; hold, now sure there is enough." Thus while the fare is paid, and the mule fastened, a whole hour is passed away. The cursed gnats, and frogs of the fens, drive off repose. While the waterman and a passenger, well-soaked with plenty of thick wine, vie with one another in singing the praises of their absent mistresses: at length the passenger, being fatigued, begins to sleep; and the lazy waterman ties the halter of the mule turned out a-grazing to a stone, and snores, lying flat on his back. And now the day approached, when we saw the boat made no way; until a choleric fellow, one of the passengers, leaps out of the boat, and drubs the head and sides of both mule and waterman with a willow cudgel. At last we were scarcely set ashore at the fourth hour. We wash our faces and hands in thy water, O Feronia. Then, having dined, we crawled on three miles; and arrive under Anxur, which is built upon rocks that look white to a great distance. Maecenas was to come here, as was the excellent Cocceius, both sent ambassadors on matters of great importance; having been accustomed to reconcile friends at variance. Here, having got sore eyes, I was obliged to use the black ointment. In the meantime came Maecenas, and Cocceius, and Fonteius Capito along with them, a man of perfect polish, and intimate with Mark Antony, no man more so.

. . . .

The next day arises, by much the most agreeable to all: for Plotius, and Varius, and Vergil met us at Sinuessa; souls more candid ones than which the world never produced, nor is there a person in the world more bound to them than myself. Oh what embraces, and what transports were there! While I am in my senses, nothing can I prefer to a pleasant friend. The village, which is next adjoining to the bridge of Campania, accommodated us with lodging; and the public officers with such a quantity of fuel and salt as they are obliged to. From this place the mules deposited their pack-saddles at Capua betimes in the morning. Maecenas goes to play at tennis; but I and Vergil to our repose: for to play at tennis is hurtful to weak eyes and feeble constitutions.

. . . .

Hence we proceed straight on for Beneventum; where the bustling landlord almost burned himself, in roasting some lean thrushes: for, the fire falling through the old kitchen floor, the spreading flame made a great progress towards the highest part of the roof. Then you might have seen the hungry guests and frightened slaves snatching their supper out of the flames, and everybody endeavoring to extinguish the fire.

After this Apulia began to discover to me her well-known mountains, which the Atabulus scorches with his blasts: and through which we should never have crept, unless the neighboring village of Trivicus had received us, not without a smoke that brought tears into our eyes; occasioned by a hearth's burning some green boughs with the leaves upon them. Here, like a great fool as I was, I wait till midnight for a deceitful mistress: sleep, however, overcomes me, whilst meditating love; and disagreeable dreams make me ashamed of myself and everything about me.

Hence we were bowled away in chaises twenty-four miles, intending to stop at a little town, which one cannot name in a verse, but it is easily enough known by description. For water is sold here, though it is the worst in the world; but their bread is exceeding fine, insomuch that the wary traveler is used to carry it willingly on his shoulders; for the bread at Canusium is gritty; a pitcher of water is worth no more than it is here: which place was formerly built by the valiant Diomedes. Here Varius departs dejected from his weeping friends.

Hence we came to Rubi, fatigued: because we made a long journey, and it was rendered still more troublesome by the rains. Next day the weather was better, the road worse, even to the very walls of Barium that abounds in fish. In the next place Egnatia, which seems to have been built on troubled waters, gave us occasion for jests and laughter; for they wanted to persuade us, that at this sacred portal the incense melted without fire. The Jew Apella may believe this, not I. For I have learned from Epicurus, that the gods dwell in a state of tranquillity; nor, if nature effect any wonder, that the anxious gods send it from the high canopy of the heavens.

Brundisium ends both my long journey, and my paper.

The ninth satire in the first book:

I was accidentally going along the Via Sacra, meditating on some trifle or other, as is my custom, and totally intent upon it. A certain person, known to me by name only, runs up; and, having seized my hand, "How do you do, my dearest fellow?" "Tolerably well," say I, "as times go; and I wish you everything you can desire." When he still followed me; "Would you anything?" said I to him. But, "You know me," says he: "I am a man of learning." "Upon that account," said I, "you will have more of my esteem." Wanting sadly to get away from him, sometimes I walked on apace, now and then I stopped, and whispered something to my boy. When the sweat ran down to the bottom of my ankles; "O," said I to myself, "Bolanus, how happy were you in a headpiece!" Meanwhile he kept prating on anything that came uppermost, praised the streets, the city; and, when I made him no answer; "You want terribly," said he, "to get away; I perceived it long ago; but you effect nothing. I shall still stick close to you; I shall follow you hence: where are you at present bound for?" "There is no need for your being carried so much about: I want to see a person, who is unknown to you: he lives a great way off across the Tiber, just by Caesar's gardens." "I have nothing to do, and I am not lazy; I will attend you thither." I hang down my ears like an ass of surly disposition, when a heavier load than ordinary is put upon his back. He begins again: "If I am tolerably acquainted with myself, you will not esteem Viscus or Varius as a friend, more than me; for who can write more verses, or in a shorter time than I? Who can move his limbs with softer grace in the dance? And then I sing, so that even Hermogenes may envy."

Here there was an opportunity of interrupting him. "Have you a mother, or any relations that are interested in your welfare?" "Not one have I; I have buried them all." "Happy they! now I remain. Despatch me: for the fatal moment is at hand, which an old Sabine sorceress, having shaken her divining urn, foretold when I was a boy; 'This child, neither shall cruel poison, nor the hostile sword, nor pleurisy, nor cough, nor the crippling gout destroy: a babbler shall one day demolish him; if he be wise, let him avoid talkative people, as soon as he comes to man's estate.'"

One-fourth of the day being now past, we came to Vesta's temple; and, as good luck would have it, he was obliged to appear to his recognizance; which unless he did, he must have lost his cause. "If you love me," said he, "step in here a little." "May I die! if I be either able to stand it out, or have any knowledge of the civil laws: and besides, I am in a hurry, you know whither." "I am in doubt what I shall do," said he; "whether desert you or my cause." "Me, I beg of you." "I will not do it," said he; and began to take the lead of me. I (as it is difficult to contend with one's master) follow him. "How stands it with Maecenas and you?" Thus he begins his prate again. "He is one of few intimates, and of a very wise way of thinking. No man ever made use of opportunity with more cleverness. You should have a powerful assistant, who could play an underpart, if you were disposed to recommend this man; may I perish, if you should not supplant all the rest!" "We do not live there in the manner you imagine; there is not a house that is freer or more remote from evils of this nature. It is never of any disservice to me, that any particular person is wealthier or a better scholar than I am: every individual has his proper place." "You tell me a marvelous thing, scarcely credible." "But it is even so." "You the more inflame my desires to be near his person." "You need only be inclined to it: such is your merit, you will accomplish it: and he is capable of being won; and on that account the first access to him he makes difficult." "I will not be wanting to myself: I will corrupt his servants with presents; if I am excluded to-day, I will not desist; I will seek opportunities; I will meet him in the public streets; I will wait upon him home. Life allows nothing to mortals without great labor." While he was running on at this rate, lo! Fuscus Aristius comes up, a dear friend of mine, and one who knew the fellow well. We make a stop. "Whence come you? Whither are you going?" he asks and answers. I began to twitch him by the elbow, and to take hold of his arms that were affectedly passive, nodding and distorting my eyes, that he might rescue me. Cruelly arch he laughs, and pretends not to take the hint: anger galled my liver. "Certainly," said I, "Fuscus, you said that you wanted to communicate something to me in private." "I remember it very well; but will tell it you at a better opportunity: to-day is the thirtieth Sabbath. Would you affront the circumcised Jews?" I reply, "I have no scruple on that account." "But I have: I am something weaker, one of the multitude. You must forgive me: I will speak with you on another occasion." And has this sun arisen so disastrous upon me! The wicked rogue runs away, and leaves me under the knife. But by luck his adversary met him: and, "Whither are you going, you infamous fellow?" roars he with a loud voice: and, "Do you witness the arrest?" I assent. He hurries him into court: there is great clamor on both sides, a mob from all parts. Thus Apollo preserved me.

In the tenth satire he reiterates his criticisms of Lucilius and expresses his opinion of some other Roman poets and of his own ability (in the words of Conington's translation):

 No hand can match Fundanus at a piece
Where slave and mistress clip an old man's fleece;
Pollio in buskins chants the deeds of kings;

Varius outsoars us all on Homer's wings;
The Muse that loves the woodland and the farm
To Vergil lends her gayest, tenderest charm.
For me, this walk of satire, vainly tried
By Atacinus and some few beside,
Best suits my gait; yet readily I yield
To him who first set footstep on that field,
Nor meanly seek to rob him of the bay
That shows so comely on his locks of gray.

IX. THE "EPODES." About 31 B. C. Horace, encouraged by Maecenas, published seventeen poems which took the name *Epodes,* from the metrical structure of the first ten. These lines are an example:

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
  Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
  Solutus omni fenore.

This *epodic* meter consists of iambic hexameter lines alternated with iambic tetrameter lines, which are called *epodes,* or *appendixes,* and which give a rhythm not unlike the following, a translation of the stanza above:

Oh, blest is he, who far from troubles, fears and cares,
  As did the early mortal race,
With oxen of his own through fields ancestral fares,
  And knows not usury's disgrace.

The remaining poems are in various meters, though in most of them there are alternating long and short lines.

Archilochus was his model in this case, but the poems of Horace have little of that bitter invective which is said to have characterized the writings of the old Greek poet. The *Epodes* are simple expressions of the feelings, and with the exception of the last, which is in form a dialogue, they are letters or addresses to friends. In subject they cover a wide range: one praises country life; another rails at an ill-smelling vegetable; a third castigates a newly-made-rich man; a fourth rebukes the Romans who stir up civil strife; a fifth is an invective against a woman poisoner; and so they leap from one topic to another.

We quote three, as translated by Dr. John Marshall:

IN PRAISE OF COUNTRY LIFE

Happy the man, who far from town's affairs,
  The life of old-world mortals shares;
With his own oxen tills his forbears' fields,
  Nor thinks of usury and its yields.
Nor soldier he, by the fierce bugle called,
  Nor sailor, at each storm appalled;
He shuns the forum, and the haughty gate
  Of nobles stronger than the State.
His business is round poplars tall to twine
  The ripe young layers of the vine;
Or in some quiet valley to survey
  His lowing heifers as they stray.
Now with his knife the worthless shoots he lops,
  Grafting instead for richer crops;
Draws the new honey, in pure jars to keep,
  Or shears the timid staggering sheep.
When Autumn, with his mellow fruitage gay,
  Doth o'er the fields his head display,
What joy it is the grafted pears to try,
  And grapes which with sea-purple vie;
Fit gift, Priapus, choosing for thy hand,
  Or Silvan, thine, guard of his land!

What joy, beneath some holm-oak old and gray
  Or on thick turf, one's limbs to lay;
While streams past toppling banks roll down their flood,
  And the birds croon in every wood,
And fountains murmur with their gushing streams
  Sounds that shall sooth to sleep and dreams.
Then when the thunderous winter comes again,
  Rainstorms and snowdrifts in its train,
This side and that a many hounds he'll set,
  Into the toils fierce boars to fret;
Or on smooth fork his fine-wrought network sling,
  To clip the greedy thrush-bird's wing,
Or trap the traveled crane or timid hare,
  Prizes of joy beyond compare.
Who amid sports like these forgets not quite
  Love's ill desires and pestering plight?
Nay if a modest wife be there to cheer
  The home, and tend the children dear,
As stout Apulia's sunburnt women do,
  Or Sabines, and at evening strew
The sacred hearth with logs well-aged, to burn
  Against her jaded man's return;
Next her fed beasts in hurdle-fence restrain,
  And their distended udders drain;
Last, from sweet cask the year's fresh wine-draught take,
  And an unbought regalement make,—
O then not Lucrine oysters so would please,
  Or scaur, or turbot, that o'er seas
From eastern parts some thunderous storm may sweep
  Into our waters from the deep!
Not guinea-fowl into my paunch would fare,
  No nor Ionian partridge rare,
More pleasingly, than fruit myself had pulled,
  From olives' richest branches culled,
Or meadow-haunting sorrel-leaves, combined
  With mallows, to ill stomachs kind;
Or haply lamb, slain at the Boundary-feast,
  Or kid, from a wolf's jaws released.
Mid junketings like these how good to spy

The fed sheep as they homeward hie,
To see the wearied beeves with shoulders slack
Trundle the upturned plowshare back;
And seated hinds, the mansion's humming swarm,
Crowd where the hearth-gods' smiles show warm!

Postscript

Alfius the usurer, when thus he swore
Farmer to be forever more,
At the mid-month his last transaction ending,
By next new moon is keen for lending.

A CURSE ON GARLIC

If ever knave his father's throttle break,
The doom for such foul crime I'll make,
Garlic to eat, than hemlock deadlier far!
Flint surely, reapers' stomachs are!
What venom's this, that in my entrails boils?
Has poisoned gore from serpent coils
Been in dead secret with my salad brewed,
Or has Canidia touched the food?
What time that comely Argonaut Jason charmed
Medea, she with garlic armed
Her lover, smearing him so strong, that he
Yoked the wild bulls quite easily.
With it she soaked the gifts, his fere which slew,
Then forth on flying serpents flew.
No heat like this, star-fed, e'er broiling fell,
Where parched Apulia's ridges swell;
The poisoned cloak round Hercules' shoulders cast,
Did not the strong man fiercelier blast.
If, wag Maecenas, e'er again you play
A trick like this on me, I pray
Your love with lifted hand each kiss may spurn,
And to the bed's far border turn.

TO NEAERA

'Twas night, and in clear sky, 'mid lesser lights shone fair
The moon, when you did swear—

In the like words to mine, but meaning even then
To break Heaven's pledge again,
Although my neck more close with clinging arms you clasped,
Than oak by ivy's grasped,—
That long as wolf 'gainst flock, 'gainst seamen Orion's star,
Should wage a wintry war,—
Long as his unclipped locks to breeze Apollo threw,
So long you would be true.
Neaera, you'll yet grieve, some manly strength to find
In Horace, not inclined
To let you on one preferred long nights scot-free bestow.
Wrathful elsewhere he'll go,
Fit match to make; once from your charms estranged, he'll bate
Never again his hate.
And you, whoe'er you be, who proudly pace the street,
Happy in my defeat,
Be yours, rich herds and fields,—nay, let Pactolus' strand
Gild with its gold your land,—
Know you the hidden lore, twice-born Pythagoras knew,—
Be Nireus less fair than you,—
Yet shall you mourning see her love elsewhere incline;
The laugh will then be mine!

X. THE "ARS POETICA" AND "CARMEN SAECULARE." *The Art of Poetry* is not a systematic treatise, but a familiar talk in easy style upon what he has learned from experience, observation and reading upon the subject of poetry. His text, if he has one, is that poetry is the result of hard work. We have space for but two brief and disconnected quotations, from the translation by the Earl of Roscommon:

Poems, like pictures, are of diff'rent sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near,
Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,
And boldy challenge the most piercing eye,
Some please for once, some will forever please.

. . . .

Wise were the kings, who never chose a friend
'Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts;
You cannot arm yourself with too much care
Against the smiles of a designing knave.

The *Saecular Hymn* was written in 17 B. C., at the request of Augustus, for the chorus to sing at the *ludi saeculares,* or celebration, authorized by the Sybilline books, which was supposed to be held every *saeculum,* or period of one hundred ten years. Boys and girls of pure Roman birth, both of whose parents were living, sang the solemn chant, which shows real religious feeling and pride and assurance in the future of Rome.

From a metrical rendering by Dr. John Marshall we take the following stanzas:

Then, gods, to reverent youth grant purity,
Grant, gods, to quiet age a peaceful end;
And to the Roman race wealth, family,
And honor send!

What Venus' and Anchises' last great son
Prays for with white steers slain, grant to his pray'r.
First still in war, may he when war is done
The conquered spare!

. . . .

Now Truth returns, Faith, old-world Shame, and Peace;
Virtue, so long neglected, homeward fares;

And in full horn, Plenty her due increase
Abundant bears.

Phoebus the seer, he of the shining bow,
Whom his nine Muses ever dearly love,—
Who from sick frames by healing art doth know
Pain to remove,—

Since kind his eyes upon the altars gaze
Which stand on Palatine, be sure he'll give
Through this next cycle ever better days
For Rome to live.

XI. THE "EPISTLES." The *Epistles* consist of two books, in the first of which there are twenty poems, in the second but two. Of the twenty poems, some are real letters to his friends, others merely "conversations" or satires on a great variety of subjects, which show, however, that the poet is losing some of the gayety and spontaneity of life and is turning more toward philosophy. He reveals his character more fully and with a more delicate touch than elsewhere, and at the same time makes us understand his kindly views, his genial regard and the growing seriousness that age was bringing him.

The second book originally had three letters, one to Augustus, one to Julius Florus, and a third to the Pisos, father and son, but the last is now known as the *Ars Poetica*. These letters show the growing discontent of the poet with public life and his wish to retire and devote himself to the study of philosophy.

Some of the subjects which he touches upon in the *Epistles* are the desirability of calmness and satisfaction with things as they are; the Stoic doctrine that virtues alone make men happy; the praise of wine and of country life; the advice that man should live as though each day was to be his last; intercourse with persons of high station, and many others.

From the prose translation of Christopher Smart we take the following selections. The first is from an epistle to Aristius Fuscus:

> The stag, superior in fight, drove the horse from the common pastures, till the latter, worsted in the long contest, implored the aid of man and received the bridle; but after he had parted an exulting conqueror from his enemy, he could not shake the rider from his back, nor the bit from his mouth. So he who, afraid of poverty, forfeits his liberty, more valuable than mines, avaricious wretch, shall carry a master, and shall eternally be a slave, for not knowing how to use a little. When a man's condition does not suit him, it will be as a shoe at any time; which, if too big for his foot, will throw him down; if too little, will pinch him. If you are cheerful under your lot, Aristius, you will live wisely; nor shall you let me go uncorrected, if I appear to scrape together more than enough, and not have done. Accumulated money is the master or slave of each owner, and ought rather to follow than to lead the twisted rope.
>
> These I dictated to thee behind the moldering temple of Vacuna; in all other things happy, except that thou wast not with me.

The second is the twentieth epistle, which is addressed to his book:

> You seem, my book, to look wistfully at Janus and Vertumnus; to the end that you may be set out for sale, neatly polished by the pumice-stone of the Sosii. You hate keys and seals, which are agreeable to a modest volume; you grieve that you are shown but to a few, and

extol public places; though educated in another manner. Away with you whither you are so solicitous of going down: there will be no returning for you, when you are once sent out. "Wretch that I am, what have I done? What did I want?"—you will say: when any one gives you ill treatment, and you know that you will be squeezed into small compass, as soon as the eager reader is satiated. But, if the augur be not prejudiced by resentment of your error, you shall be caressed at Rome only till your youth be passed. When, thumbed by the hands of the vulgar, you begin to grow dirty; either you shall in silence feed the groveling book-worms, or you shall make your escape to Utica, or shall be sent bound to Ilerda. Your disregarded adviser shall then laugh at you: as he, who in a passion pushed his refractory ass over the precipice. For who would save an ass against his will? This too awaits you, that faltering dotage shall seize on you, to teach boys their rudiments in the skirts of the city. But when the abating warmth of the sun shall attract more ears, you shall tell them that I was the son of a freedman, and extended my wings beyond my nest; so that, as much as you take away from my family, you may add to my merit: that I was in favor with the first men in the state, both in war and peace; of a short stature, gray before my time, calculated for sustaining heat, prone to passion, yet so as to be soon appeased. If any one should chance to inquire my age, let him know that I had completed four times eleven Decembers, in the year in which Lollius admitted Lepidus as his colleague.

XII. THE "ODES." The first three books of the *Odes* were published in 23 B. C., but their composition must have begun some six or seven years earlier. In the first book there are thirty-eight lyrics, in the second twenty, and in the third thirty, all of which are translations of Greek originals or imitations, more or less close, of early writers. Horace went back of the Alexandrian school and even back of Archilochus to find his models in the three refined poets Alcaeus, Sappho and Anacreon; but not slavishly to follow them, for he has adapted them with perfect nicety to the music of the Latin tongue. His greatest achievement is the perfection with which he fits the right word with unfailing accuracy into the right place; his brevity, the ease with which he writes and the vitality of his lines are perhaps his greatest merits, nowhere else shown with such convincing certainty as in the Odes. Moreover, he is so familiar with the wishes and dislikes of his reader, knows so perfectly what to emphasize, what to slight and what to omit entirely that every one who peruses his lyrics lays them aside with a feeling of intense satisfaction. Each is a gem, beautiful in itself, clear-cut and brilliant, with no flaws to displease the eye or offend the taste.

Every human emotion, every phase of human life is touched upon in the lyrics: friendship, love, the gods, patriotism, conviviality, the pleasures of rural life, living topics of the day and philosophical reflections. Grave or gay, lively and fantastic or thoughtful and considerate in tone, they appeal to the admiration and satisfy the sense of beauty, although they never stir the soul with passionate outbursts of real feeling.

We cannot give an adequate conception of them by selections, for the field is too wide, nor can we expect in translations to exhibit those perfections which are possible only in the Latin, but we can give a few lyrical imitations which have much the seeming of the original.

Sir Theodore Martin thus paraphrases an address to the poet's cupbearer, one of the shortest lyrics, and a very attractive one:

Persia's pomp, my boy, I hate;
  No coronals of flowerets rare
For me on bark of linden plait,
  Nor seek thou to discover where
The lush rose lingers late.

With unpretending myrtle twine,
  Naught else! It fits your brows
Attending me; it graces mine
  As I in happy ease carouse
Beneath the thick-leaved vine.

To Thaliarchus is thus translated by Calverley:

One dazzling mass of solid snow,
  Soracte stands; the bent woods fret
  Beneath their load, and, sharpest set
With frost, the streams have ceased to flow.

Pile on great fagots and break up
  The ice; let influence more benign
  Enter with four-years-treasured wine,
Fetched in the ponderous Sabine cup;

Leave to the gods all else. When they
  Have once bid rest the winds that war
  Over the passionate seas, no more
Gray ash and cypress rock and sway.

Ask not what future suns shall bring;
  Count to-day gain, whate'er it chance
  To be; nor, young man, scorn the dance,
Nor deem sweet Love an idle thing,

Ere Time thy April youth have changed
To sourness. Park and public walk
Attract thee now, and whispered talk
At twilight meetings prearranged.

Hear now the pretty laugh that tells
In what dim corner lurks thy love,
And snatch a bracelet or a glove
From wrist or hand that scarce rebels.

The following selections are taken from the translation of Dr. John Marshall:

TO MAECENAS

Maecenas, Sprung from Kings of Ancient Story, Stay of my Fortune and my Chiefest Glory—

Some men delight Olympic dust to raise
Upon the course. Deftly the post to graze
With fiery wheels, and victory's palm to know,
Makes them as gods, supreme o'er earth below.
Another's happy, if Rome's fickle crowd
To him their triple honors have allowed.
A third, if in his private barn he stores
The corn wide-swept from Libya's threshing-floors.
That man who joys his natal fields to hoe,
Not ev'n the bribes an Attalus could bestow
Would e'er induce in Cyprian bark to sail
The Aegean surge, and shiver in the gale.
Not so the merchant. He, while squalls blow high,
Battling Icarian waves, in fear may sigh
For peaceful home-fields; yet shall soon repair
His storm-tost hulks, untaught hard times to bear.
Cups of old Massic wine one man admires,
Or to steal half the working day desires,
Basking beneath green arbute, or where clear
Sounds the nymph-haunted fountain babbling near.
Many the camp delights, the trumpet's call
With bugle mingling, and fierce battle's brawl
By mothers hated. Heedless of tender spouse
Your sportsman waits, the chilly sky his house,

If his good cubs a doe have chanced to view,
Or his slim nets a Marsian boar's broke through.
Me ivy-wreaths, which poets' brows reward,
Set with the gods. Me the cool grove, whose sward
Light-footed Nymphs with Satyrs linked make gay,
Parts from the crowd; if but Euterpe say
Her flute she'll lend, if Polyhymnia sing
Kindly for me upon the Lesbian string.

But if by thee place 'mid the bards I'm given,
With soaring head I'll strike the stars of Heaven.

TO A SHIP BEARING VERGIL OVER SEAS

Thee may kind Venus, Cyprian queen,
And Helen's brothers, stars by sailors blest,
And Aeolus the winds' father, screen
And guide, hushed every wind except the west,—

If, Ship that bear'st as precious store
Our Vergil, safely treasured thou convey
Cargo so dear, and to the shore
Of Athens my soul's better half repay!

Him, heart of oak and brass thrice-knit
The breast encased, who 'gainst the cruel deep
His fragile bark first dared to pit,
Nor feared the Afric storms that onward sweep,

With northern gales fierce war to wage,
Nor the Rainstars ill-famed, nor Southwind's frown,—
No wind than this o'er Hadria's rage
Stronger, to raise his waves, or beat them down!

What stride of Death could him amaze,
Who with unwavering eyes on seas agloom,
And on strange weltering beasts did gaze,
And the Ceraunian peaks, those cliffs of doom?

Vain all the care a god hath ta'en
By Sea's deep gulf to part, of forethought wise.
Lands each from each, if o'er the main
The Ship forbidden leaps, and Fate defies.

Daring all chances to endure,
The race of man from crime to crime is driven.
Prometheus thus for men did lure,
With evil-fated cunning, fire from Heaven.

Once fire from its true home on high
Was filched, slow Canker and a dismal band
Of Fevers to the world drew nigh.
And Death, though sure yet far, came nearer hand.

By a like daring Daedalus tried
With wings to set through empty air his course,
Proving a gear to man denied;
So 'twas that Hercules' toil Hell's gate could force.

No task's too steep for human wit;
Heaven's self we dare to assail in madness vile;
Nor ever by our deeds permit
Great Jove to rest his angry bolts a while.

TO LYDIA

Lydia, 'fore Heaven say,
Why thou dost haste with loving thy Sybaris to slay
Why he, long since to sun
And dusty days inured, the open field doth shun?

Why rides he not abreast
With comrades, nor the jaws of Gallic steed doth wrest
To obey the wolf-bit? Why
Fears he the tawny tide of Tiber's stream to try?

Why worse than blood of snake
Shrinks he the athlete's oil upon his skin to take?
Nor now shows arms all blue,
Who oft far past the pin his quoit or javelin threw?

Why lurks he, as once, they say,
Lurked sea-nymph Thetis' son, before Troy's woeful day,
Lest manhood's dress should call
Her young Achilles straight to blood and Lycian maul?

TO THE SHIP OF STATE

O ship, fresh waves will bear thee out to sea!
What art about? With a brave effort wear
To shore! Seest not how bare
Of rowing gear thy bulwarks be?

How groans thy mast, by hurtling southern gale
Wounded, and all thy yards? How ev'n thy hull,
Without the girdropes' pull,
Can scarce o'er insolent seas prevail?

Thy sails, once sound and taut, are torn or lost;
Lost too thy gods, to invoke again hard-pressed;
Howe'er, true pine confest
Of Pontus, thy high birth thou boast,

And vaunt a name outworn. Little men care,
In hour of fear, for a ship's painted trash.
If thou would'st scape the lash
Of mocking tempests' scorn, beware!

Dear Ship, of late to me a hateful thing,
But now my dear desire, my weightiest thought,
O shun the seas distraught
Which round the sun-smit Cyclads swing!

CHLOE

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, ev'n as might a fawn
That for his timid dam on pathless hills
Searches, while terror thrills
At sound of breeze through woodlands drawn.

Perchance Spring's advent down the quivering brakes
A whisper sends, or lizards green are peeping,
Through bramble-bushes creeping;
Forthwith in heart and knees he quakes!

But not like Afric lion I pursue,
Or tiger grim, thy tender flesh to eat;
Cease for thy dam to bleat,—
Full ripe by now if lover woo.

TO A BEAUTY FADED

More sparingly youths batter than of yore
On thy closed casements, in their wanton game;
No longer do they spoil thy sleep; the door
Clings to its frame,

Which on an easy hinge of old would move
At call. Not now, as then, art wont to hear
"O Lydia, sleepest thou, while thus thy love
Lies dying near?"

An old hag soon, the scorn in turn thou'lt wail
Of insolent lechers, in some alley lone,
While 'twixt moons old and new the northern gale
Shall fiercely moan;

And torturing passion such as mares besets,
And hot desire, shall like a furnace glow
About thy plague-corroded heart, which frets
This truth to know,—

That youths to ivy old prefer the young,—
To myrtle dried, wreaths of a richer shade;
And to cold Hebrus, winter's mate, have flung
The leaves that fade.

HORACE A CONVERT

Spare and infrequent pietist was I
While, skilled in the philosophy of fools,
I strayed. Now back from all the schools
Reversed my course I try

Towards whence I came. For Jove, who's wont to rend
High-towering stormclouds with his lightning's flash,
Now through clear sky with thunder's crash
His steeds hath willed to send.

Whereat dull Earth, swift Streams, and Styx abhorred,

And the ill-omened Taenaran caves are shaking,
And Atlas, the world's limit, quaking.
Now know I, Heaven's strong lord

Can change high things for low. The proud he breaks,
And lifts the obscure to light. Like bird of prey,
Chance with a whoop tears crown away,
And, pleased, elsewhither takes.

IN PRAISE OF SIMPLICITY

Your Persian pomps, my lad, I cannot brook;
Chaplets with linden laced suit not my brow;
Summer's last rose seek not, in what odd nook
It lingers now.

Think not with gaudy splendors to replace
The simple myrtle. Myrtle, to my thinking,
Thee at thy service, me not less will grace
In vine-bower drinking.

TO XANTHIAS

Blush not, my Phocian friend, that thou dost love
A pretty slave-girl! Others have felt the smart.
Briseis though a slave had pow'r to move
Achilles' heart

With her white beauty. Ajax, Telamon's son,
Was with his slave Tecmessa's grace enraptured;
Atrides loved, ev'n amid triumph won,
A maid he'd captured;

What time Achilles o'er Troy's hosts prevailed,
And with great Hector ousted from the fray,
The wearied Greeks Troy's citadel assailed,
An easier prey.

Haply her folks are rich, and wealth may come
To him who fair-haired Phyllis weds; the glory
Of some blood-royal hers, of her fall'n home
She mourns the story.

Think not at least that e'er from tainted breed
Thy darling's sprung; that one for faith so famed,
So proof 'gainst filthy lucre, could proceed
From mother shamed.

As for her ankles trim, her arms, her face,
On my chaste praise put not thy prohibition,—
Praise which my fortieth birthday passed should place
Beyond suspicion.

TO LICINIUS

Safer thou'lt sail life's voyage, if thou steer
Neither right out to sea, nor yet, when rise
The threat'ning tempests, hug the shore too near,
Unwisely wise.

What man soe'er the golden mean doth choose,
Prudent will shun the hovel's foul decay;
But with like sense, a palace will refuse
And vain display.

It is the lofty pine that by the storm
Is oftener tost; towers fall with heavier crash
Which higher soar; where lifts the mountain's form,
There lightnings flash.

A mind well-schooled hopes, when the skies show stern,
When they show kindly, fears, a change of states;
For Jove, who leads black storms afield, in turn
Those storms abates.

Think not if days are gloomy now, that so
'Twill be erelong. With lyre Apollo wakes
The Muse at times to song, nor his stern bow
Forever shakes.

In adverse hours show thee a man of mind
And mettle. Yet not less thou'lt wisely know
To reef the prosperous sails, when comes the wind
Too good to blow.

OF ROMAN VIRTUE

How best the pinch of hardship to endure
Let the young Roman learn in stress of fight,
Till he can match fierce Parthians' flight,
And ply a spear as sure.

Amidst alarms let his young days go by,
The sky his tent. Then when some king's at war,
Let spouse or daughter watch afar,
And from the ramparts cry:

"Unversed in war, ah! will my darling dare,
A very untamed lion to impugn,
Whom through a field of slaughter soon
Insatiate wrath may bear?"

Good 'tis and fine, for fatherland to die!
Death tracks him too who shirks; nor will He fail
To smite the coward loins that quail,
The coward limbs that fly!

True Worth knows not defeat, and still preserves
His robe unsullied by base Envy's stain;
He takes not nor quits power again,
As mob-mood sways and swerves.

Heaven's gates he opes to men of deathless worth,
And finds a way to fame where way's denied;
Soaring he thrusts dull crowds aside,
And spurns the sodden earth.

Yet faithful Silence too may claim his fee.
But they who of dark Ceres tales would tell,
Shall not beneath my roof-tree dwell,
Or launch frail boat with me.

For oft Jove strikes good men and ill in one,
When he is scorned. Justice may halt, yet Crime,
Whate'er his start, hath seldom time
Her vengeance to outrun.

OF ROME'S DEGENERACY

Thy father's crime shalt thou, the guiltless child,
Repay, O Roman, until thou restore
The fanes and shrines now toppling o'er,
And statues smoke-defiled.

Only while thou before the gods bend low,
Can'st thou be strong. Seek first and last their aid,
Whate'er the task. Ignored, they've laid
On Italy many a woe.

Twice have Monaeses', Pacorus', arms o'erborne
Our evil-starred assaults. Twice have they hung
With glee the spoils from Romans wrung,
Their small neck-chains to adorn.

Rome, with her civil quarrels hampered then,
Came nigh to death, assailed by double foes,—
The Egyptians, with their fleet, with bows
The Dacians, better men.

Fertile in ill, the age infected first
Wedlock and home and pride of honest birth;
Fed from this spring, o'er all the earth
Poured forth the time accurst.

Our grown girls love to learn Ionian ways
Of lewd suggestion in the dancer's school;
Nay, each with evil tricks is full
Ev'n from her callower days.

Wedded, erelong she seeks some younger spark,—
While her man sips his wine,—no matter who,
Forbidden joys to share, and woo
Her favors in the dark.

Why, orders she'll attend to, nowise nice,
Nor her man either. If some pedlar call,
Or Spanish galleon's master,—all
Are welcome, at a price.

Not from such parents was the manhood nursed
That dyed the sea with Carthaginian blood,
  Pyrrhus, Antiochus, withstood,
    Or Hannibal, accurst.

No, but the sturdy hinds of soldier breed,
Trained with their Sabine spades the soil to turn,
  And firewood bring, as mother stern
    Day's darg to each decreed,

Ev'n though the setting sun now spread afar
Shades on the hills, and from tired steers removed
  Their yokes, bringing eve's hour beloved
    On his departing car.

What have the fatal years not brought of ill?
Our fathers' age, than their sires' not so good,
  Bred us ev'n worse than they; a brood
    We'll leave that's viler still.

FOR MAECENAS' BIRTHDAY

A cask I treasure full of Alban wine,
Nine years matured and more; my garden shows
Parsley, dear Phyllis, fit thy wreath to twine;
    And ivy grows

In plenty, to adorn thy tresses' splendor;
The house with silver shines; an altar stands
In vervain wreathed, longing till lambkin tender
    Fall by my hands.

Each helpful soul is busy; in a whirl
Scurry the lads and maids about the rooms;
The very flames are bustling, as they curl
    Their sooty fumes.

And now to tell thee why this glad unrest,—
'Tis Ides-day, girl, for which thy help is due,
The day which parts the month by Venus blest,
    April, in two.

It is a day which justly I revere,
Not more my own birth-morning; since its date
For my Maecenas marks a fresh new-year
To celebrate.

I know thou'rt fond of Telephus; but he
Soars past thy reach. Another holds him bound;
Rich, wanton, with the chains of pleasure she
Enwraps him round.

Phaethon, burnt in car high-borne, gives warning
'Gainst greedy hopes. Offers example clear
The winged Pegasus, a mortal scorning
For cavalier;

These bid thee square ambition with desert,
And owning hopes above thee wicked, shun
A lover set too high. Come then, sweetheart,
My final one.

Since ne'er for other maid this heart shall glow,
List to the strains, which with sweet voice rehearsed
Erelong thou'lt render. Frowns and pique will go,
By song dispersed.

ANCIENT BARRACKS AT HADRIAN'S VILLA

The
WRITINGS
of
MANKIND
SYLVESTER
LAND
A ME RI CA
PACIFIC
OCEAN
ATLANTI
OCE

NORWAY
SWEDEN
EUROPE
RUSSIA
BRITA
GERMANY
POLAND
FRANCE
SPAIN
ITALY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ASI
PERSIA
ARABIA
EGYPT
AFRICA
INDIA
CHINA
EAST IND
INDIAN OCEAN